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THE CONFESSIONS OF PARVEEN BABI

EXCLUSIVE
FROM AN UNFINISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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to kill her. Very seriously she explains, "Well, you see, I resisted his romantic advances and now he's trying to get me killed through organised crime. I left because I wanted to get away from him. He controls England. He followed me throughout the world. America was the only place where he could not harm me. It's a safe country."

She continues in a similar vein until, with difficulty, you bring her back to her days in Houston. "I lived like a real American — even the clothes I'm wearing now (a casual white shirt and trousers) are typical of the garb there."

When not on the topic of Bachchan, she is remarkably lucid and articulate. "I became a Texan in the true sense of the word. I lived alone. No servants. I cooked my own food, washed my own clothes, and did my own shopping. I especially loved walking on the beach (?) and going window shopping — things I could never do here. I watched a lot of television too. They've got marvellous serials." She admitted she had a special friend there, "who helped me a lot, and joined me whenever I wanted to window shop" And who was this friend? "I don't want to disclose the person's name. If Mr. Bachchan discovers that this person has helped me he will try to harass that friend too!" Parveen refused to even disclose whether the friend was male or female.

You try to reason with her, explain that Amitabh is too busy at the moment trying to revive his tottering box-office position and avoid being implicated in any of the Congress I scandals, but to no avail. Parveen shrugs nonchalantly. "Too bad for him. He is guilty and he will be punished. Eventually he will have to face all the charges against him. I don't care if he takes me to court, I am prepared." Talking about her aversion for Amitabh appears to enhance her paranoia. "He has tried to kill me with energy weapons and chemical toxins, and all that has produced toxins in my body. In fact I had a big hole in my stomach. He contaminated all my food and water."

Readers will have to excuse the frequent mention of Mr. Bachchan. In between her tirade she assures us, "You've got to believe every word I say. I am not mad or insane as Mr. Bachchan is trying to project me. He has earlier tried to make the doctors say that I have been suffering from mental illness and a persecution complex." One tries to veer the topic away, to a safe subject like her good friend U.G. Krishnamurthi. Her face lights up. "U.G." she says thoughtfully, "is the only enlightened and spiritual being on this earth. It was his cosmic energy which saved me from Mr. Bachchan's futile attempts at murder. It's hard to believe but although UGK was in the US there was little opportunity to meet him. I only met him once. I was so busy."

Busy doing what? You ask in astonishment. Startled, she says, "I was doing a lot of things." Perhaps she clicked some pictures with this mysterious 'friend' of hers? "Yes, I do have pictures but they are all still there. I could not get them here because the airline in which I was travelling was under Mr. Bachchan's control." Yes, but what made her decide to return after six years? She says, "I had enough of Mr. Amitabh Bachchan. I know the trauma I am going through. He has cut off my electricity and my telephone wires. He doesn't want me to meet you press people." Surprisingly, the electricity appears to have failed only in the room we are sitting in. She goes into the bedroom, switches on the light and brings out two candles. As she lights them she adds, "I do not want to call the electrician, because he's been pressurized to tamper with the wires."

After returning to Bombay, hadn't Parveen met any of her old friends, Mahesh Bhatt, and Kabir Bedi? She says, "I returned quietly. They haven't come to meet me so far. Oh, by the way, how is Pooja Bedi and Pooja Bhatt? I hear they have grown into beautiful women. I remember seeing them as little kids." Parveen's memories of her old friends are interspersed with the conviction that Amitabh has forbidden them to meet her. At the moment she is upset about a report which appeared in a daily newspaper saying she was unwell. She says, "Mr. Bachchan deliberately asked them to put that in the piece."

When the time came for lunch she insists on eating only veg. burgers. She says "I have stopped eating non-veg. as it has been contaminated." She makes sure you eat first, and then she follows suit.

At the moment Parveen Babi says she doesn't want to return to films. Nor is she interested in any other business — courtesy Mr. Bachchan and his manipulative ways! So what is she planning at present? Her current obsession is to issue a 1500 sheet press release detailing her sufferings at the hands of her 'persecutor' to five major publications. How is she going to get the money for this task? "Oh! I have a couple of lakhs in my bank," she says airily. Doesn't Mr. Amitabh Bachchan interfere with her money? She is amused and says "No, he can't do a thing to me!" At the moment Parveen is busy making photocopies (it's 10.30 p.m.) and she has to write about 500 pages more.

Two days later we are again in her apartment. Her mother is not with her in Bombay. Her nephew Javed lives with her. Javed says, "She cooks at home. I will go back when her mother comes." As we leave Parveen escorts us to the lift door, apologizing for all the 'trouble' she's given and hopes all her 1500 sheets of documents will be printed. She's a determined woman now and sternly says, "If you are not going to print all this and if you feel nobody is going to believe it, I will have to tell the American media that you are working under the pressure of Mr. Bachchan." What is it that some one said about hell hath no fury like a woman scorned?

Nivedita Sharma

PHOTOGRAPH: SANJAY PANDYA

BABI BOUNCES BACK!

It was about six to eight months ago that the whispers began to make the rounds, "Parveen Babi's coming back!" No one believed them then. Till the other day, when out of the blue, she surfaced in Bombay — reappearing with the same suddenness with which she'd disappeared. And boy, had the Babi changed! Her former slimness engulfed in layers of fat, her faintly Gujju accent overlaid with a pronounced American drawl, ("Hellew I'm Parveen Babi," she greeted us). A few seconds with Parveen was enough to convince us — she's fat, (nearly) forty and freaked out!

On entering, she ushers you herself into a mirror filled apartment which looks exactly like it did six years ago. (Gone are the days of butlers, protocol) and Sikkimese furniture, which vanished after her split with Danny.

It takes you some time to get used to the fact that the overweight, double-chinned woman sitting opposite you is the same slender, svelte actress who appeared on the cover of TIME magazine. A broad smile splits her chubby face as she discloses how she spent the last six years. "I was in Houston, Texas for a while. Then I lived in England, Italy and Spain. I indulged my passion for globe trotting. I even learnt French!"

What made her take off so suddenly, leaving several films incomplete? It is believed that just four or five days before she vanished, she had even attended the mahurat of a film in which she was supposed to work! She denies this indignantly.

"I did not sign any film before leaving, and anyway everybody knew I was planning to quit. In fact, during the period which you are referring to, I was in England doing a concert with Mr. Amitabh Bachchan. You see, at that time, Mr. Bachchan was trying to get me killed," she says casually, as matter-of-factly as discussing the weather. You blink in disbelief before inquiring why Amitabh Bachchan should want

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PARVEEN'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE
The Third Time Around

In the wake of Bindiya's walk-out from home comes the news that Parveen has been stricken with another acute attack of her old malady — schizophrenia.

Parveen has been absent from Bombay for nearly two months now. She was last seen in Bombay before she left for a show in the States with Amitabh Bachchan. While Amitabh returned to India Parveen stopped over at Dubai and then, for some unknown reason did not return. Some said she was in London.

So the story of two years ago is repeating itself. Once again Parveen's many producers have been left high and dry, wondering what to do next.

Co-stars like Jeetendra are heard cribbing that such irresponsible people like Parveen should not be signed for films. "I have been reporting for shooting and waiting. Hours after my arrival, my clothes come and as I get dressed I am told not to change because Parveen still hasn't arrived. It's the same story every time and has been happening far too often. I think it's high time something is done about it."

Attempts to contact Parveen by calling up her home elicited only vague replies from secretary Ved Sharma who fobbed us off with obviously evasive statements like, "Madam is in town but she is not meeting the press."

Many persistent calls later, Ved grudgingly, conceded, "All right, call me later. I'll let you know where Madam is shooting tomorrow." Needless to say, subsequent calls were answered by every other person in the house but Ved. Meanwhile all Parveen's producers have been informed that Parveen is in London and will be reporting for work soon.

Finally, we thought up a ruse to lure Ved to the phone. We called up and informed the person who answered the phone that it was a call from London. It worked. Ved came on the line. When he found out who it was and that he had been fooled, he was furious. He screamed angrily, "Why do you want to meet Madam? Where is Madam, you want to know? Right now she is coming to your office in London", he ended illogically. Ved's erratic behaviour only confirmed our doubts that there was definitely something amiss on the Parveen front.

Soon after we learnt from a person close to Parveen that Parveen was actually in London and she intended remaining there and had no desire to complete any of her films.

The next shooting schedule that she is supposed to report for is on 30th August for Amjad Khan's film.

Amjad confirmed that his was Parveen's next schedule. "I am in no position to tell you whether she has had a nervous breakdown again. After all, it has happened earlier too. But nowadays I have noticed if she bunks shooting even for a day, people jump to the conclusion that Parveen has done it again. I think it is very unfair to her. Nobody gives her the benefit of the doubt. If, God forbid, anything has really happened to her and she needs my help I'll do everything under the sun to help her. If she has decided to settle down in London I wish her all the best.

"As a producer all I can do if this is true is to shoot my film with another heroine and change the script to suit the new girl."

Finally it was Mukesh Bhatt, Mahesh's brother and close friend of Parveen's who helped to fit in a few pieces of this jigsaw puzzle.

Mukesh refuted the statement that Parveen was in London. "Right now she is in Switzerland with U. G. Krishnamurthy," he said. "It is true that Parveen has had another nervous breakdown. It is really sad, the pain and suffering that girl is going through. This is her third attack. The first time was after her break-up with Kabir. The second time was when she was with Mahesh — it was a severe attack. This is the third time. But I believe she is getting better. I hope she is."

It is believed that Parveen was aware that this would happen. She was told to be careful and leave the industry for her own peace of mind. She is said to have a problem of weak nerves. But when she recovered, Parveen was confident of making it. She ignored all warnings and came back to work with a vengeance. At that time everyone felt sorry for her and was willing to give her a second chance. But now the odds are against her.

Friend Mukesh fervently hopes she stays away from films for her own good. "The best thing for her to do is to leave the industry and settle abroad. She has been asked to lead a relaxed life. But the problem with Parveen is that each time she recovers from her illness, her ambition gets in her way and she wants to get back in the fray and compete with others."

Meanwhile — U. G. Krishnamurthy, has been reported to be making frantic calls to Vijay Anand and Mahesh Bhatt to find out what he should do with Parveen. He is not in a position to shoulder Parveen's responsibility entirely on his own.

Mahesh Bhatt admitted that Parveen is with U.G. "It is a recurrence of the same illness. She landed up there without warning so U. G. called me up to ask what to do. I believe she was under great stress and tension but a complete breakdown has been averted by staying with U. G. and friends.

"U.G. has been persuading Parveen to go back to India but apparently she wants to stay on and even follow him to the U.S.

"I myself had leaned on U. G. to help me in my crisis when I was involved with Parveen. People accused me of being cruel, but they don't realize that it is just like any other illness.

"People are attributing simplistic solutions that her illness is due to one thing or the other.

"I am a thing of the past as far as Parveen is concerned. I lead my own life she hers," he ended emphasising that he is unable to help her out of her crisis.

A FILM FORTNIGHTLY

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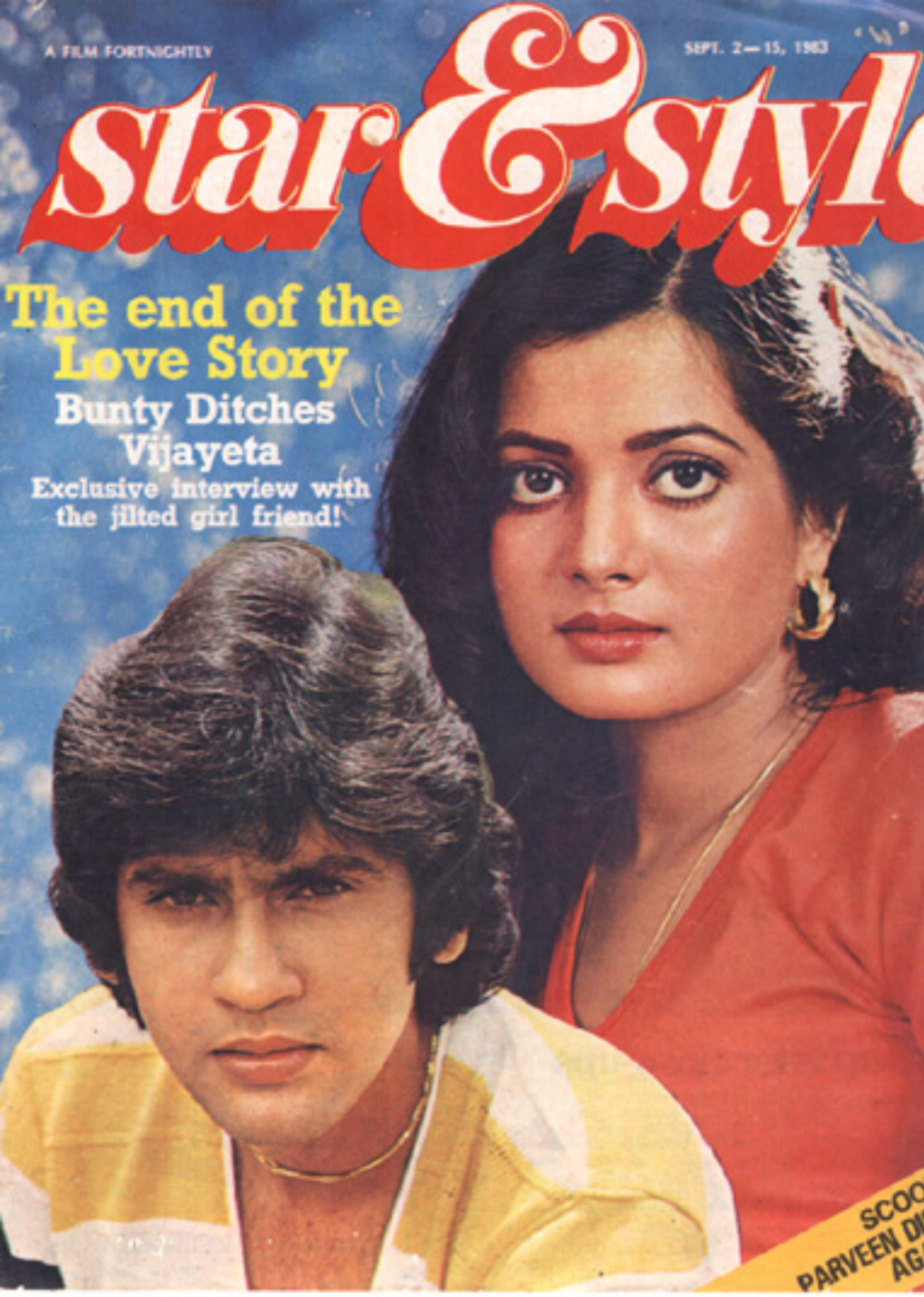


SCOO
PARVEEN DI
AG

true that I've declined Jalal Agha's offer. But it is not because of my poor health. The fact is that his film was in the planning stages for the last six years. He couldn't finalise anything because of some financial problems. Recently, he approached me and told me that he had signed Naseeruddin Shah and wanted bulk dates from me. I tried my level best to adjust my dates, but I couldn't do a thing. So, finally, I left the role."

Smita vehemently denied that she'd accepted small roles in multistarrers because she wanted to ease her tensions. "Absolutely rubbish," she retorted. "'Badle Ki Aag', 'Galiyon Ka Badshah', were roles I'd accepted when I was quite inexperienced. Each of these roles was a great experiment for me, and the experience of playing them was not bad. Everyone goes through the learning phase. I prefer to learn on my own. My work in all these films is good. I've been utterly sincere. I don't know yet, what sort of reactions these roles will evoke in the industry. Maybe, I'll be appreciated. But as for me, these roles gave me a new insight. They revealed to me my hidden aspects—that I too could sing and dance, which I'd thought I couldn't do!"

Smita insisted that contrary to rumours that she wanted to quit films, she was far more interested in her career today. She declared matter-of-factly, "My second National Award made me aware of my responsibilities. I felt I have to keep up the expectations I had built up. I am very serious about my career now. Jabbar's (Patel) film 'Subah' has opened up new vistas for me. I feel more confident now. It is as if I am stepping into my career anew. I am not scared of competition. Why should I chicken out of the rat race?"

Whatever Smita's contention, quitting the rat race was believed to be the only way out for Parveen. Goldie said emotionally, "The only solution is that Parveen should cut herself from the industry completely and start afresh. U.G. had even suggested it to her after her earlier major nervous breakdown. But the poor girl has not known of any other way of life. She has no relatives save her mother, with whom she doesn't relate too well. Parveen has nothing else to busy herself with. She is extremely insecure...."

Though many friends had suggested that marriage would give the Babi the security she needed, Goldie had his doubts about it. "I don't know how finding herself a man can be of help to Parveen," he stated bluntly. "She has always got involved with either married men or with men who had other commitments. Perhaps, she does not want to get involved with a single man, perhaps she doesn't want a marriage...."

Fed up with the speculation about his Madam's health, Parveen's loyal secretary came out real strong in her defense. "Nothing is wrong with Parveen's health," Ved Sharma shouted angrily. "She is reporting regularly for shootings, and is in fact, doing double shifts. Recently, she was shooting for a film on location near Film City." Ironically, he was unwilling to divulge the name and other details of the film because, he insisted, that the producer had requested him not to do so!

"I wonder where these rumours about her illness started," he said disgustedly. "If such was the case, then Parveen wouldn't be signing new films. For instance, after working with her in 'Kaalia', the director Tinnu Anand has decided to repeat her in his next film which will start late this year. Lekh Tandon has also signed Parveen for a heroine-oriented role. If there was any doubt about Parveen's availability, Lekh Tandon had such a wide range of actresses like Zeenat, Shabana, Hema, etc., to choose from. I think it's just because of Parveen's last illness that everyone looks at her in a suspicious way. In the film industry, the wildest rumours can start and people will only add fuel to the fire!"

Strangely enough, the industrywallas want to believe Ved Sharma. They have experienced how well the Babi works when she is okay. The speed with which she completed 'Kaalia' and 'Meri Awaaz Suno', was a wonder compared to what the industry can expect from bigger actresses like Zeenat Aman and Rekha. In Smita's case too, the satisfaction the director gets out of working with a perfectionist like her, amply makes up for whatever problems they may have faced. Film folk are eager to give the two actresses the benefit of doubt, and time to rise above their handicaps. After all, they have realised that if Parveen and Smita leave films, it will be the industry's loss! ●

The directors' first choice! Smita with Jabbar Patel and Parveen with J. Om Prakash.

same was the cause now too. "The poor girl is a part of an extremely competitive industry," he analysed. "Constant tensions disturb her—will I be No. 1? How long will I be able to keep it up? etc.,etc. These tensions can weigh on one's mind."

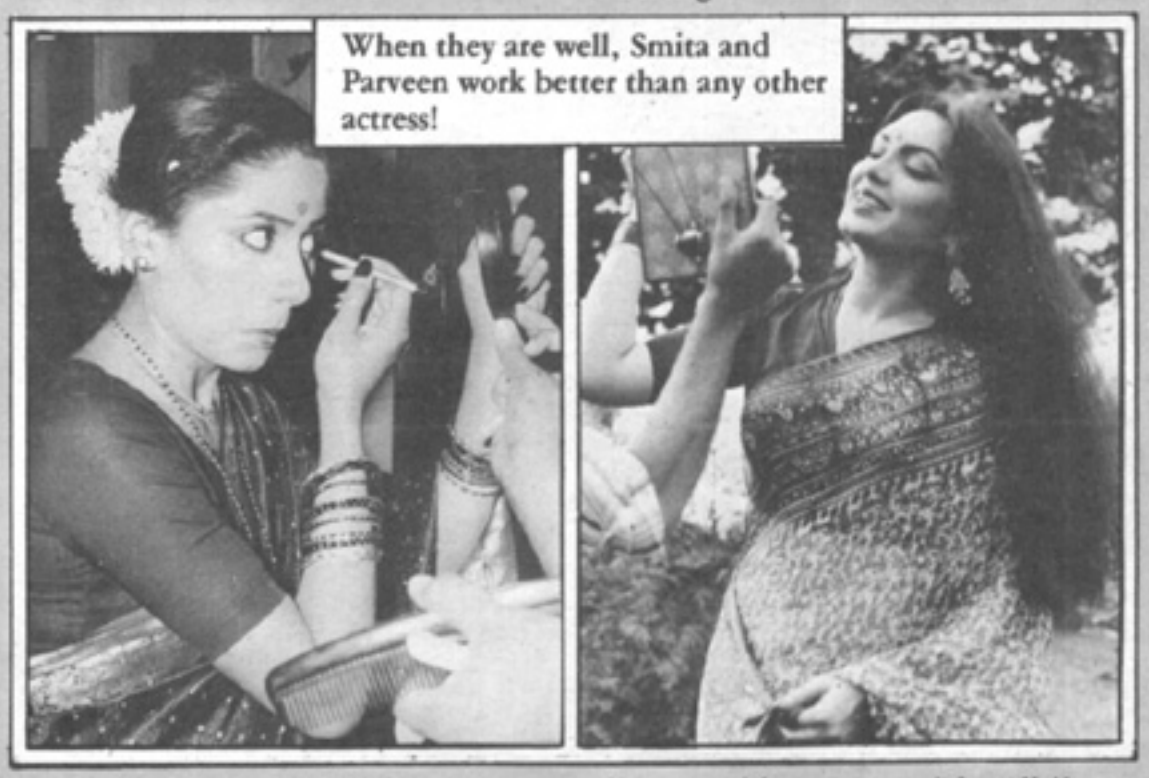
Mahesh Bhatt however, interpreted the Babi's present illness differently. "It's not the pressure of work," he said bluntly. "Otherwise, even you and I would face the same problem some time or the other. But it doesn't happen to us, does it? Nobody has really understood Parveen's illness. A long time back, people said that it was due to her losing Kabir Bedi, or because Mahesh Bhatt's wife beat her up and silly things like that. It wasn't any of those things.

"Parveen's illness is time-bound. It is like a pendulum that sways to one extreme, only to gather momentum and sway right back. With such an illness, the moment the patient is in a state of normalcy for long, you can be sure that the relapse is round the corner. Today, Parveen is on certain drugs. She has to maintain a certain level of these drugs in her system permanently. The moment the drug content in the system falls below the minimum level, she'll be down again."

"Parveen's illness is hereditary," Goldie concedes sadly. "It doesn't have a complete cure. Seeing the intensity of her breakdown the last time, U.G. had expressed doubts whether it was the first time that such a thing had happened to her. Later, her mother confirmed that Parveen had had a breakdown when she was sixteen or seventeen. However, in Parveen's case, her doctor will never admit that her illness is hereditary. Because in that case, the chances of a cure are totally ruled out."

Though unlike Parveen, Smita's illness wasn't hereditary, her chronic colitis and acute sinus trouble were almost as old as the girl herself! "My poor child," her mother cried feelingly, "has all the determination in the world to make it big. It's a pity that her health doesn't permit it. Smita has digestive and sinus problems. She has to follow so many restrictions —she shouldn't go out in the sun, shouldn't over-strain herself, and last but not the least, be careful about her diet. She isn't supposed to eat anything from out—nothing sweet, pungent, no soft drinks, not even fruits like grapes. I am really worried what repercussions these restrictions might cause on her career...."

Even the servants of the house were terribly depressed by the torture their *'tai'* was undergoing. "She is too sick to even step out of the house," they said miserably. "You should have seen her face last week. We were literally on oxygen. Whenever she is at home, she is always sleeping due to some disorder or the other. She loves to work hard but her health doesn't permit her. She eats very little, sometimes thrives only on water. She subsists only on medicines. So many doctors have been consulted but it was of no use. Now we have resorted to homeopathic treatment. We wish she gets cured...."



When they are well, Smita and Parveen work better than any other actress!

Smita herself was furious at her health being made into a controversy. "I don't know why people assume things about me," she stormed furiously, while (ironically) toying with an Anacin which she had sent for because she had an intense headache! "I am quite alright. I have some digestive problems, colitis to be precise. And then, there is my sinus which shoots up occasionally. But does that have to mean that I'm physically unfit to work? Do you expect me to look all fresh and tidy at the end of the day when I am working for fourteen hours every day, in the blazing sun? And tell me, is Smita Patil the only one who falls sick? Why do people make a mountain out of a mole-hill?"

She grew even more angry at the mention of her fainting spell on the sets of 'Namak Halal'. "Who told you that?" she demanded exasperatedly. "Did Prakash Mehra say it? Well, take it from me in black and white—I didn't faint. The fact is that I felt a trifle uneasy because the place was terribly stuffy. Anybody wanting fresh air would have felt as suffocated as I felt that day! It is nothing unusual. But no doctor was brought and no shooting was cancelled. Let me clear one thing once and for all," Smita went on haughtily, "no shootings/dubbing/etc., have been cancelled because of me. No sets have been demolished. No lakhs have been wasted. If at all, it is I who have gone out of my way to help and complete the shootings and dubbings. If Prakash Mehra had suffered any loss because of me, would he have taken me in his next heroine-oriented film? When you work in dusty places, you do feel allergic. I do fall sick once in a while," she added with heavy sarcasm, "but surely, that is not enough to file me as a gone case!"

About the films she'd left, Smita said off-handedly, "I've never declined any offer from Gulzar because he has never approached me. He mustn't have found a script good enough to cast me. It is quite

the worst. A close associate of both, Goldie Anand confirmed the Babi's visits to U.G. while he was staying with Goldie during a short trip to Bombay. "Parveen had come to see him and chatted with U.G. for an hour," Goldie revealed. "Later, I gathered that they hadn't discussed her health at all. However, U.G. did mention to me that Parveen didn't look as normal and healthy as she should have after such a time gap since her breakdown."

Smita's sudden interest in Parveen's *Guru* was even more intriguing. During U.G.'s last visit, people regularly spotted Smita at Goldie's place, seeking a private audience with the philosopher. When questioned about it, Smita's ready explanation was: "U.G. is a good friend. He is a lovely person to be with. In spite of being an intellectual, he is very easygoing. He has many theories to reveal. His

at the time, grew anxious about her peculiar bursts of tears and laughter for no apparent reason at all!

Old-friend Mahesh Bhatt gave a more revealing incident to explain the Babi's condition. "I'd met Parveen some time ago and she'd expressed her desire to see my film 'Aarth'," Mahesh said seriously. "I advised her not to see it because the film would disturb her very much. She agreed. At that time, she seemed absolutely okay to me. But then, recently, Parveen was shooting for 'Ashanti' in Bangalore. An acquaintance of mine informed me later, that Parveen had been revisiting the place where she was put up during her last breakdown. It is a modest apartment where she was recovering under U.G.'s supervision. This time, I believe, she went and stood watching the room where she'd stayed. Perhaps all the memories

and for which film the Babi was shooting!

While speculation of Parveen's second breakdown sparked off commotion in the industry, Smita created ripples by fainting on the sets of Prakash Mehra's 'Namak Halal'. Her condition seemed so critical ("She had turned blue and was finding it hard to breathe," said an assistant), that the frightened unit-members promptly sent for a doctor. The shooting naturally, was cancelled..

Similar, if not as serious, instances had happened on other sets. The units of 'Galiyon Ka Badshah' and 'Kayamat' grumbled that the actress had begun to report much after the scheduled time for shootings and always begged for an early pack-up. "I am not well", "I have an intense headache", "My sinus is troubling me", were the explanations she gave.

Can The Two Actresses Overcome Their Health Handicap?

grasp on reality is amazing. He has a tremendous understanding of life. And it is the mutual exchange of thoughts and ideas that has helped me to build up my character, and in the spiritual development of my mind. I don't go to U.G. because I am sick and unhappy. But because I feel happy when I meet him. He is a real pleasure to be with!"

The spiritual solace however, obviously didn't help matters for either of the girls. In mid-February, an insider disclosed that the Babi had started seeing her old psychiatrist again. Another source revealed that the star had withdrawn from the world, taken to her bed and wouldn't allow anyone to come near her. Simi Garewal tried for days to get in touch with her, but whether she rang up morning, noon or night, the Babi was sleeping! The few who did get to meet the actress

came back and they had an adverse effect on her...."

It only added to the brewing controversy when soon afterwards, Parveen disappeared completely from the scene for a few weeks. Hrishikesh Mukherjee, Ravi Tandon, Tinnu Anand; who had her confirmed dates, were forced to postpone their shootings. Umesh ('Ashanti') Mehra was surprised when his heroine didn't show up for his brother's wedding, but sent her secretary to represent her. Rumours buzzed that Parveen had zipped off abroad for another much-needed rest, but Parveen's people faithfully denied it and told all her frantic producers that Madam was shooting on location in a distant place. Their excuses however, lacked conviction because they stubbornly refused to reveal where

But obviously, Smita herself wasn't too happy with the 'demands' she was forced to make on her producers. She tried to lessen the problems by backing out of the author-backed, heroine-dominated films she'd received from filmmakers like Hrishikesh Mukherjee, Gulzar, Jalal Agha, etc., and accepted "*chalta hai*" roles (her words) in multistarrers like 'Anand Aur Anand', 'Badle Ki Aag', 'Galiyon Ka Badshah', etc. The obvious explanation was that she didn't want to over-strain herself by doing roles that would tax her energy and concentration too much. Smita wanted to help herself by taking it easy for the time being....

After all, hadn't tension (professional and personal) been the cause of Parveen's first breakdown? Goldie felt that the

Smita-Parveen:

Throughout last year, they were the most in-demand actresses. Parveen Babi and Smita Patil rocked the commercial circuits, and every film launched in the twelve months, featured either of them in the cast. Despite Parveen's breakdown and Smita's 'arty' priorities, their ratings in the industry were at its highest. The way she'd got back in (sexy) shape after her illness, the Babi was the first choice for glamour; and Ms. Patil after her numerous awards, the first for good roles in commercial cinema. The heroines had hit the big-time—in fact, they *were* big-time!

Today, the industry's two most promising careers are in grave danger, and the actresses are putting up the bravest fight of their lives to hold on. Both are too interested, too involved, too ambitious about their careers to give up before tasting the glory. Smita and Parveen shoot, dub, attend parties, entertain guests and do everything to see that the show goes on. Not many realise that behind this seemingly normal exterior, both the actresses are in an extremely vulnerable position. Their health is the handicap, and though the nature of their illness is different (mental and physical, respectively), the desperation to overcome the repercussions is the same. Parveen is afraid that the ruthless industry may not forgive her a second breakdown. And Smita is still too new in the league to be indefinitely indisposed!

No wonder the two actresses are trying their hardest to cover up the truth. At Feroz Khan's and G. P. Sippy's parties, Parveen smoked, drank and put up her usual perfect show. Nobody bothered to take a closer look at her tell-tale eyes, whose vacant stare would have given the game away....

Smita too has been seen at a number of parties lately—'Anand Aur Anand', 'Haadsaa', etc.—glamorously dressed; the tired lines around the mouth and dark circles under the eyes completely hidden with clever make-up tricks. Few noticed that Smita left the 'Haadsaa' bash barely fifteen minutes after she'd arrived, before most of the guests had turned up; and at Dev Anand's to-do, she withdrew into a dark corner and fell fast asleep!

Ironically, the first whispers of both girls' illnesses started from a common source, U. G. Krishnamurthy. Way back in January this year, when Parveen sent an urgent s.o.s. to her spiritual healer during the last breakdown, everyone suspected

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A MATTER OF TWO CRORES

Parveen rode into the industry, like a Clint Eastwood **High Plains Drifter**. *People knew she came from the general direction of Ahmedabad, but no one had the answers to Why, what, who, where, how, whom, etc. and etc. And no one asked.*

Today, Johny Bakshi, her producer in **Mera Dost Mera Dushman,** *may provide an inkling: "I was travelling through Gujarat, near Junagadh, when suddenly I realised that this was the place Parveen had once mentioned as her 'hometown'. Naturally curious, because her background was so mysterious, I decided to drop in at Parveen's ancestral home. I turned the cab, and up a long driveway, I saw this mansion-like thing.*

"When I entered, I was **announced,** *like they did in the Mughal* **durbars.** *Then, after a suitable stage wait, another announcement, and Parveen's mother floated in, wraith-like. Not smart, not glamorous, but royal —* **joona,** *y'know, really royal. That one lonely lady, in that huge house, surrounded by servants — she said to me, 'Parveen made you her brother. So I'm your mother!' And she broke down. Crying. Hysterical. There was something so pathetic, so touching, I too broke down!"*

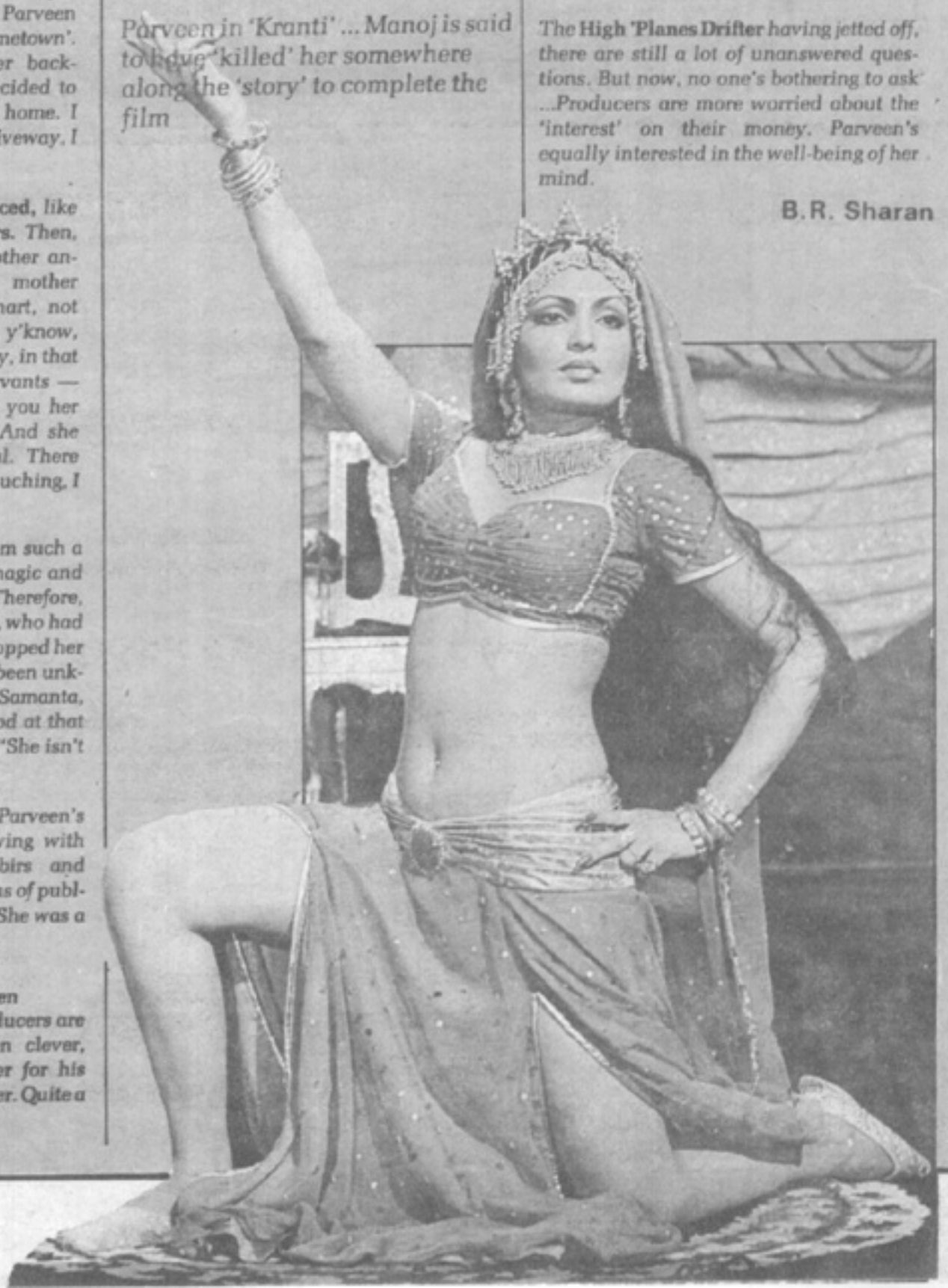
Parveen seems to have come from such a background with Lewis Caroll magic and royal Rasputin eccentricity. Therefore, when Producer Surinder Kapoor, who had her in mind for **Ponga Pandit,** *dropped her for Neeta Mehta, he might have been unknowingly clairvoyant. Shakti Samanta, summing up the producers' mood at that time, is rumoured to have said, "She isn't star material."*

Even though no one asked about Parveen's past, her present was overflowing with Dannys and Khans and Kabirs and Maheshes who made her the focus of publicity, and roles kept flowing in. She was a star.

After her 'breakdown', she's been constantly on the edge, and producers are nervy. Manoj Kumar has been clever, shooting a 'death-scene' on her for his **Kraati,** *thus needing her no longer. Quite a few have been sympathetic, like Johny Bakshi and Mahesh Bhatt, who have released her.*

Sympathy, however, takes a back seat when huge sums like two crores are involved, and Parveen's being unceremoniously dropped like a hot brick, even though there are reports that, because of her mental state, doctors have advised her to shoot in short month-long spells

Parveen in 'Kranti' ... Manoj is said to have 'killed' her somewhere along the 'story' to complete the film



and that she will be back from Bali in April. To leave again in May. And so on...

But... Raj Grover's waiting with **Taaqat:** *"I've only 12 days work left." Prakash Mehra has replaced Parveen with Ranjeeta in* **Jwalamukhi.** *Zeenat in* **Lawaris.** *Raj Sippy has taken Hema in* **Satte Pe Satta.** *Rekha has stepped in for Mukesh Bhatt's* **Ab Meri Bari,** *Reena for Manmohan Desai's* **Naseeb,** *Zeenat for* **Daulat,** *and Poonam in R. K.'s* **Biwi Biwi Hai Hai.**

The **High 'Planes Drifter** *having jetted off, there are still a lot of unanswered questions. But now, no one's bothering to ask ...Producers are more worried about the 'interest' on their money. Parveen's equally interested in the well-being of her mind.*

B.R. Sharan

The weeds of unhappiness still sprouted erratically ... She once disappeared from the sets of **Chamatkar.** *The unit thought she'd run to her make-up room for a quick puff. Only later did they realize that she'd irrationally ordered her chauffeur to drive her home*

Parveen's frustration erupted in the face of other people in spasms ... She took to criticizing outsiders without reason or provocation. Shooting for **The Burning Train** *in Delhi, she ridiculed Simi for applying blush-on with her fingers. Vinod had to shut her up ... Once she snapped at Hema, "Your left eyebrow is higher than your right one!" and walked off ... People began avoiding her, calling her 'nasty' and 'unpredictable'*

well. Outwardly. Her mother, a frail lady, would gently admonish her for smoking too much. Parveen stopped smoking in public. She grew quieter and introspective. J. Krishnamurty's lectures on spiritualism occupied her days.

Yet, apparently, the weeds of unhappiness still sprouted erratically. She disappeared from the sets of **Chamatkar.** The unit thought she'd run to her make-up room for a quick puff. Only later did they realize that she'd irrationally ordered her chauffeur to drive her home.

Her frustration erupted in the face of other people in spasms. She took to criticizing outsiders without reason or provocation. Shooting for **The Burning Train** in Delhi, she ridiculed Simi for applying blush-on with fingers. Vinod had to shut her up, in order to placate a hurt and bewildered Simi. Once, she snapped at Hema, "Your left eyebrow is higher than your right one!" and walked off, leaving Hema open-mouthed. People began avoiding her, calling her 'nasty' and 'unpredictable'. In truth, she was as much a helpless victim as they — of her isolation.

The stage had been set for those terrifying hallucinations, which ultimately drove the few people around her even crazier. She would sit before the mirror, first thing in the morning, and break into nervous sobs which racked her slim body. Then she fell ill. At first, it was a minor physical ailment, but her broken spirit could not resist the morbid thoughts that swooped down on her, and into the emptiness, she'd scream paranoically that she was being persecuted by enemies.

Ved Sharma, her secretary, tried his best to keep the industry at bay. He even told her staff that she would be alright by next week. The weeks lengthened into a damning shadow over the best part of the year. No one was allowed to see Parveen's face for four-and-a-half months. People were turned away from the door. She, who needed people, and who needed to feel needed by them, wasn't made aware of their concern. "If the industry discovers what you're going through, you're finished. They won't want to touch you, ever," she was warned. No one warned the industry of the seriousness of her condition. It was always, "Madam will be back next week."

In Bangalore, she received U. G. Krishnamurty, who further led her up the path of "mindlessness". What she needed was a strong mind to survive, but it was pushed out of her grasp. Not wholly by others — she, too, was responsible for the choice between genuine recovery and escapism. "Mindless" escapism proved easier.

There have been a few decent generous men who've staked their film on the assumption that Parveen will return, well and vibrant. They didn't replace her when they could have done so. It seems sad that she couldn't discern this feeling of confidence in her. Ramesh Sippy, who waited over a year for her to work in **Shaan**, was rewarded for his pains by her second disappearance to Bali with U. G. Krishnamurty. When Mahesh called her to tell her that U. G. was leaving India, she turned hysterical with panic, and wangling a last minute reservation through two of her friends jn Air India, she vanished overnight with U. G.

Parveen has promised to return at the end of the month, but as she told her staff, "Only to quit films forever. I'm selling everything I own and after that I'm through, I'm free!"

Nina Arora

outgrown the innocence of adolescence, her heart's cry remained the same.

Parveen's emotions were repressed. She tried to push back her needs and put up a brave front. In the process, the niggling little insecurities festered into an ugly mental illness. That jeans-clad, cigarette-smoking girl who didn't give a damn for conventions was struggling to project another image. A chance remark, made after a couple of overtures by a superstar, made her hypersensitive towards her femininity. She wanted to prove she was womanly and desirable, not frigid. So began the Indianisation of Babi. But, unfortunately, she discovered after a few days that the actor who was back again with his sultry 'Loren' after a temporary tiff, was no longer seriously interested in her. One afternoon, she sent her secretary to call him home. He fobbed her off with the excuse that he'd come later, at a discreet hour. He never did come. That was a bad night for Parveen. She was hysterical with the nightmarish conviction that she was indeed cold and sexless. This second rejection, coming in the wake of Kabir's, was a ruder jolt to her self-esteem. Parveen completely lost confidence in herself.

She lived alone in a two-roomed flat with only Maggie, a maid and a cook. But the people working with her couldn't reach out to the distracted woman — she hid behind a proud mask of indifference. "We'd never seen such a self-contained woman," they say. "At that time, we doubted if she ever thought of us after we went home. She never phoned us or inquired about our families — how could we be friendly towards her? We thought she didn't want us."

Nevertheless, they were relieved when Parveen's mother flew down to Bombay to be with her. For a time, all was

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... the niggling little insecurities festered into an ugly mental illness. That jeans-clad, cigarette-smoking girl who didn't give damn for conventions, was struggling to project another image. A chance remark, made after a couple of overtures by a superstar, made her hypersensitive towards her femininity. She wanted to prove she was womanly and desirable. So began the Indianisation of Babi. But unfortunately, she discovered after a few days that the actor, who was back with his girlfriend after a temporary tiff, was no longer seriously interested in her ...

She was on the sets of Ramesh Sippy's **Shaan** *when Mahesh Bhatt called to tell her that U.G. Krishnamurty was leaving India ... she turned hysterical with panic and wangling a last minute reservation through two of her friends in an airline, she vanished overnight with U.G. to Bali.*

year. Words which should have been a grim warning to those who knew that the star, in a series of previous films ranging over the past six years, had done nothing but play herself. Yet, the warning blew away unheeded.An indirect cry for help, a low-pitched scream from a girl, who was going through a frightening ordeal and didn't know how to ask for help, went unnoticed. It was only later, when an explosion within the confines of a mind blew off the lid, did the industry wake up — because by then it got hit where it hurt most. The money-box. Investments to the tune of 2 crores are blocked in Parveen's unfinished pictures...

A time for reckoning is come. Producers can no more dismiss her as a mechanized doll, to be thrown back into the factory repair shop. Ved Sharma, her secretary, can no longer successfully keep people from discovering the truth. And the Press has reached a dead-end alley for any more of those sacharine-sweet stories, about a harmless illness and convalescence, which only turned people away from her real problem. When Parveen needed help, very few intervened for fear that it would be taken as interference. She was deluged only by get-well-cards, flowers and useless sympathy. Parveen's house needs solid pillars, not weak, ostentatious cardboard ones from some film set. She needs reassurance of her worth, of a self-esteem which has sunk to an all-time low.

The first signs of disorder were evident when she abruptly jetted back from Rome, Kabir Bedi and a love that had soured. And her first impulse to come home was based on the realization that here she is a star in her own right. She could rebuild with strong hands the career she'd abandoned at the height of passion. But optimism could only lend her determination in the future, it could not obliterate that awful feeling of rejection she was enveloped in. In Rome, Kabir had pointedly ignored her, making her endlessly wait, wait, wait ... for him to return to their suite during the wee hours of the morning. He was the newest superstar there, with the world's loveliest women hanging on to his words and arms while she — was a nobody in Europe. What made it worse was that Kabir made no real effort to stop her leaving him. It was as if there was already no more room for her in his scheme of things. It was the first wound in Parveen's psyche ... and it hurt deeply.

Resuming work in Bombay was easy. Producers needed and wanted her. What was less comfortable were the sly innuendoes about her private life. Danny had gone forever into the arms of Kim. Parveen was utterly alone. She hated it when co-stars bitchily referred to her as a "cold, frigid woman who is unable to hold her man". Throwing herself body and soul into her work wasn't wholly a panacea, for a half-circle of emptiness remained after six. "What is there in my life but work, work and more work?" she said wanly. But she desperately wanted more. Much more than even Mahesh Bhatt, in his kindness could offer her. For Mahesh is a married man. And Parveen needed a man of her **own.**

As a girl of fourteen, she had once knelt down in the school chapel and prayed and asked Mother Mary to give her a boyfriend. Ten years later. although the woman had far

PARVEEN BABI

NIGHTMARE JOURNEY TO NOWHERE

"I'd like to get my teeth into the role of a woman who's inwardly cracking up — not insane, no! — but on a nightmare verge of taking off." Parveen Babi uttered these words in an interview last

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

Super

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Poonam stoops to conquer

Who next—Reena, Rekha or Zeenat?

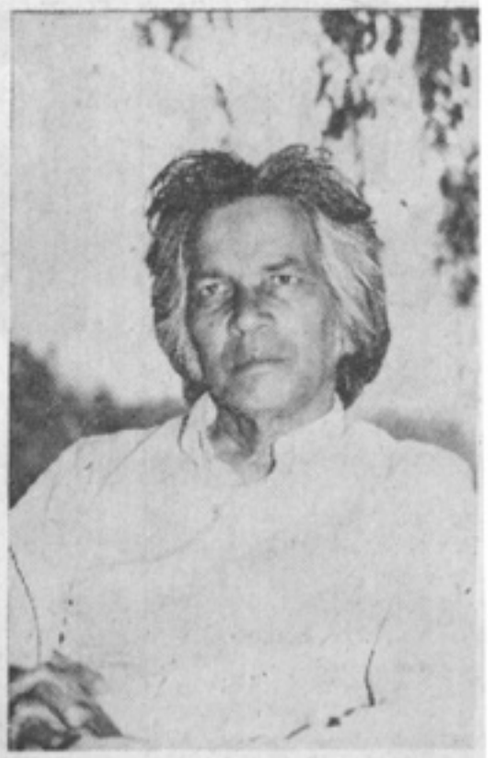
Parveen: two crores down the drain?

The making of 'Burning Train'

Dagblad Kennemerland - 23/5/85 (Holland)

Manuscript van Heemskerkse kunstenaar

UG Krishnamurti neemt goeroe-dom op de korrel



U.G. Krishnamurti, de Indiase filosoof, die alle goeroes van hun voetstuk wil halen zonder zelf hun plek in te willen nemen.

IJMOND - Vanaf half april bracht hij drie weken in ons land door om vrienden te bezoeken en vlak voor de komst van de paus stapte hij op het vliegtuig naar Engeland. Velen zochten hem op tijdens zijn verblijf in Amsterdam, o.a. Bhagwan-aanhanger Jan Foudraine.

De Indiase filosoof UG (spreek uit: JoeDjie) Krishnamurti heeft in het reizende bestaan dat hij de laatste 20 jaar leidt overal ter wereld vrienden gemaakt die hem graag aan onderdak helpen. Met als enig bezit een koffer met kleren, en vergezeld door zijn Zwitserse vriendin Valentine de Kerven, is hij bezig zoveel mogelijk mensen te ontmoeten en waar mogelijk te wekken uit wat hij noemt: 'de waanwereld van sektes en goeroe-dom'. Wij spraken met een van zijn vertrouwelingen sinds 1978, de IJmuidenaar Robert Smit, die het jongste verblijf van de exgoeroe in Amsterdam organiseerde.

In India en Amerika krijgt UG Krishnamurti de laatste tijd steeds meer publiciteit. Zo wijdde de filmproducer Mahesh Bath enkele artikelen aan hem in de Illustrated Weekly, een blad met een miljoenenoplage. En op een Amerikaans festival ging onlangs een film met muziek op teksten van UG met de hoogste eer strijken. Hoewel hij zelf die publiciteit absoluut niet zoekt, lijkt het nog slechts een kwestie van tijd voordat zijn ideeën bij een breed publiek bekend zullen raken. Beeldend kunstenaar Robert Smit (33) vertelt in zijn atelier in de voormalige Mariaschool in Heemskerk hoe hij met de Indiase filosoof in contact kwam.

Na 6 jaar te hebben meegedraaid op de Amsterdamse School voor Filosofie kreeg Robert Smit in de zomer van 1978 een uitnodiging om UG - niet te verwarren met zijn bekende naamgenoot J. Krishnamurti - te bezoeken in diens chalet in Zwitserland. Het ging er daar heel informeel aan toe en al na twee dagen kreeg hij de gelegenheid om 'de meester' vragen te stellen: „En na nog een dag viel voor mij de hele mystiek van de School voor Filosofie door de mand. Het was net alsof iemand me zojuist had verteld dat Sinterklaas niet bestaat." De daaropvolgende winter bezocht Smit UG in het Zuidindiase Bangalore en er volgden nog diverse ontmoetingen, in Zwitserland en Amsterdam.

Manuscript

Omdat UG van zijn originele denkbeelden zelf geen letter op papier heeft gezet (hij verbrandde bovendien in 1967 zijn autobiografie), besloot Robert Smit vorig jaar na talloze gesprekken zijn interpretatie van leven en werk van de Indiase filosoof te boek te stellen. Omdat er tot nu toe alleen een paar dunne deeltjes met de weerslag van gesprekken het licht hebben gezien, was de beeldend kunstenaar daarmee voorzover bekend de eerste die dit karwei op zich nam. Zijn 345 pagina's tellend manuscript ligt inmiddels kant en klaar en volledig eigenhandig typografisch verzorgd te wachten op een uitgever. De uitgeverijen die hij tot op heden heeft benaderd, vonden het werk echter te uitvoerig voor een filosoof die in Nederland nog betrekkelijk onbekend is en daarom bereidt Robert Smit nu de uitgave voor van een inleidend deel.

We bladeren door het omvangrijke manuscript. Wie en wat is nu UG Krishnamurti? Hij werd in 1918 geboren in het Zuidindiase Adyar, niet ver van Madras en werd door zijn vermogende grootvader opgevoed in de leer van de theosofie. Hij zou het uiteindelijk brengen tot mede-secretaris van deze universele broederschap en ontpopte zich in dienst daarvan tot een eerste klas redenaar, die moeiteloos een gehoor van enkele duizenden leerde bespelen. Juist in dit 'spel' raakte hij evenwel steeds meer teleurgesteld. Hij bleef zichzelf zien als een doodgewone sterveling en begon tegelijk ook steeds meer de hypocrisie te doorzien van andere goeroes en zogenaamde heiligen.

Jezus

UG raakt ervan overtuigd dat als 'de waarheid' van een Jezus of een Boeddha bestaat, die dan ook op anderen overdraagbaar moet zijn. Waarom beweerden al die religieuze leiders dat ze de wereld konden redden en zag je daar nergens de resultaten van? Als ook zijn vriend J. Krishnamurti - wellicht de bekendste eigentijdse Indiase filosoof op Bhagwan na - hem met dooddoeners antwoordt op zijn meest fundamentele vragen ('Je bent er nog niet klaar voor') besluit hij zijn speurtocht naar de waarheid alleen voort te zetten. Maar na in 7 jaar alle yoga-oefeningen te hebben doorlopen en een studie westerse psychologie te hebben afgebroken, wordt dat zoeken steeds moeilijker.

Zijn huwelijk met een Indiase filmster loopt mis en hij vertrekt naar Amerika om daar genezing te vinden voor zijn zoon, die aan polio lijdt. Als de zoon ziek blijft maar het familiekapitaal uitgeput is, raakt UG aan lager wal. Hij laat zich als een blad door de wind meevoeren naar Londen. Verkerend aan de rand van het bestaan bereikt hij met geleend geld Zwitserland. Daar ontfermt zich Valentine de Kerven over hem, bijna 20 jaar ouder dan hij en als tolk werkzaam op het Indiase consulaat in Genève.

In de periode van rust die dan volgt, gebeuren de vreemdste dingen. Al enige tijd is hij helderziend en helderhorend en nu wordt hij gekweld door vreselijke hoofdpijnen. Zijn huid licht 's nachts op als fosfor en als hij 49 jaar oud wordt, beseft hij opeens dat hij 'opnieuw geboren is'. Jaren lang heeft hij geploeterd om de staat en het bewustzijn van Boeddha te bereiken en nu beseft hij plotseling dat hij 'er is'.

Paradox

Het paradoxale van UG Krishnamurti is dat hij absoluut geen volgelingen wil: „Ja, ik ben nu wel zelf verlicht maar kan dat niet aan anderen leren." Wel voelt hij zich verplicht om met zoveel mogelijk mensen over zijn ideeën te praten en daarom reist hij nu al 20 jaar met zijn welgestelde vriendin onafgebroken de wereld rond. Nu eens verblijven zij in hotels, dan weer bij vrienden thuis. Die ontmoedigt hij vaak met zijn harde uitspraken: „Nog nooit is iemand door een leraar verlicht. Wat dat betreft moet je zo min mogelijk je vertrouwen in anderen stellen." Iedereen moet zoveel mogelijk op eigen benen blijven staan. Het is dan ook niet verwonderlijk dat hij weinig op heeft met goeroes als Bhagwan. Naar zijn mening heeft die van een nuttige therapie een cultus gemaakt, een verkooptechniek.

Net als alle andere goeroes maakt Bhagwan volgens UG handelswaar van 'menselijk geluk' en laat hij uiteindelijk een spoor van vernieling na als de betovering is verbroken. Hoe moet een mens zich volgens UG Krishnamurti dan ontplooien? Geen therapie, geen oefening en geen meditatie: „Als je zo goed mogelijk het werk doet dat voor je ligt, manifesteert het leven zich uiteindelijk aan je in zijn zuiverste vorm. Volmaaktheid zit in een boom die groeit, een koe die loeit, een mens die aanpakt wat op zijn pad ligt. Op die manier zijn we allemaal vormpjes van hèt leven dat altijd zal bestaan." Hij tekent daarbij wel aan dat we moeten oppassen voor 'pieken'. Of je die nu zoekt in de voldaanheid na hard werken, in een glas whisky of in drugs: na elke piek komt weer een dal en proberen constant 'high' te blijven voert naar de ondergang.

Na het bovenstaande zal het niemand verbazen dat UG Krishnamurti zich nauwelijks geinteresseerd toonde in het boek dat Robert Smit over hem heeft geschreven. Hij wil er voor waken een groep achter zich aan te krijgen of het middelpunt te worden van de zoveelste religie met zijn voor- en tegenstanders. „Ik hoop dat je er wat geld mee verdient", was dan ook zijn enige reactie.

● PETER DICKER

Vereniging, maar mijn hart was er niet echt bij. Ik werd zelfs adjunct-algemeen secretaris van de Indische afdeling. Ik was een goed spreker. Ik sprak overal, o.m. op de universiteiten. Ik dacht: Dit is niet echt. Iedereen met een beetje hersens kan deze informatie verzamelen en weer doorgeven. Wat ben ik aan het doen? Ik kwam toen in nauwer contact met JIDDU KRISHNAMURTI die ik nog van vroeger kende in de tijd van de wereldleraar. (Jiddu Krishnamurti werd in de jaren twintig tot wereldleraar uitgeroepen door de Theosofen). Elke keer als ik in zijn buurt was, ging naar hem luisteren.
Tot mijn 49ste jaar had ik vermogens en ervaringen, maar ik schonk er niet veel aandacht aan. Als ik iemand voor het eerst zag, wist ik zijn hele verleden, heden en toekomst, zonder dat de persoon mij nog iets verteld had. Ik deed er verder niets mee, maar ik was verbaasd. "Waarom heb ik dat vermogen", vroeg ik mij af"?

In 1955 verhuisden U.G., zijn vrouw en hun vier kinderen naar de V.S. om de oudste zoon die aan polio leed, te laten behandelen. In 1961 was U.G. door zijn geld heen. Hij voelde zich veranderen en raakte innerlijk in beroering, een gevoel dat hij niet kon thuisbrengen. Hij deed ook niets om deze toestand te verhinderen. Die toestand zou zes jaar duren en eindigen in de "ramp" zoals hij het ingaan in de "natuurlijke toestand" noemt.
Het huwelijk liep stuk en U.G. zette zijn gezin op het vliegtuig terug naar India en ging zelf naar Londen. Hij kwam daar geheel berooid aan en begon door de stad te zwerven. Dat hield hij drie jaar vol. Zijn vrienden zagen hem aftakelen, maar zelf scheen die periode hem geheel natuurlijk toe.

"Ik had geen wil meer, ik was als een blad dat heen en weer geblazen werd door de wind. Er kwam geen eind aan. Tenslotte zei ik tegen mijzelf: Dit is geen goed leven. Ik was een schooier en leefde van andermans liefdadigheid. Ik was praktisch krankzinnig – geen plek om te wonen, dag en nacht zwervend. Op een dag werd ik berispt door een politieagent in Hyde Park die mij vertelde dat het uit moest zijn met overnachten in het park. Wat nu te doen? De gedachte kwam bij mij op: ga naar de *Ramakrishna Missie*. Dat was alles, de gedachte kwam uit het niets of misschien was het mijn eigen projectie.
De mensen van de Missie boden mij onderdak en ik werkte voor hen, waarvoor ik betaald kreeg. Ik ging regelmatig naar de meditatiekamer van deze Missie. Ik vroeg mij af waarom deze mensen altijd maar mediteerden. In dat meditatiecentrum kreeg ik een heel vreemde ervaring. Ik voelde voor het eerst van mijn leven – ik zat op de grond en deed niets en keek naar de mensen en had medelijden met hen – iets heel ongewoons: ik voelde een of andere beweging in mijn lichaam, een beweging in cirkels, van mijn penis tot mijn hoofd. Ik trok helemaal geen conclusies. Ik was immers een verloren mens. Ik had nu onderdak, men voedde mij en ik hoefde mij niet te bekommeren om de dag van morgen. Toch was er iets in mij dat zei: dit is een perverse manier van leven. Daarom verliet ik na drie maanden ook deze plaats. Ik bezat nog een vliegretour naar India en ik besloot naar Parijs te gaan. Ik wisselde de ticket in. Ik bleef drie maanden in Parijs, ik wilde beslist niet terug naar India. Mijn geld raakte weer op en ik hoopte dat ik misschien nog wat geld had op mijn zwitserse bankrekening. Ik reisde naar Zwitserland en kwam aan in Genève. Ik had echter geen geld meer en na een paar dagen ging ik maar naar het indiase consulaat om het een en ander te regelen. Ik ontmoete daar een zwitserse vrouw, VALENTINE DE KERVEN, die mij uitnodigde en mij een thuis bezorgde in Zwitserland. Wij ging naar Saanen om daar te gaan wonen. Die plaats had een betekenis voor mij. Ik was daar eerder geweest in 1953 op een reis en ik wilde er toen al blijven na een week daar te hebben doorgebracht. Ik dacht: dit is de plek waar ik de rest van mijn leven wil doorbrengen. Ik had toen genoeg geld, maar mijn vrouw wilde niet in Zwitserland blijven vanwege het klimaat. Nu ging deze droom in vervulling. Later koos Jiddu Krishnamurti Saanen voor zijn zomerbijeenkomsten. In Saanen had ik vreselijke hoofdpijnen, maar Valentine zorgde voor mij. Er gebeurden ook grappige dingen. Als ik over mijn lichaam wreef kwam er een vonk vanaf, een fosfor gloed. Het was elektriciteit. Ik dacht dat het kwam door mijn synthetische kleren maar dat was niet zo. Er gebeurde van alles, maar ik legde nooit een verband met *moksha* of bevrijding.

In 1967 was ik in Parijs en op aandrang van mijn vrienden ging ik mee Jiddu Krishnamurti bezoeken. Maar toen we twee francs toegangsprijs de man moesten betalen besloten wij iets heel anders te gaan doen en wij gingen naar een show in de Casino de Paris. Daar had ik een eigenaardig gevoel: ik wist niet wie er op het toneel danste, de danseres of ik. Er was geen verschil tussen de danseres en ik.
In juli van datzelfde jaar bezocht Jiddu Krishnamurti Saanen en mijn vrienden haalden mij weer over om te gaan luisteren. Toen ik dat deed gebeurde het volgende. Ik had sterk het gevoel dat hij *mijn* toestand beschreef en niet zijn eigen toestand. En, waarom wilde ik zijn toestand kennen? Hij beschreef iets, bewegingen en een bepaalde stilte: In die stilte is er geen denken, er is handeling, en meer van dat soort dingen. Ik zei tot mijzelf: ik bèn in die staat. Wat heb ik in hemelsnaam gedaan al deze veertig jaar? Ik liep weg en besloot nooit meer op mijn schreden terug te keren. Na al dat gevraag: wat is dat voor een toestand? vormde zich een andere vraag: hoe weet ik dat ik in die toestand ben, de staat van Boeddha, waarnaar ik zo verlangde"?

De dag daarna begon een lange reeks omwentelingen van fysieke en mentale aard. Er vond een soort "explosie" plaats binnen in hem. Ook in de week daarna vonden er fundamentele veranderingen plaats, onder meer in het functioneren van zijn zintuigen. Ook de laatste dag ging zijn lichaam door een proces van "fysieke dood". Later spreekt U.G. van het individueel of ondeelbaar bewustzijn, de oertoestand van het bewustzijn en de natuurlijke staat.
(Excerpt en vrije vertaling uit "The Mystique of Enlightenment").

The Mystique of Enlightenment, The unrational ideas of a man called U.G., is een boekje met gesprekken met U.G. en geredigeerd door Rodney Arms. Het kwam uit bij Dinesh Vaghela Cemetile Corporation, P.O. Betim-Volant Goa, India 403 101. (Een gedeelte van dit boek zal in nederlandse vertaling verschijnen bij uitgeverij Mirananda te Wassenaar.)

Voorin het boek staat: "Op mijn leer, als je dat woord wilt gebruiken, rust geen copyright. U bent vrij deze weer te geven, te distribueren, te interpreteren, verkeerd te interpreteren, te verminken of te verdraaien. Doe wat u wilt, u mag zelfs het auteurschap claimen, zonder mijn toestemming of wiens toestemming dan ook"!

Dit jaar zal het boek *"Nice meeting you . . . and goodbye"* met nederlandse tekst verschijnen. Het zijn gesprekken met U.G., geïllustreerd met foto's en samengesteld door Robert Smit. Nadere inlichtingen: Vechtstraat 213, 1972 TE IJmuiden.

al is. Die neurotische toestand begon bij de eerste ervaring van de mens, de ervaring van zijn zelf-bewustzijn.
Wat ik te zeggen heb, heeft totaal geen sociale inhoud. Ik wil geen verandering prediken. Daar creëer je alleen conflicten mee".

Noemen de mensen u niet onverschillig?
"Nee, ik ben niet onverschillig. Anderen zeggen weer: u moet wel altijd gelukkig zijn. Mijn leven is heel eenvoudig: mijn doeleinden en behoeften zijn dezelfde. Ik heb alleen maar de behoefte om iets te kopen als ik het middel daartoe tot mijn beschikking heb. Als ik geen geld heb, komt de gedachte ook niet in mij op. Als ik naar dingen kijk is dat omdat ze er zijn. Het gevoel van: ik zou willen dat . . . komt nooit in me op. Als ik iemand zie lijden, iemand die honger heeft, dan huil ik met hem mee. Ik geef die mens te eten, ik deel met hem wat ik heb. Als ik een organisatie opbouw om het probleem op te lossen, via liefdadigheid, bestendig je het probleem. Leert die mens zelf zijn probleem op te lossen als ik hem maar blijf geven? Nee. Een andere dag zie ik een miljonair. Ik ben gelukkig omdat hij het ook is. De ene keer voel ik de pijn, de andere keer de blijdschap. Ik verwacht niets van wie dan ook, behalve wat betreft mijn fysieke behoeften die wij allemaal hebben. Wij hebben kleding nodig, voedsel en een dak boven ons hoofd".

U hebt nogal bezwaren tegen het denken.
"Alles wat er in deze wereld bestaat is de totaliteit van de gedachten van de mensen, hun ervaringen en emoties die van generatie tot generatie worden doorgegeven. Dat is de wereld van het denken waarin wij allen functioneren. Wij zijn een deel van dat denken, dat wij gebruiken als middel om met onszelf en anderen te communiceren. Daarvoor is het bedoeld.
Maar het denken heeft de gevoeligheid van het zenuwstelsel en de zintuigen vernietigd. In plaats van die gevoeligheid te perfectioneren, heeft de mens met de hulp van zijn denken tot nu toe wel overleefd, maar dat zal op den duur niet helpen. Wat ik de "natuurlijke staat" noem is een toestand waarin denken en leven niet twee gescheiden dingen zijn, maar één. Dit is zeker niet een intellectuele toestand. Het is eerder een toestand van gevoel, hoewel ik ook weer moet oppassen met dit woord. Er is een beweging van gedachten en een beweging van leven. Die twee moeten samenvallen, dan krijgt het lichaam zijn eigen natuurlijke ritme. Dat is een toestand van ondeelbaar bewustzijn. De wijzen en zieners van weleer leefden zo. Zo word je voor de eerste keer een individu. In die toestand raak je het leven op een punt aan waar niemand het voordien aanraakte.

Het functioneren van je eigen levend organisme is zeer harmonieus. Het kent de vereisten om te overleven. Geef je lichaam een kans! Laat het aan zichzelf over. Er zijn mensen die pijn willen verdragen en dat beschouwen als een van de spirituele kwaliteiten. Dat is pervers, het lichaam niet voeden of het pijnigen om een of ander vermeend geestelijk doel te bereiken. Dat is het hoogtepunt van de waanzin. Het lichaam kwellen en je van alles ontzeggen in de hoop iets in de hemel te verwerven, is absurd. Het christendom is gebouwd op de fundamenten van het lijden. Lijden in de hoop de hemel te beërven, maar in die zelfgeschapen hemel vind je precies hetzelfde. Je lichaam kan echter voor zichzelf zorgen en kan zich bevrijden van pijn".

U zegt dat u zich in de natuurlijke staat bevindt. Gebeurde dat geheel toevallig?
"Ja. Het heeft geen oorzaak, het is acausaal, net als de natuur. Er gebeuren zoveel dingen die totaal geen waarde hebben voor de maatschappij, want die is alleen geïnteresseerd in status quo en continuïteit. Het is als een chinees gezegde: een tijger berijden. Je moet de tijger blijven berijden omdat je bang bent voor de konsekwenties als je van de tijger springt. Hij zal je opeten en dat is jouw einde. Door een of ander vreemd toeval word je van de tijger geworpen en je bent bevrijd van die continuïteit die je laat rijden, je hele leven lang".

De vraag moet zichzelf verbranden

Tot slot vroeg ik U.G. wat ons zo trekt in oosterse goeroes en wat wij van hen verwachten?
"Ik zie geen enkele geldige reden waarom men zich zo aangetrokken voelt tot hen. De goeroes kunnen helemaal niets veranderen. Dat deel wat behoort tot de dierlijke natuur in de mens wordt aangetrokken tot deze leraren. De mens is een dier gebleven en overal waar hij zich gemakkelijk met de dieren kan identificeren doet hij dat. De mensen weten zich geen raad meer en gaan hulp zoeken bij leraren en ze verbeelden zich dat de oplossingen voor hun problemen bij hen liggen. Maar de mensen voelen zich ook misleid. Die hele plotselinge aandacht voor het Oosten die begon in de jaren zestig is te wijten aan de drugs. Daarnaast kwam die eis om altijd maar weer nieuwe ervaringen. De mensen leren nieuwe woorden en nieuwe technieken die hun totaal vreemd zijn en ze leren een nieuwe taal en gaan erin converseren en voelen zich superieur aan andere mensen. Wat zoeken ze nu eigenlijk? Als je naar het land kijkt, India, waar deze dingen al eeuwenlang bloeien, dan kom je toch tot de conclusie dat het allemaal niets geholpen heeft in het dagelijks leven. Uit die hele trek naar India jaren geleden is niets voortgekomen, uit die hele hippiebeweging niet. Het vertrouwen in oosterse zaken is maar een tijdelijk verschijnsel, want het biedt geen werkelijk antwoord. Ze stillen de honger met de kruimels die de goeroes hun toewerpen en een heel brood stilt nog niet de honger. Wat een gebedel om een beetje troost. De honger moet zichzelf uitbranden. Zolang er honger is, is er eis om voedsel. Al die energie die verloren gaat! De eeuwige vragenstellers raken verslaafd aan de vragen. Zij willen steeds weer de ervaring, de ervaring omwille van de ervaring. Zij zijn verloren. Als de vraag zichzelf verbrandt blijft er energie over, *het leven*".

Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti, van theosoof tot natuurlijk mens

UPPALURI GOPALA KRISHNAMURTI werd in 1918 geboren in Zuid-India. Zijn moeder stierf kort na zijn geboorte en de jonge Krishnamurti werd opgevoed door zijn grootouders van moeders kant in het plaatsje Gudivada bij Masulipatam.
"Ik werd in een zeer religieuze sfeer opgevoed. Mijn grootvader was een heel beschaafd mens. Hij kende Madame BLAVATSKY en kolonel OLCOTT, oprichters van de Theosofische Vereniging, en later de tweede en derde generatie theosofen. Ze bezochten allemaal ons huis. Mijn grootvader was advocaat, rijk, en heel orthodox. Aan de ene kant was hij traditioneel en aan de andere kant was hij theosofisch. Tegen de tijd dat ik zeven werd, kende ik vele orthodoxe werken zoals de Oepanishads en de commentaren daarop. Veel heilige mensen bezochten ons huis, bijv. de monniken van de Ramakrishna Orde. Iedereen sprak over *moksha*, bevrijding. Wat is dat? Ik wilde het zelf weten. Er kwam ook iemand die SIVANANDA SARASWATI werd genoemd, de evangelist van het hindoeïsme.
Tussen mijn 14e en 21e jaar ging ik regelmatig naar hem toe en deed oefeningen. Ik ervaarde *samadhi* (verlichting) en andere dingen maar ik zei tegen mijzelf: De gedachte kan elke ervaring scheppen die je wilt – genade, zegening, extase, samensmelten met het niets – dit kan het niet zijn. Mediteren had geen waarde voor mij. Ik vond alle leraren hypocriet en vond dat ze zichzelf voor de gek hielden. Ik bezocht ook de bekende RAMANA MAHARSHI, maar toen was het afgelopen. Ik keerde ze allemaal de rug toe. Toen begon mijn werkelijke zoeken pas. Ik studeerde psychologie, filosofie (uit Oost en West) en mystiek. Ik vroeg mij altijd weer af: Wat voor toestand is het waar de heiligen het over hebben"?

De grootvader van U.G. stierf en hij verliet de universiteit van Madras zonder de studie te beëindigen. In 1943 trouwde hij. U.G. kreeg een fikse erfenis van zijn grootvader.

"In die tijd raakte in nauw betrokken bij de Theosofische Vereniging, vanwege mijn achtergrond. Ik ging lezingen geven voor de

Verder niet?
"Niets anders. Dat is de aard van de beweging. Dan begin je voor het eerst van je leven te leven. De vraag hóe te leven is dan afgelopen. De aard van het leven dat niemand kent, heeft een beweging in zichzelf. Leven is beweging. Het heeft misschien wel geen richting, en je denken probeert het te kanaliseren langs een bepaalde baan, maar daar slaag je niet in op den duur. Wat het individu onmogelijk maakt te leven is wat het *hoe* van de maatschappij, de cultuur en wat al nog meer, je oplegt. Al jouw ideeën weerhouden jou ervan te leven".

Maar we kunnen wel greep krijgen op de werkelijkheid?
"Een werkelijkheid ja die je niet begrijpt en waarvan jij het mysterie tracht te ontsluieren. Wat het is, is slechts een toestand van verwondering".

Geloof u in wat wij noemen de Geest, een geestelijk leven?
"Waarom het leven verdelen in spiritueel en materieel? Wij zijn gehersenspoeld vele eeuwen lang, dat er zoiets is als een geest in je. Als je het werkelijk wilt uitvinden, de waarde van die bewering, door jezelf en voor jezelf, dan moet je eerst die bewering zelf verwerpen en je ondervindt dan waarschijnlijk dat er helemaal geen geest is, of spiritualiteit. Het woordt geest (spirit) betekent trouwens adem. Als je ademhaling stopt dan is dat het einde van jou. De mens kan het feit niet aanvaarden dat dat het einde is. Dus moet er een geest zijn die na de fysieke dood doorgaat. Daarop heeft de mens een hele structuur van geloof gebouwd, de hemel, de dag des oordeels of reïncarnatie. De structuur wil niet aan het eind komen".

U gaat nogal tekeer tegen religie, cultuur en traditie . . .
"Ja, ik bedoel dat wij de hele culturele inhoud van ons bewustzijn uit ons systeem moeten werpen. Wat ik suggereer is heel wreed: niet alleen het badwater weggooien, maar ook het kind erbij. Neem het christendom. De kerk gedoogde nooit dissidenten, behalve binnen haar eigen kader. Dat vernietigde de mogelijkheid tot enige werkelijke creativiteit, in de zin dat er geen ruimte was voor enige onafhankelijke originele ontdekking. Hoewel de kerk heiligen kende zoals JOHANNES VAN HET KRUIS en SIMEON en ook mensen als MEISTER ECKHART, vernietigde zij alle verschil. Alle religies hebben die krachten in beweging gezet van vernietiging die de mensheid uiteindelijk geheel zullen vernietigen. Wij hebben die krachten zelf geschapen.
Weet, steeds als er iemand ten tonele verscheen zoals Boeddha bijvoorbeeld, was het eerst wat hij deed de bestaande structuur vernietigen van al die religieuze gedachten. Kijk maar naar Jezus.

Een naïeve droom

Het begon al op het ogenblik waarop de mens zelf-bewustzijn voelde, in tegenstelling tot het bewustzijn dat de dieren hebben. Hij zaaide de zaden van zijn eigen destructie. Dat wat heel lang geleden zijn oorsprong vond, heeft geresulteerd in het uitvinden van atoomwapens. Alles wat geboren wordt uit de gedachten, het denken zelf, is in de eigen aard vernietigend. Het schept enorme problemen. De hoop dat wij onze problemen kunnen oplossen door middel van het denken is slechts een naïeve droom. Het ziet ernaar uit of de mens gedoemd is. Wij willen die vreselijke realiteit niet onder ogen zien en wij geloven nog dat wij in staat zijn het probleem op te lossen met ons denken. Ik spreek hier geen zaken als die van de Jehovah's. Maar zolang de mens afhankelijk blijft van zijn denken, zal hij nooit de problemen kunnen oplossen. Zelf-bewustzijn is scheiding en is het begin geweest van de afscheiding van leven".

Hoe afschuwelijk. Is dit niet erg negatief?
"Wat is zo positief aan al die mensen die over positieve dingen denken en praten? Wat ze ook doen, ze bewegen gestaag voort in de richting van vernietiging".

Hoe kunt u zo leven?
"Er is voor mij geen hoe. Het hoe is voor mij afgelopen".

Is dat geen gevoel van sterven?
"Ik ben al dood. Het lichaam sterft af op een dag".

Wat zoudt u dan willen doen?
"Waarvoor wat doen"?

Nu, ik vind dat een heel passieve houding.
"Nee, integendeel, het is de enige daad die er is, iets heel positiefs.
Jij noemt het passief of negatief. Maar pas dan ben je bevrijd van de verstikkende last van het totale verleden van de mensheid dat het functioneren in deze wereld tot een nachtmerrie maakt. Je bent dan van die nachtmerrie bevrijd, van wat de cultuur je heeft aangedaan".

Is uw houding niet gelijk aan die van de gnostici vroeger die zeiden: Daar is de wereld en die is slecht, daar moeten wij ons uit bevrijden?
"Ik ben niet gescheiden van de wereld. Je scheidt jezelf af van de wereld. De last, dat hele verleden van de mensheid, is benauwend. Maar nu adem je vrij en die vrije ademhaling maakt het je waarschijnlijk mogelijk in contact te leven met de werkelijkheid van de dingen precies zoals ze zijn. Niet de manier waarop je ze wilt veranderen. De monstruositeiten, de gewelddadigheden en de vernietigende krachten die er zijn in de wereld, zij zijn werkelijk: de zelfzuchtigheid, de hebzucht, de ambitie, dat is heel werkelijk voor mij. Alle religies hebben gefaald en hebben niets anders dan kwellingen gebracht".

Tegenpolen van dezelfde krachten

Wat kunnen wij dan doen tegen die krachten?
Individueel kun je iets doen. Collectief schep je echter een tegenkracht. Als die eis om in jezelf verandering teweeg te brengen er niet is, dan is er ook geen sprake van verandering te brengen in de wereld. Ze gaan samen. Die eis om verandering wordt door de cultuur gebracht. Je moet iets ander zijn dan je bent. Die eist schept een conflict in je. Ik ben zo en zus moet ik worden. De cultuur heeft een model geschapen, de "volmaakte mens", gebaseerd op de gedragspatronen van de zogenaamde religieuze leiders. Een model voor iedereen, de supermens. De natuur is daarin helemaal niet geïnteresseerd. De natuur gebruikt nooit iets als model. Het is niet zo dat ik een speciaal inzicht in de natuur heb, maar als je naar de bladeren aan de boom daar kijkt, dan zijn er geen twee dezelfde. De natuur probeert iets unieks te scheppen. Elk individu is uniek op zijn of haar manier. Ik zing mijn eigen lied, net als jij. Niemand kent de melodie van mijn lied, alleen ik. De maatschappij wilt dat je een moedig mens bent, omdat de maatschappij de moedige mens kan gebruiken om zijn strijd te strijden. Moed is deel van de cultuur. De moed waar ik het over heb is de toestand waarin het individu de last van de cultuur van zich heeft afgeworpen. Dat vind ik moedig. De maatschappij is geïnteresseerd om te overleven en op zijn eigen voorwaarden iedereen in een heilige te veranderen en dat is een onmogelijke taak. We zitten opgescheept met de zondaren en hopen dat ze op een dag heiligen worden. Intussen blijven wij zondaren. Wij allemaal. Het is slechts een vrome wens dat je op een dag een heilige zult zijn. Zolang wij functioneren in het gebied van de dualiteit, deze wereld, blijven die dingen altijd bestaan. De zondaar en de heilige horen bij elkaar. De maatschappij kan alleen de zondaar en de heilige accepteren, omdat ze de tegendelen vertegenwoordigen van de uiteinden van hetzelfde spectrum. De heilige is een model geworden voor de hele mensheid en de zondaar is zijn tegendeel, maar beide kunnen niet zonder elkaar bestaan. Hitler en de apostel van de geweldloosheid GANDHI zijn de tegenpolen van hetzelfde spectrum. Beide zijn destructief".

Gandhi ook?
"Ook Gandhi. Gandhi veranderde in werkelijkheid niets. In plaats van een witte bureaucratie in India hebben ze daar nu een bruine bureaucratie. Ze heersen nu over hun eigen mensen. Als Gandhi vandaag weer zou leven, werd hij weer in de gevangenis gestopt.
Er is niets aan te doen. Het conflict kan nooit opgelost worden door verandering. Door het conflict wordt het leven ons tot last".

Mensen omvormen tot neurotici

Dus we moeten helemaal niets doen? Ik ga dan maar zitten in een stoel . . .
"Kun je daarin voor de rest van je leven blijven zitten? Nee, dat is niet mogelijk. Waarom zeg je dat? Het gaat niet om het zitten in die stoel, maar wat er in je omgaat, binnen in je. Dat is het doen. Wat de cultuur ons aandoet is alle menselijke wezens omvormen tot neurotici. Ik moet dit psychologisch jargon gebruiken, omdat het in de mode is. Als je de neurose niet kunt oplossen, dan ga je over tot de psychose. De psychotisch gewelddadige mens. De dualiteit in de mens wil twee dingen tegelijk. Hij wil vrede maar in alles wat hij doet om in vrede met zichzelf te leven, verstoort hij steeds de vrede die er

niet veranderen of verbeteren en de wereld is hopeloos verloren.
"Ja, hij haalt je helemaal onderuit", merkt een van zijn volgelingen op die eigenlijk geen volgeling is, want U.G. zoals hij wordt genoemd (spreekt uit: Oedji) heeft geen volgelingen want hij noemt zich geen leraar noch een goeroe. Hij lijkt ook veel meer op een alles ontkennende cynicus of een radicaal nihilist. Hij beschikt niet over het charisma van een Bhagwan en is ook niet te vergelijken met zijn naamgenoot, de enigszins steriele JIDDU KRISHNAMURTI die hij een modieuze filosoof noemt, hoewel U.G. qua antwoordtechniek veel van zijn naamgenoot weg heeft.
U.G. is als uit het niets komen opdagen. Een aantal maanden geleden deden geruchten de ronde dat er in het huis van HERMAN en GREETJE COHEN in Amstelveen een Indiër logeerde die elke avond van acht tot tien uur vragen beantwoordde. Nu er bij mij een zekere goeroe-moeheid is opgetreden na de invasie Indiërs en Tibetanen in de laatste vijftien jaar, stond ik in twijfel. Gaan of niet gaan? Maar de uitlatingen van de Cohens zetten mij in beweging. Mijn eerste indruk was bepaald niet gunstig. Een tengere man die met een kort, schamper lachje reageerde op de vragen uit het publiek. De losheid die hij daarbij demonstreerde deed mij ook niet zo aangenaam aan. Hij leek nauwelijks betrokken bij de mensen. Langzamerhand echter week die eerste indruk naar de achtergrond.
U.G. zegt zelf dat hij niet is in te passen in bestaande hokjes. Hij is een enkeling en is zoals hij is en daarmee is alles gezegd. U.G. verwerpt elke religie, traditie en cultuur en brengt de vragensteller tot zijn eigen "nulpunt". Vandaar de opmerking van een toehoorder: "Hij haalt je helemaal onderuit". Maar op zich vind ik dat niet zo'n verdienste, iemand onderuit halen. Ik laat me daar ook helemaal niet door imponeren.

U.G. bezigt de term "natuurlijke mens" en maakt bezwaar tegen onze eigen voorstelling van een "volmaakt mens" of "perfect mens" die wij tot model hebben gemaakt, zoals heiligen en mystici. Ernaar streven een volmaakt mens te worden is belachelijk en leidt tot mislukking. Bovendien, niemand kan een ander volgen, alleen dieren volgen elkaar. Volgens U.G. die vanaf zijn jeugd naar "verlichting" zocht en alle mogelijke goeroes in zijn geboorteland India raadpleegde, kan niemand antwoord geven op welke vraag dan ook. De vragen zelf worden volgens hem geboren uit de antwoorden. Wij dienen ons te bevrijden van dat eeuwige gevraag, want vragen komt voort uit de antwoorden die van generatie tot generatie worden doorgegeven. Wij zijn helemaal niet zo origineel als wij ons verbeelden, wij blijven ronddwalen in het denksysteem van onze voorouders en blijven onszelf altijd weer herhalen. Wij hebben helemaal geen oorspronkelijke ideeën, alles is al eens geweest.
Eigenzinnig zegt hij: "Ik doe niets, voor niemand", en ook zegt hij de wereld niet te willen verbeteren of uit de ellende te willen bevrijden.
Waarom blijven de mensen dan toch naar hem komen? U.G. zegt zelf dat het hele vraag-mechanisme is afgelopen. Hij geeft je de raad al je antwoordmateriaal te verbranden en de totaliteit van je gedachten uit je denksysteem te verwijderen. Weg uit je bewustzijn.

Pleidooi voor het leven zelf

Meent hij dat nu allemaal? Ik vraag mij af of hij niet een variatie is op het thema sensatie-goeroe? Of een noodzakelijke reactie op de lange rij oosterse en westerse goeroes die ons volgestopt hebben met goede raad en technieken om een beter en volmaakter mens te worden?
Misschien. Misschien is hij ook meer dan een reactie alleen. Wellicht loopt er zo nu en dan een "natuurlijk mens" in ons midden. Een eenling die geen moeite doet om op te vallen en alleen door vermoeide geesten herkend wordt die genoeg hebben van de eeuwige goede bedoelingen van leraren, ingewijden en ideeënsysteembouwers.
Hoewel U.G. ontkent dat hij zoiets brengt als een "boodschap", distilleer ik uit onze ontmoetingen dat hij een pleidooi houdt voor het leven zelf dat zich wil uitdrukken: "Zie je, er is hier een constante strijd gaande. Die strijd speelt zich af tussen wat bezig is zichzelf uit te drukken op eigen wijze en de cultuur die dat verhindert". Het leven zelf wil zich in ons uitdrukken, maar wij en onze omgeving houden dat tegen.
Na een moeizaam gesprek dat een hele middag duurde, voelde ik mij zeer onbevredigd. Diezelfde avond herhaalde ik enkele vragen van de middag waardoor ik een lijn begon te ontdekken in het naar mijn gevoel chaotische vraag- en antwoordgesprek. Achteraf bleken de antwoorden niet altijd te refereren naar de vragen, maar dat mag niet hinderen bij een mens die tegen alle systemen is, en zelf zegt met opzet van de hak op de tak te springen. Ik vermoed dat U.G. het als zijn taak ziet, jou, de vragensteller, in het *hier en nu* de menselijke situatie onder ogen te laten zien: ik ben niets, maar ik verbeeld mij alles. Pas door dit te beseffen kun je beginnen te leven, een individu worden, nadat je alle opgelegde ballast uit het verleden van je afgeschud hebt. Hoeveel maal stellen wij onszelf de vraag "hoe moet ik nu leven"? Eerst die vraag laten vallen, dan wordt het leven zelf het allerbelangrijkste.
U.G. vertelt niet hoe een "natuurlijk mens" te worden. Je wordt het gewoon, zonder er iets voor te doen. Hijzelf onderging van zijn 46ste tot zijn 49ste jaar een wat hij noemt "biologische transformatie" die opgetekend is in een pas verschenen boek met gesprekken tussen hem en vragenstellers: "The Mystique of Enlightenment". Het is een verhaal dat je de wenkbrauwen doet fronsen. Zelf vertelt hij er niet veel meer over; als je ernaar vraagt, verwijst hij naar het boek. Deze radicale transformatie resulteerde uiteindelijk in wat hij noemt een oertoestand van het bewustzijn, plus een totale chemische verandering van het lichaam. Het is een zuiver fysiek proces beweert hij, dat begon met een "vreemde beweging" in zijn lichaam.
Nu sta ik altijd een beetje sceptisch tegenover mensen die een "ervaring" hebben gehad en daar de wereld kond van doen. Niet vanwege de ervaring zelf, want die zal wel authentiek zijn, maar vanwege het haast onvermijdelijke gevolg: men gaat de ervaring exploiteren en daar een hele cultus omheen bouwen. U.G. noemt zijn transformatie echter helemaal geen ervaring, maar gewoon een gebeurtenis: het gebeurde gewoon. Hij zelf blijkt er niet mee te koop te lopen. Wel zegt hij dat deze gebeurtenis zeldzaam is en maar één mens uit de miljoen overkomt, waaraan hij toevoegt dat jij die ene bent uit de miljoen. Vermoedelijk zullen rondom U.G. zich ook allerlei volgelingen gaan scharen. Het is niet te hopen dat er een wal opgeworpen wordt tussen hem en de rest van de wereld, in de vorm van een organisatie van aanhangers die elkaar beconcurreren, en als priesters beslag gaan leggen op de "leer" van de "meester".
Volgens U.G. gebeurde zijn transformatie toevallig, maar ik denk toch wel dat zijn intense verlangen om antwoord op zijn vragen te vinden en het daarna geheel loslaten van de vragen beslissend zijn geweest.
De manier waarop hij in de wereld staat laat zien dat de *mens* zijn eigen vraag en antwoord is. Het is misschien maar goed ook dat niemand ons ooit een volledig antwoord kan geven op de vraag wie en wat wij zijn.

Het is vreesaanjagend

In vroeg U.G. in welke toestand hij zich bevond en hij antwoordde: "Ik ben ergens dat ik niet ken. Ik ben dit. Ik kan niet uitleggen wat het is. Er bestaat geen manier om dit te vangen. Op het moment waarop ik het probeer te vangen is het weg. Het beweegt. Het is als een rivier die stroomt. Je kunt nooit twee maal dezelfde rivier oversteken. Je kunt het water opvangen in een kopje en het water onderzoeken en ontleden maar het water stroomt verder in de rivier. Je kunt niet zeggen: dit is het. Er is niet zoiets als waarheid. De waarheid is een beweging. Als wij het over de waarheid hebben, bedoelen wij een logische veronderstelling. Door middel van het logisch denken kom je op een punt en je zegt: dit is de waarheid. Dat is het niet, het is slechts een logische veronderstelling. Op het moment waarop je uitdrukking geeft aan iets wat je gevangen hebt, heb je de stroom alweer vernietigd van de beweging van leven. Het kan niet gevangen worden, het leven leidt zijn eigen leven. Je hoeft er niets mee te doen, omdat je er niet van gescheiden bent. Je bent zelf een deel van de beweging. Wat jou van het leven afscheidt is je denken. Dat is een dode structuur, een dood ding".

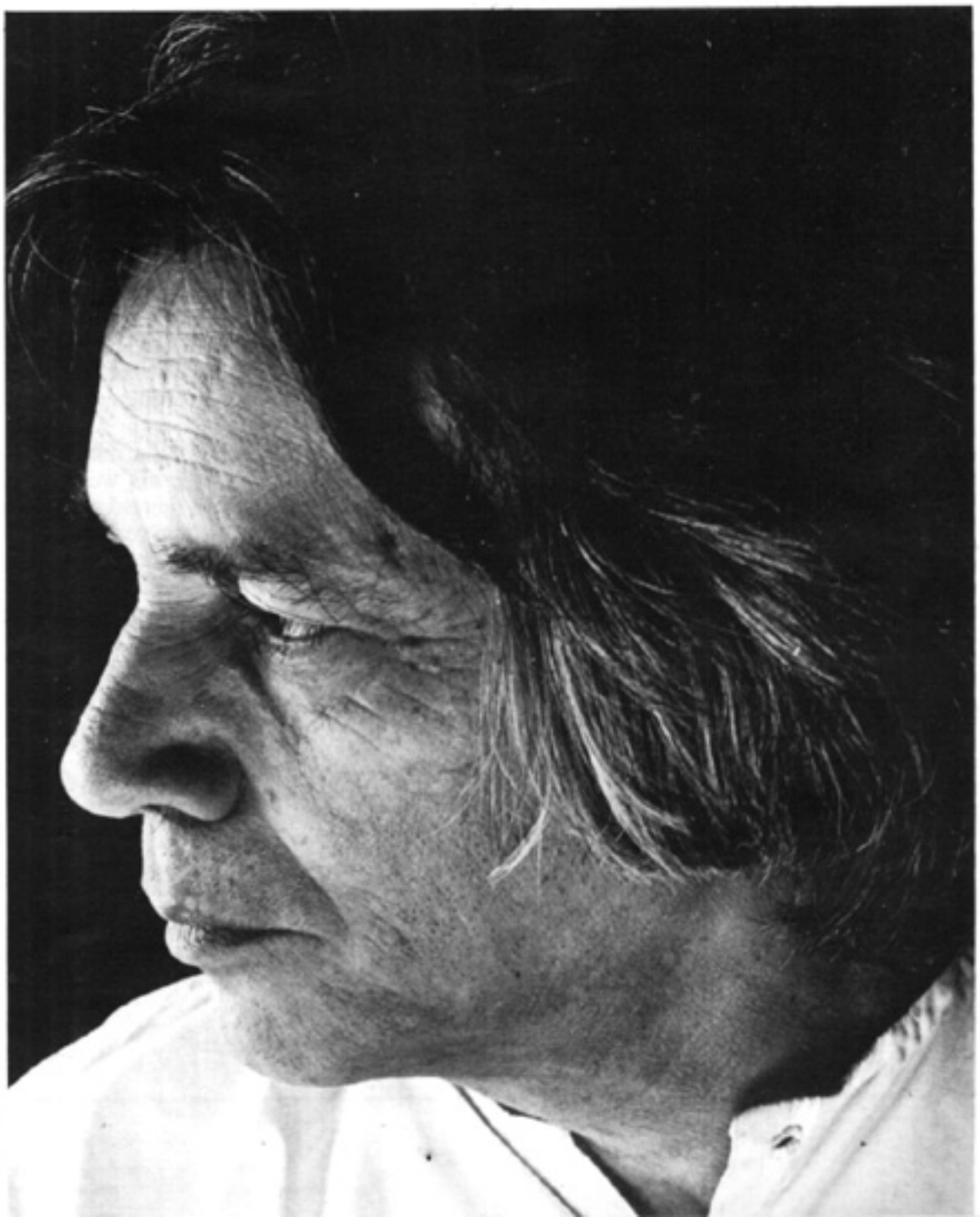
Is dat niet moeilijk voor ons om te begrijpen?
"Ja het is moeilijk en ook moeilijk voor mij om uit te drukken omdat ik dezelfde dode structuur gebruik".

Nu, stel dat ik leef en besef: ik ben. Wat dan?
"Dat is alles wat er is. Ongelukkerwijze is dat alles. Het is vreesaanjagend. Je krijgt een greep op de realiteit".

De ándere KRISHNAMURTI was even in Nederland. Waarom? Nergens voor. Waarover sprak hij? Over de zinloosheid van het praten. "Ik doe niets, voor niemand", zegt hij. Waarom blijven de mensen dan toch naar hem luisteren? Zijn ze verslaafd aan het vragen stellen? "Ja, hij haalt je helemaal onderuit", zo looft één van zijn volgelingen hem. Maar deze Krishnamurti wil helemaal geen volgelingen. Meent hij dat nu allemaal echt?
ALEXANDRA GABRIELLI vroeg het hem.

het antwoord is **niet meer vragen**

"De mensen noemen mij een verlicht man. Ik haat die term. Ze kunnen geen ander woord vinden om de manier waarop ik functioneer te beschrijven. Tegelijk wijs ik erop dat er helemaal niet zoiets bestaat als verlicht zijn. Ik zeg dat omdat ik er mijn hele leven lang naar gezocht heb en een verlicht mens wilde zijn, en ik ontdekte dat er niet zoiets is als verlichting.
Ik geef geen lor om een Boeddha uit het jaar 600 voor Christus, laat staan om al die andere bezitterige lieden die wij in ons midden hebben. Zij vormen een kudde uitbuiters die leven van de goedgelovigheid van de mensen. Er bestaat geen macht buiten de mens. De mens heeft God geschapen uit angst.
Dus het probleem is de angst en niet God".
Ziedaar het credo van **Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti**.
Verder beweert hij dat niet alleen Boeddha maar ook Jezus zichzelf voor de gek hield. Ook bestaat er geen eeuwige gelukzaligheid en daarnaar streven is verspilling van tijd en energie. Maar wat moeten wij dan doen? . . . Niets is het antwoord, helemaal niets . . .
Er bestaat geen God, geen hemel, geen eeuwige zegen. De mens is gedoemd en heeft krachten van vernietiging opgeroepen die hij niet meer de baas kan. Daar is niets aan te doen. Religies en tradities zijn de grote boosdoeners van deze vernietigende krachten en houden de mensen al eeuwenlang in de ban. Ons denken zelf is daarvan de schuld, want alles wat daaruit geboren wordt leidt alleen maar tot vernietiging. Ook psychiaters, zoals FREUD en JUNG, zijn bedriegers. Wij kunnen onszelf



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AN EVENING WITH A MAN CALLED U. G.

(From page 5)

say you really don't want this I wish I could give you a glimpse of it, a touch of it — then you wouldn't want to touch this at all. What you are pursuing doesn't exist; it is a myth. You wouldn't want anything to do with this."

UG: You see, I maintain that — I don't know, whatever you call this; I don't like to use the words 'enlightenment', 'freedom', 'moksha' or 'liberation'; all these words, are loaded words they have a connotation of their own — this cannot be brought about through any effort of yours; it just happens. And why it happens to one individual and not another, I don't know.

Natural State

Question: So, Sir, it happened to you? When?

UG: It happened to me. In my forty-ninth year. But whatever you do in the direction of whatever you are after — the pursuit or search for truth or reality — takes you away from your own very natural state, in which you always are. It's not something you can acquire, attain or accomplish as a result of your effort — that is why I use the word 'acausal'. It has no cause, but somehow the search comes to an end. The search takes you away from yourself — it is in the opposite direction — it has absolutely no relation.

Q: In spite of it, it has happened, not because of it?

UG: In spite of it — yes, that's the word. All that you do makes it impossible for what already is there to express itself. That is why I call this 'your natural state'. You're always in that state. What prevents what is there from expressing itself in its own way is the search. The search is always in the wrong direction, all that you consider very profound, all that you consider sacred, is a contamination in that consciousness. You may not like the word 'contamination', but all that you consider sacred, holy and profound is a contamination. So there's nothing that you can do. It's not in your hands. I don't like to use the word 'grace' because if you use the word 'grace', the grace of whom? You are not a specially chosen individual; you deserve this, I don't know why. If it were possible for me, I would be able to help somebody. This is something which I can't give, because you have it. Why should I give it to you? It is ridiculous to ask for a thing which you already have.

Emotional Intensity

Sir, your ideas, perhaps rightly, have been described as unrational. Would you ascribe them to the 'calamity' you underwent in Switzerland?

UG: The question 'What is that state?' had a tremendous intensity for me — not an emotional intensity — the more I tried to find an answer, the more I failed to find an answer, the more intensity the question had. It's like (I always give this simile) rice chaff. If a heap of rice chaff is ignited, it continues burning inside; you don't see any fire outside, but when you touch it, it burns you of course. In exactly the same way the question was going on and on and on: 'What is that state?' I want it. Finished (J.) Krishnamurti (who was also in Switzerland) said "You have no way", but still I want to know what that state is, the state in which Buddha was, Sankara was, and all those teachers were'. Listening to Krishnamurti one day, something funny happened to me: a peculiar kind of feeling that he was describing my state and not his state. Why did I want to know his state? He was describing something, some movements, some awareness, some silence — 'In that silence — there is no mind; there is action' — all kinds of things. So, I am in that state. What the hell have I been doing these thirty or forty years, listening to all these people and struggling, wanting to understand his state or the state of somebody else, Buddha or Jesus? I am in that state. Now I am in that state. Since then I have never looked back. Then — very strange — that question transformed itself into another question 'How do I know that I am in that state, the state of Buddha, the state I very much wanted and demanded from everybody? I am in that state, but how do I know.

Disappearance

The next day (UG's forty-ninth birthday) I was sitting on a bench under a tree overlooking one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world, the seven hills and seven valleys (of Saanenland, Switzerland). I was sitting there. Not that the question was there; the whole of my being was that question: 'How do I know that I am in that state? There is some kind of peculiar division inside of me, there is somebody who knows that he is in that state. The knowledge of that state — what I have read, what I have experienced, what they talked about it is this knowledge that is looking at that state, so it is only this knowledge that has projected that state.' I didn't say to myself 'Oh, my God! Now I have found the answer'. Even that state disappeared, the state I thought I was in, the state of Buddha, Jesus — even that has disappeared. The question has disappeared. The whole thing is finished for me. This disappearance of my fundamental question, on discovering that it had no answer, was a physiological phenomenon, a sudden 'explosion' inside, blasting, as it were, every cell, every nerve and every gland in my body'. And with that 'explosion' the illusion that there is continuity of thought that 'there is a centre, an 'I' linking up the thoughts, was not there any more.

Then thought cannot link up. The linking gets broken, and once it is broken it is finished. Then it is not once that thought explodes; every time a thought arises, it explodes. So, this continuity comes to an end, and thought falls into its natural rhythm. Since then I have no questions of any kind, because the questions cannot stay there any more.

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AN EVENING WITH A MAN CALLED U. G.

(From page 1)

UG has since become widely known, both in Europe and in India, as one who speaks with authority on the subject. It is not really surprising that he has been able to delve so deeply in the rational-spiritual aspects of philosophy uncluttered with the parachernalia of tradition, ritual and dogma. Born on July 9th, 1918 in South India into an upper-middle-class Brahmin family of name Uppaluri. His mother died soon after his birth, and Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti was brought up by his grandparents in the small town of Gudivada near Masulipatam, in a very religious atmosphere. His grandfather was a very cultured man who knew Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, and other leaders of the Society. UG's grandfather was a great lawyer, a very rich man and also very orthodox. This was a mixture of apparent cultural and intellectual contradictions that UG failed to comprehend entirely when a youth.

Enlightenment

His grandfather was convinced that UG was a "yoga brashta" (one who had come within inches of enlightenment in his past life) and dedicated himself to create a profound atmosphere for UG to be educated in the right way. The services of learned men were secured to read the sacred books and commentaries on them daily to UG at an early age. When his grandfather died, UG left the University of Madras without completing his degree. For some years he studied psychology and philosophy (eastern and western), mysticism, all the modern sciences, practically the whole area of human knowledge. Then he got involved with the Theosophical Society as a lecturer. A first-class speaker, he lectured everywhere, on every platform, and addressed every university in India. In the late 1940's he got involved with J. (Jiddu) Krishnamurti who had just returned from the United States of America and listened to him for seven years before circumstances brought the two Krishnamurtis together. There were some personal differences between them. UG wanted straight, honest answers from JK which were not given. UG then commenced lecturing all over the world, and later took his family to the United States of America to treat his son's polio. Since then, as an erudite UG enthusiast put it, he has become a man who knows the 'holy business' from the ground up, in the process becoming "free" not because of, but despite, a lifetime of spiritual practice, as manifested in his frank answers given below to questions about his beliefs and in his observations.

Long Search

'People call me an 'enlightened man' — I detest that term — they can't find any other word to describe the way I am functioning. At the same time, I point out that there is no such thing as enlightenment at all. I say that because all my life I've searched and wanted to be an enlightened man and I discovered that there is no such thing as enlightenment at all and so the question whether a particular person is enlightened or not doesn't arise. I don't give a hoot for a sixth-century-BC Buddha, let alone of all the other claimants we have in our midst. They are a bunch of exploiters thriving on the gullibility of the people. There is no power outside of man. Man has created God out of fear. So the problem is fear and not God.'

"I discovered for myself and by myself that there is no self to realise — that's the realisation I am talking about. It comes as a shattering blow. It hits you like a thunderbolt. You have invested everything in one basket, self-realisation, and, in the end, suddenly you discover that there is no self to discover, no self to realise — and you say to yourself 'What the hell have I been doing all my life?' That blasts you."

"All kinds of things happened to me — I went through that, you see. The physical pain was unbearable — that is why I

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MARCH TOWARDS INDUSTRIALISATION

Punjab State is an eye-opener to what India can do, and in keeping with his vision of Goa too being such an eye-opener, Industries Minister A. N. Naik has, quite frankly, emulated the Punjabi genius for organisation in setting up Udyog Vikas for the Industrial progress of Goa to be maintained at its presently flourishing rate that is already a notable accomplishment.

Progress

The tempo of the Goan march to industrial progress has been quickened by the dynamic Mr. Naik, who spares no pains in his efforts to further boost the Goan economy, both in terms of aiding local businessmen and of generating more jobs, by striving hard to attract entrepreneurs from all over India to set up industries in Goa because of favourable investment opportunities and good business climate and very decent infrastructure in this Territory. It is for such boosting that Udyog Vikas has been set up, quite aptly under the aegis of the Department of Industries & Mines.

Ever since he became the Minister for Industries, and even before that, Mr. A. N. Naik has constantly endeavoured to improve the industrial outlook of Goa by reducing to the minimum the difficulties being encountered by prospective entrepreneurs in surveying the Territory's economic and industrial potential to decide the location in Goa of their factories and then to assist them with the setting up of the units under optimun conditions as much as possible. In this way, investors pleased with Goa both at the setting-up and post-commissioning stages of their Goa factories were induced to speak of Goa as a favourable base for expansion purposes and even for the location of completely new projects, thus attracting the attention of a good number of businessmen from many spheres of industrial activities.

Facilities

Industrialists in Goa have for long desired a facility to enable them to complete, under one

(See page 3

AN EVENING WITH A MAN CALLED U. G.

Termed variously "outrageous", 'infuriating' a "prophet of anti-wisdom", U. G. Krishnamurti is probably the most controversial of all the experts in search of that truth — what most gurus call "enlightenment", and what U. G. calls the "natural state". He maintains that "so-called enlightenment" is a purely biological phenomenon, that only when we are completely free of culture, conditioning, religious thinking and intellect, can the body, with its own "extraordinary intelligence", free the human being to be in the natural state. UG has been living in this state since the experience he calls the "calamity" happened to him in Switzerland on his 39th birthday.

(See page 5)

to nei geni situati nei cromosomi delle cellule del suo corpo, ed è certo cosa acausale. Non può sortire da un atto di volontà, non vi è direzione verso cui muoversi, non c'è assolutamente nulla che tu possa fare. E' qualcosa che viene a te furtivamente, non sollecitata, e nessuno che sia in quello stato può dirti come ci è arrivato.

E' come un dispostitivo di accensione automatica: se capita che la struttura del pensiero molla la presa, l'altra situazione si innesta immediatamente. Senza l'interferenza del pensiero tutto funziona in modo diverso, senza attrito e conflitto; il pensiero è chiamato a intervenire solo quanto è necessario, pronto a rientrare nel suo alveo dopo aver operato. Si potrebbe dire che ci si è ritirati dalla battaglia e si rimane completamente esposti e indifesi nella corrente della vita. Ma questo stato rientra veramente nel tuo interesse? No: tu sei avido di continuità, vuoi continuare probabilmente ad un'altro livello, in un'altra dimensione, in qualche altra maniera più piacevole, ma continuare in ogni caso.
Se tu sapessi che cosa significa questo "cadere nello stato naturale", probabilmente ne resteresti molto lontano. Perché ha l'effetto di liquidare tutto ciò che chiami "io", tutto di te: io inferiore, io superiore, anima, atman, conscio, subconscio, tutto quell'armamentario insomma. Ti ritroveresti come il resto della natura, che null'altro possiede se non la nuda vita.

Quando l' "io" non è più operante tu sei finito; non c'è più nulla da chiedere e quel che rimane è pura consapevolezza. Non ascolti nessuno e nemmeno fai più domande, perché quel che tu attualmente cerchi non esiste. Tu preferiresti avventurarti in una terra incantata, ricca di visioni beatificanti, che assicurino una riedizione di quel tuo inesistente "io" in uno stato d'essere suggestivo. Tutto ciò non è che un movimento d'evasione che ti allontana dal tuo "stato naturale". Essere te stesso richiede una energia ed una intelligenza straordinarie, e da quelle sei benedetto. Non c'è bisogno che nessuno te le dia perché nessuno te le può togliere. Colui che riesce a permettere che quella consapevolezza primordiale si esprima da sé, in modo spontaneo, quello è un uomo naturale.

Questo ho sentito da U.G.K., detto Jugi, e ve l'ho riferito riassuntivamente.

Saaneland, Agosto 1986 — Bruno Ortolani

oOo

Non ripetere le mie parole che non comprendete. Non mettere una maschera alle mie idee, poiché saranno per voi un'illusione e ne resterete ingannati.

J. Krishnamurti

che illusione non sia; tutto quello che dico ti sembrerà arido e sfociante nel nulla, mentre è l'apertura all'immensa energia ed intelligenza della vita.

Tu mantieni inutilmente in funzione le cellule cerebrali e fai incessantemente lavorare la memoria, distruggendo quella prodigiosa energia che sta lì. Questo non fa che logorarti condannandoti al continuo etichettare della parola, vocale o mentale. L'uso della verbalizzazione è inevitabile quando devi, per necessità pratiche, comunicare con qualcuno; ma invece tu comunichi con te stesso in continuazione. Perché fai questo? L'unica differenza fra te e la persona che passa sul marciapiedi parlando con sé stessa ad alta voce è che tu non parli ad alta voce. Nel momento in cui ti metti a parlare da solo ad alta voce ti considerano pazzo, e ti sottopongono a cure mentali; ma il povero psichiatra che pretende curarti sta facendo la stessa cosa. Sta cioé comunicando tutto il tempo con sé stesso, così: "prossimo cliente – ricevuta fiscale – partenza per il week–end – relazione per il prossimo congresso – impulsi e preoccupazioni di vario genere". Insomma: lo stesso distruttivo mulinello.

Tu non sai nulla riguardo al pensiero, e quello che credi di sapere ti è stato detto. Forse pensi di manipolarlo, modellarlo, controllarlo o fermarlo, e fintanto che ti dici di voler fare questo continui a pensare. Volere, esperire, desiderare e pensare sono la stessa cosa, ed è il meccanismo protettivo dell'io e della sua continuità, protezione che è sempre fatta a detrimento di qualcosa o di qualcuno. Qualunque cosa nasca dal pensiero è ditruttiva; è già stato detto nei tempi antichi: "la mente è la grande distruttrice – distrugga il discepolo la distruttrice".
Il meccanismo ripetitivo del pensiero ti sta logorando, e allora cosa puoi farci? Questa è la sola ed unica domanda che conta, purtuttavia qualunque risposta che chiunque ti dia si risolverà nell'alimentare e rinforzare quello stesso pensiero che la sta considerando. Che si può fare? Assolutamente nulla, perché è troppo forte, ha una spinta accumulata in migliaia di millenni e noi siamo completamente indifesi nei suoi confronti, al punto di non essere neppure consapevoli della nostra impotenza.

All'infuori e al di la della mente vi è la consapevolezza, e l'alternativa al pensiero è l'osservazione impersonale. Ma l'io e la consapevolezza non possono coesistere; essere in uno stato di consapevolezza per un solo secondo significa lo spezzarsi della continuità e la fine dell'io, e a quel punto ogni cosa ricade nel suo ritmo naturale. In quello stato (dal quale chissà perché sei estromesso), tu non sai più quello che stai guardando perché vi è fusione fra osservatore e cosa osservata; questo intendiamo per consapevolezza: una comprensione sempre nascente, una immacolata concezione. Nel momento in cui ri–conosci quello che guardi, allora "tu" sei presente, ed è ancora l'espressione del passato che ritorna.
Che cosa faccia rientrare una persona nello "stato naturale" non lo so, forse è scrit-

gono a tutti, sono semplicemente pensieri. Avviene un fatto curioso: qualcosa in te crea un contro pensiero e lo chiama "pensatore", e con esso legge ogni pensiero stimando che sia il suo Questo dualismo è quel che crea l'io, è un movimento parallelo a quello della vita, ma è innaturale e te ne taglia fuori. Ma non devi credere che lo "stato naturale" sia una condizione senza pensiero: non sarai mai senza pensiero fino a che il tuo corpo non sarà un cadavere. Nello "stato naturale" il pensiero smette di soffocarti e rientra nel suo alveo naturale per essere usato come un utensile quando richiesto. Ma non c'è più un "io" che legge i pensieri credendo che siano suoi.

Chiediti ora se puoi guardare quel che chiami "io"... E' cosa effimera ed elusiva e non sai in che modo guardarlo, e neppure sai ciò che stai guardando. Rifletti: colui che sta guardando ciò che tu chiami "io" è ancora l'io: sta creando in sé stesso una illusoria divisione in soggetto ed oggetto, in pensatore separato dai suoi pensieri, ed è per mezzo di questa illusione che mantiene la sua presunta validità.
Questo meccanismo separativo opera instancabilmente nella tua coscienza, e la propria continuità è tutto quel che gli interessa. Finché sarai occupato a considerare quell'io, ad accumulare per lui denaro, potere e conoscenza, od anche soltanto a cercare di cambiarlo in qualcosa di spirituale e meraviglioso, quell'io sarà alimentato e continuerà. Se lo guarderai soltanto senza volerci far nulla, esso svanirà lasciando il posto al vivere impersonale.

Non si tratta soltanto di belle parole, è un'affermazione precisa: ciò che stai guardando non è differente da ciò che guarda, l'osservatore è la cosa osservata. Ti sembreranno affermazioni illogiche o irrilevanti, eppure contengono il segreto della conoscenza di sé stessi.
Ora supponiamo che io sia riuscito a fissare la tua attenzione su quel fatto, allora comincerai a "pensarci su" ma, ahimé, pensando non potrai capire assolutamente nulla. Perché pensare significa tradurre quel che senti, o leggi, nei termini della conoscenza che già hai, mentre è proprio quando smetti di fare questo che rimane quel che sto cercando di descriverti. L'assenza di quello che tu cerchi di fare, capire o cambiare, è il modo di essere di cui ti sto parlando.

La parola è lo strumento del pensiero che riconosce e traduce quello che stai guardando e ti separa da esso, creando in tal modo il guscio dell'io. Senza l'io non c' è spazio fra chi guarda e la cosa guardata, e senza questa divisione non c'è esperienza perché senza un "io" l'esperienza non ha alcun supporto su cui fondarsi. L' io non molla mai il pensiero perché è ciò che gli dà sostanza e continuità, ma in realtà dentro di te non c'è alcuna entità permanente, neppure se concepita come la totalità dei tuoi pensieri ed emozioni, sentimenti ed esperienze. Tu pensi che ci sia "qualcuno" che sta pensando i tuoi pensieri, che percepisce le tue sensazioni, ma questa è una illusione. Io posso dirlo ma tu, che ascolti o leggi, sei persuaso

difficili da soddisfare, devi lavorare per essi, o trovarli nelle circonstanze, nell'organizzazione sociale, o in qualcuno che te li dia. Negarli a sé stessi, con una pretesa di rinuncia come fanno gli anacoreti, non è necessariamente un segno di spiritualità, mentre esigerne in eccesso è uno stato nevrotico della mente. Attraverso l' astinenza e la continenza non raggiungerai nulla: solo se cessa ogni elaborazione del pensiero subentra lo"stato naturale", nel quale gli stessi problemi sessuali scompaiono. Non vi sarà bisogno di reprimere o controllare perché una tal cosa non sarà più. Forse sarai stupito da tutto questo, ma mi chiedo se stai ascoltando... No, tu ascolti solo te stesso, le parole si ripetono dentro di te come un eco e così non potrai mai udire una sola parola da un altro. Tu senti soltanto le tue "traduzioni", quindi le parole che senti o leggi sono tutte tue. Questo è il grande ostacolo alla comunicazione.

Lo"stato naturale" non è uno stato di onniscenza nel quale tutte le eterne domande dell'uomo trovino risposta, ma sei completamente sintonizzato sull'attività sensoriale. In tal modo non c'è spazio per paure o incertezze, su chi ti nutrirà o vestirà domani, o su speculazioni su Dio, la verità, la morte. E' piuttosto uno stato nel quale ogni porsi domande si è esaurito, che non lascia più spazio per quelle questioni. Non c'è morte per te, perché non puoi averne l'esperienza; la vita e la morte non possono essere separate, non hai alcuna possibilità di sapere dove comincia l' una e termina l'altra. Puoi avere l'esperienza della morte degli altri ma non della tua, perché la morte è la fine della struttura che fa le esperienze, e non si può avere esperienza di come sarà la fine di tutte le esperienze. Ma per il fatto che sei esistito sei spinto a creare una impressione di continuità, e per giustificarlo di convinci che ci sarà una vita personale dopo la morte. Nascono così il paradiso, la resurrezione, la reincarnazione, la trasmigrazione delle anime, o il trasferimento nel paese d'Occidente come credevano nell'antico Egitto.

Da tutto questo, e a garanzia di quel supposto futuro, nascono la morale, le norme di comportamento, l'interrogarsi sulle proprie azioni e la presunta facoltà di distinguere fra il giusto e lo sbagliato, con la conseguenza di forzare il proprio agire, il che equivale a distruggere l'espressione della vita. Solo una persona che lascia agire la vita a modo suo, senza il movimento protettivo del pensiero, non ha un "io" da difendere. Non avrà quindi bisogno di mentire, imbrogliare, simulare gli atti che la società considera morali e nascondere quelli giudicati immorali.
Cosa ti impedisce di stare nel tuo"stato naturale ?" Perché ti stai continuamente allontanando da te stesso per essere qualcos'altro di quel che sei? La società ti ha posto di fronte l'ideale di un uomo perfetto e così hai comandamenti cui obbedire e virtù da coltivare. In tal modo, controllandoti, sei qualcosa di innaturale.

Viviamo permanentemente in un'atmosfera di pensieri, senza renderci conto che i pensieri non sono di nostra proprietà, non sono i "nostri" pensieri ma apparten-

portano da nessuna parte, sono miraggi che pongono in essere dei sentieri immaginari che vanno a spegnersi nel deserto, e laggiù non vi è alcuna oasi per accoglierli. Lo "stato naturale" è una condizione di non conoscenza e meraviglia nel quale non si ri-conosce neppure quel che si sta guardando, perché lo si vede sempre come nuovo. E' una condizione di verginità percettiva, di immacolata concezione appunto. Se ci vien chiesto qualcosa si risponde veloci come una freccia, e si torna nello stato di innocente meraviglia per quel che si sta osservando. Dentro di noi giace una immensa pace, ed è il nostro "stato naturale", ma quando qualcuno cerca di creare una condizione di pace con la volontà, in realtà produce un grande disordine. Se cercate di costringervi ad essere pacifici, quella non è pace: è violenza.

Nello stato naturale vi è affettuoso distacco da tutto. Affetto significa essere mossi, toccati, influenzati da ogni cosa, e non già che qualche emozione fluisca da te verso qualcuno o qualcosa. Lo "stato naturale" è una condizione di grande sensibilità fisica, dei sensi e non uno stato emotivo come sarebbe una grande tenerezza verso qualcuno. Se è compassione e tenerezza lo è nel senso che "gli altri" non esistono più, perché è caduta ogni separazione e perciò soffrire e gioire all'unisono è cosa spontanea, totale e inevitabile. Chiediti se esiste in te una entità che puoi chiamare "io", oppure la mente, il sé: esiste cioé un coordinatore che sovraintende alle varie sensazioni e le collega? In effetti c'è sempre un intervallo tra due sensazioni che il presunto coordinatore ricuce, ed in tal modo stabilisce l'illusione di un centro e di una continuità. Nello "stato naturale" non esiste alcuna entità che coordina i messaggi sensoriali, che li compone. Tutto funziona liberamente e a modo suo, e si vedono accadere le cose da una consapevolezza primordiale non toccata dal tempo e dal pensiero.

I tuoi occhi sono come una cinepresa molto sensibile: la luce riflessa dagli oggetti colpisce la retina e la sensazione raggiunge il cervello attraverso il nervo ottico. Tu hai la convinzione che ci sia un'operatore, un cameramen a dirigere i tuoi occhi, ma in realtà dietro non c'è alcun "io" che guarda le montagne, i fiori, gli alberi, le mucche. La tua coscienza è semplicemente uno specchio che riflette quel che c'è fuori, ma non c'è distanza, non c'è separazione. Profondità, distanza e colore tutto sta lì e non c'è nessuno che interpreta a meno che, per pratici motivi, non ci sia richiesta di traduzione verbale. E parlare sta bene al livello di "ecco i soldi, datemi quel pane"; questo è il limite dei tuoi rapporti e del tuo comunicare con chiunque. Tu non puoi, ad esempio, dissertare sulla bellezza, infatti: dove sta? Nell'oggetto guardato o negli occhi di chi lo guarda? In realtà la bellezza è indotta dal pensiero che confronta, così è un gusto acquisito dire che una sonata di Chopin è più bella del lontano abbaiare dei cani nella campagna. Musica, pittura, letteratura ecc., son tutte cose culturalmente determinate, dunque abitudini del pensiero.

La vita dei sensi è fatta di bisogni semplici: cibi, indumenti e un tetto. Non sono

LO STATO NATURALE

Questo ho sentito nella terra di Saane da Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti (U.G.K. detto Jugi), e sulla base di appunti ve ne espongo un riassunto.

Vivere in uno "stato naturale" sembra essere il punto centrale delle principali religioni del mondo. I buddhisti parlano di illuminazione, gli induisti di liberazione ed i cristiani di stato di grazia, ma sembra che tutti sottintendano uno stato nel quale l'io è dissolto e si ha la sensazione che non sia mai stata una realtà effettiva. In Oriente, e in India soprattutto, gran parte degli insegnamenti religiosi son basati su questa illusorietà del sé personale, ma possiamo dire che anche grandi figure occidentali, quali Socrate, Gesù, San Francesco d'Assisi, San Giovanni della Croce ed altri ancora, parlavano di questo stato secoli o millenni or sono, anche se con parole influenzate dalle mitologie e dai culti allora vigenti.

Va subito precisato che lo stato naturale non è qualcosa che possa essere "ricercato". Questo è molto importante, perché i trafficanti di cose sacre hanno mistificato tutta la faccenda convincendo la gente che questo stato possa essere desiderato, inseguito o coltivato, facendo sprecare una quantità di tempo e di energia a questo scopo. Come sapete le loro bancarelle davanti al tempio furono a suo tempo rovesciate, ma il commercio di speranze, grazie e indulgenze continua. Purtuttavia noi parleremo di questo stato, ma sia ben chiaro fin d'ora che l'ascoltatore, o il lettore, è lasciato solo e non gli si fornisce strumento o indicazione alcuna. Le cose che diremo non si prestano a deduzioni logiche od argomentazioni filosofiche, perché si tratta soltanto di una descrizione. Non vi sarà dunque una esposizione lineare ma piuttosto circolare, dato che nel descrivere si tentano tutte le angolazioni.

Non esiste in proposito alcun insegnamento né mai ne esisterà alcuno, se per insegnamento s'intende qualcosa che implichi un metodo, un sistema, una tecnica od anche soltanto un nuovo modo di pensare. Lo conferma il fatto che dopo queste parole l'ascoltatore, o il lettore, si sentirà più solo e perplesso di prima. Qui si tenta soltanto di fare una descrizione del modo in cui l'uomo funziona dopo che son cadute le macchinazioni del pensiero, senza neppur sapere se questa descrizione potrà essere di qualche utilità. Lo "stato naturale" non è cosa da volere, desiderare, inseguire e raggiungere. Semplicemente "è là", come la vita dei sensi che funziona naturalmente, senza l'intromissione del pensiero e della volontà. Non è un invito alla sensualità, perché è vero il contrario: la sensualità si instaura proprio con l'intervento del pensiero che vuol dirigere l'attività sensoriale, per procurare a se stesso una effimera consistenza e continuità. Tale è anche il problema del sesso.

Le religioni parlano di felicità, beatitudine, estasi, ma tali esperienze non hanno niente a che vedere con lo "stato naturale". Sono condizioni indotte dalla mente che, come tali, vanno e vengono, sono temporali. Sono strade già battute che non

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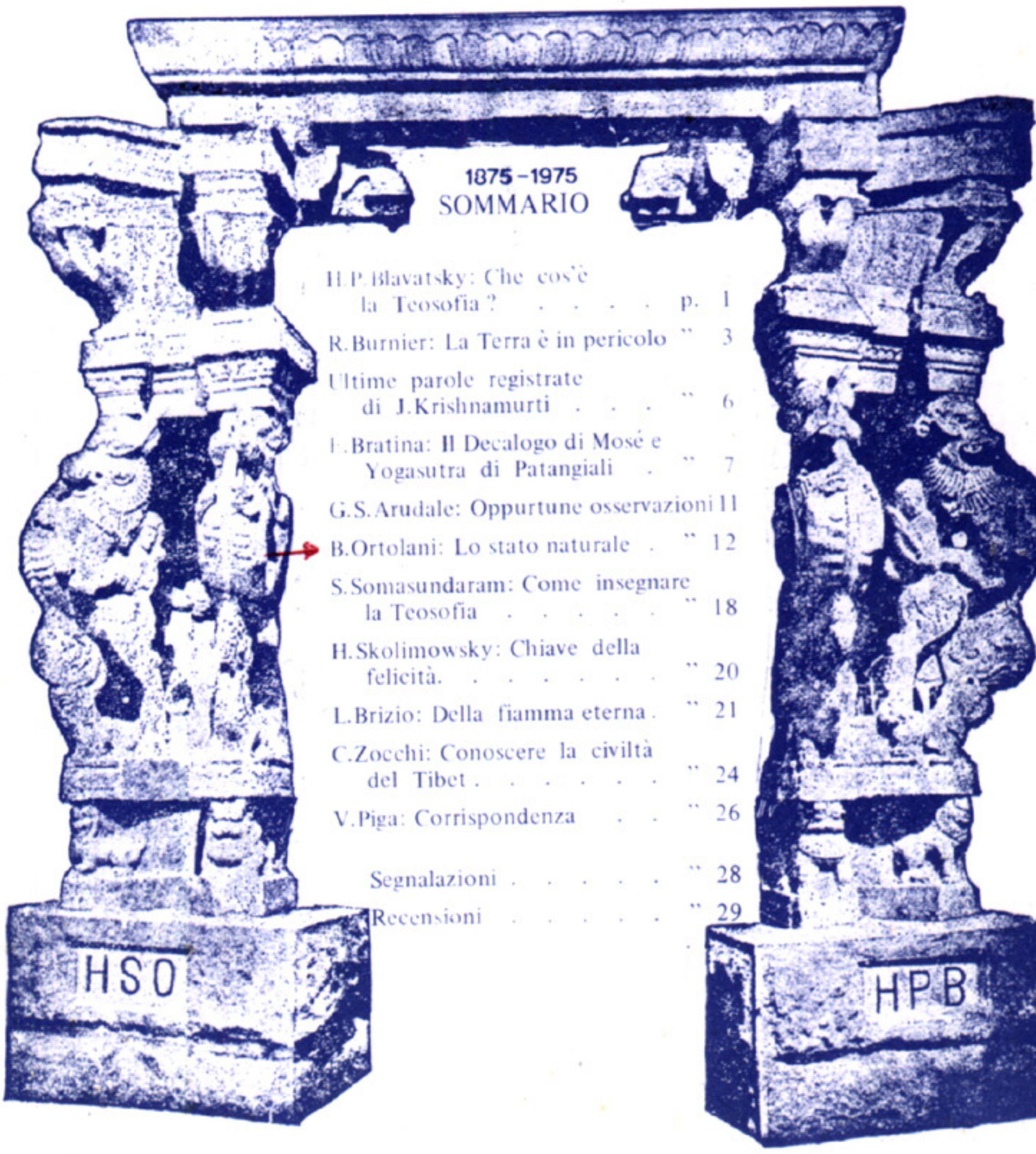

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i due (23 anni) e la circostanza che Jugi ha seguito quegli insegnamenti per molti anni, si potrebbe pensare che quel che egli dice ne è una derivazione.

Pure fra i due vi è una differenza sostanziale, anche se entrambi sono di estrazione teosofica, sia pure soltanto come fonte battesimale... J.Krishnamurti ha detto e ripetuto instancabilmente che "La verità è una terra senza sentieri", e che non c'è un "come" verso di essa. Ma il fatto che egli abbia avuto una platea così vasta, fa pensare che le sue parole abbiano dato adito ad una duplice interpretazione. Voglio dire che una parte dei suoi ascoltatori riuscivano, e riescono, a credere che in qualche maniera vi sia "qualcosa" che può e deve essere fatto per attuare quella rivoluzione psicologica, o trasformazione, o liberazione che sia, della quale J.K. ha parlato per sessant'anni.

U.G.K. in questo è categorico: non c'è assolutamente nulla che possa essere fatto: questa "verità" non può essere ricevuta, perseguita, desiderata. Quindi, in questo senso, andare sotto la grande tenda ad ascoltare J.K. era esattamente come andare in chiesa per implorare la divina compiacenza. E si arriva quindi allo sconcertante assurdo che anche l'ascolto delle parole di Jugi è una pura perdita di tempo.
Ci si chiede dunque, se è così, perché Jugi ne parla: forse soltanto per dirci che non occorre parlarne ? Naturalmente persone abituate da decenni all'atmosfera sempre un po' acrobatica e contradditoria di dialoghi di questo tipo, sanno anche superare queste reali o apparenti contraddizioni.
Comunque il personaggio, e quel che egli dice, è molto interessante, ed ho voluto fare questa presentazione perché nel prossimo numero della Rivista sarà ospitato un riassunto di quanto egli ha detto e dice, ed il lettore sarà così preparato a valutarlo.

Dobbiamo qui aggiungere che U.G.K. ha una certa (e forse esagerata) animosità contro J.Krishnamurti, appunto perché secondo lui il suo insegnamento avrebbe surretiziamente alimentato l'illusione che esista la possibilità di una nostra personale "iniziativa", volta alla ricerca della verità, o rivoluzione psicologica che sia. Pur essendo entrambi bramini e di estrazione teosofica, si tratta di due temperamenti molto diversi, ed anche sul piano pratico si potrebbe dire che l'uno ha vissuto in una costosa ed aristocratica semplicità, e l'altro in una dignitosa e battagliera modestia. Ma, in entrambi i casi, sul filo della naturale spontaneità degli eventi.

Io non azzardo alcun apprezzamento sulla validità o meno delle parole dell'uno e dell'altro, anche perché Jugi dice che, dopo cinquantanove anni di ascolto di J.K., sono troppo "krishnamurtizzato" per poterlo fare, e forse è vero.
Mi limito a rimandare il lettore allo scritto che comparirà sul prossimo numero della Rivista, e che avrà per titolo: "Lo stato naturale".

Bruno Ortolani

U. G. K.

U.G.K. sta per Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti, nato il 9 Luglio 1918 a Machilipatman nel Sud dell'India da famiglia bramina. Sua madre morì poco dopo la sua nascita ed egli fu allevato dai nonni materni nella piccola città di Gudivada, non lontana da Masulipatam.

Il nonno, che era un avvocato molto conosciuto, conobbe e frequentò M.me Blavatsky ed il Col. Olcott, fondatori della Società Teosofica, e fu successivamente capo di un gruppo locale della stessa S.T. in quella che fu la seconda e terza generazione teosofica indiana.

Quando suo nonno morì lasciò in eredità a U.G.K. l'interesse per la Società Teosofica, per J.Krishnamurti (astro allora nascente) e un discreto capitale che gli permise di vivere agiatamente dedicandosi a quella che possiamo convenzionalemnte definire "la ricerca spirituale", occupazione che era d'altra parte (ed è ancora in tono minore) congeniale alla casta bramina.

Nella Società Teosofica lavorò come conferenziere e più tardi, ai tempi della Presidenza Jinarajadasa, come Segretario Generale aggiunto della Sezione indiana. Come conferenziere si rese ben presto conto che qualsiasi persona d'intelligenza normale è in grado di raccogliere informazioni, elaborarle e riversarle poi su di un uditorio o nelle pagine di un libro, e che la cosa non aveva alcun marchio di originalità e senso di utilità.

Il fatto che egli si chiami Krishnamurti non implica alcun legame di parentela con Jiddu Krishnamurti, essendo Krishnamurti un nome personale assai diffuso in India, specialmente nelle famiglie bramine. Comunque, per non creare equivoci, ad un certo momento anziché continuare a farsi chiamare col nome personale (come è in uso in India), decise di identificarsi con le due iniziali UG, da pronunciarsi "Jugi". Altro punto che deve essere chiarito è che egli già aveva l'abitudine di passare i tre mesi estivi a Saanen (villaggio svizzero nelle Alpi bernesi) alcuni anni prima che J.Krishnamurti decidesse di stabilirvi il suo centro per le conferenze estive in Europa, come ideale prosecuzione di quelle anteguerra a Ommen.

Chi scrive ha conosciuto Jugi nel 1965, ricevendone subito l'impressione di un "anti-guru" permeato di durezza e cortesia stranamente coesistenti. Egli riceve piccoli gruppi di persone nel tardo pomeriggio, generalmente all'aperto davanti al suo Chalet, senza che sia previsto alcun discorso particolare. Talvolta l'incontro si esaurisce in una conversazione generica, ma se le circostanze lo provocano si entra nel merito di ciò che è il reale e l'irreale, ed allora la riunione diventa molto interessante, ed altrettanto sconcertante. Questo perché la verità sembra essere, piuttosto che un punto d'arrivo, un modo di camminare, e quindi sempre sfuggente.

Benché Jugi stesso lo neghi quel che egli dice ha dei punti di simiglianza con quel che è stato l'insegnamento di J.Krishnamurti. Considerando la differenza di età fra

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TRIESTE ANNO XLII N. 12 DICEMBRE 1986

સત્ય સમજાઈ જતાં લાગ્યું કે બધા જ ગુરુઓ અને બધા જ ઉપદેશો નકામા છે. જીવનમાં કોઈ લક્ષ્યાંક (ગોલ) જેવું કંઈ જ નથી. મેં તેમને કહ્યું: 'જો લક્ષ્યાંક જેવું ન હોય તો લોકો બીજા ગુરુઓ પાસે શું કામ જાય છે? તમારી પાસે શું કામ આવે છે?' જવાબમાં યુ. જી. એ કહ્યું: 'જે લોકો આવે છે તેમાંના ઘણાને તો શું જોઈએ છે તે ખબર નથી. બીજામાંથી ઘણાને આવા ગુરુઓની સામાજિક જરૂરિયાત હોય છે. પરંતુ જીવનના દરેક ગુરુના આશ્રમને હું તો જીવત પરની આફત જેવા માનું છું.'

'રજનીશવીલે વિષે આપ શું કહો છો?' આવા પ્રશ્નના જવાબમાં યુ. જી.એ કહ્યું: 'પશ્ચિમમાં ઘણી ધાર્મિક સંસ્થાઓ છે. ઘણા ભારતીય મહાત્માઓ પણ ત્યાં પહોંચી ગયા છે. પણ ધીરે ધીરે હવે અમેરિકનોને એ બધામાંથી પણ રસ ઉડી ગયો છે. એ લોકો ચરસ ગાંજા પછી યોગ ધ્યાનથી પણ કંટાળ્યા છે. છતાં મને લાગે છે કે કદાચ રજનીશ ફાવશે. કારણ કે એમણે અમેરિકન લોકોની જરૂરિયાતને પકડી પાડી છે. પશ્ચિમના લોકોને એક કોમ્યુનીટી જોઈએ છે. પોતાને મળતા વિચારોવાળાનો સંઘ જોઈએ છે. રજનીશ આવી કોમ્યુનીટી પુરી પાડે છે. આશ્રમમાં રહીને અમેરિકન લોકોને કંઈક કરવું છે. રજનીશના રજનીશવીલેમાં દરેકને માટે કંઈક કામ પડેલું છે. પરંતુ તેમના ભાષણો બકવાસ છે. એ પોતે પણ મોડે મોડે સમજ્યા છે એટલે મૌન રહે છે.'

'આપની પાસે ફિલ્મ સ્ટાર કે બીજાઓ આવે છે તે આધ્યાત્મિક જ્ઞાન લેવા આવે છે કે પોતાની દુન્યવી તકલીફો દૂર કરવા આવે છે? અમેરિકન લોકો અને ભારતીય લોકો તમારી પાસે આવે છે તેમની બન્નેની સમસ્યાનો કોઈ ભેદ પાડ્યો છે?' જવાબમાં યુ. જી.એ કહ્યું: 'જુઓ, તમે બધા ધ્યાન અને યોગથી જે આનંદ મળે છે તે આનંદ કે સુખને કાયમી કરવા માગો છો. યોગ કરો તો જરૂર તત્કાળ ફાયદો થાય છે. ઉંચા લોહીનું દબાણ નીચું આવે છે. તમારા શરીરનું રસાયણ બદલાય છે...પણ લોકોને કાયમી આનંદ જોઈએ છે. જીવનમાં કશું જ કાયમી નથી. ઘણા લોકો આધ્યાત્મિક જીવન અને દુન્યવીજીવન વચ્ચે ભેદ સમજે છે. એ લોકો પૂરા આધ્યાત્મિક બનવા માગે છે. પણ આધ્યાત્મિક જીવન અને દુન્યવી જીવનનો ભેદ ન પાડી શકાય. તમારા દુન્યવી જીવનથી તમે આધ્યાત્મને વેગળું પાડી ન શકો. તમે એમ કરવા જાઓ ત્યાં જ દુ:ખ પેદા થાય છે. અમેરિકામાં લોકો મારી પાસે આવે ત્યારે શરૂમાં અંગત સમસ્યાઓ લઈને આવે છે. પત્નીઓ કહેતી હોય છે કે તેમનો પતિ હોમોસેકસ્યુઅલ છે. પતિ ફરિયાદ કરે છે કે તેની પત્નિ લેસ્બીયન છે. છૂટાછેડાની સમસ્યા છે.પ્રેમ કરીને બેવફા નીવડવાના પ્રશ્નો છે. જ્યારે ભારતમાં ઘણા લોકો આધ્યાત્મનો ઝંડો ફરકાવતા આવે છે. મને કહે છે, 'મારી કુંડલીની અહીં સુધી પહોંચી છે, તેને પૂર્ણ પણે જાગૃત કેમ કરવી?'આ લોકો કશીક ભ્રમણામાં હોય છે અને તેની ભ્રમણાને ગુરુઓ પોષે છે. હું આમાંના કોઈને ઉપદેશ આપતો નથી. માત્ર મિત્ર બનીને તેમની વાતો સાંભળું છું. હું કરૂણાથી જોતો નથી તેમ ગુરુભાવે જોતો નથી. મિત્રભાવે વાતો સાંભળું છું. જે કોઈ આવે છે તેમને પોતે છે ત્યાંથી ક્યાંક જુદા લક્ષ્યે પહોંચવું છે. હું તો માત્ર કહું છું કે 'તમે પોતે જ તમારા ગોલ (લક્ષ્ય) છો. તમે યોગ કરો, ધ્યાન કરો કે ગમે તે કરો પણ કોઈ લક્ષ્ય માટે કરતાં હો તો એવું કોઈ લક્ષ્ય નથી. હું માત્ર આ લક્ષ્ય સુધી પહોંચવાની ઝંઝટમાંથી મુકત કરું છું. હું કોઈ ધાર્મિક માણસ નથી.'

'જો તમે મહાત્મા કે ધાર્મિક નથી તો પછી પરવીન બાબી કે બીજા લોકો તમારી પાસે અદ્‌ભુત શાંતિ કેમ અનુભવે છે? તેમને ચમત્કાર જેવું કેમ લાગે છે?' આવા સવાલના જવાબમાં યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિએ ગ્રોડ્ર ટટ્ટાર થઈને કહ્યું, 'અરે ભાઈ, એ બધી અસર તો એ લોકોમાં જ સોહેલી છે. મારી કોઈ અસર હોય તો મને તેની ખબર નથી. એ લોકોની તકલીફ છે કે તેઓ 'પરફેકટ' (પૂર્ણ પુરૂષ)થવા માગે છે, પણ જીવનમાં કોઈ પૂર્ણ પુરૂષ નથી. માત્રમાં ચમત્કાર કે પ્રતિભા જોતા હોય અને અસરમાં આવતા હોય તો એવા લોકો બિટલ્સની અસરમાં પણ આવી શકે છે. તમે જાણો છો, બિટલ્સ લંડનના હીથરો એરપોર્ટ પર ઉતરતા ત્યારે તેના પ્રભાવમાં આવેલા જુવાનીયા તેમના કપડાંને અડે, તેમના વાળ ખેંચે, ઘણી યુવતીઓ બિટલ્સના વાળ તોડીને સંઘરે. જે લોકો ગુરુની એંઠી થાળીમાં ખાય કે ગુરુ જ્યાં બેઠા હોય તે જગ્યાને ચુમે તે લોકો આ બિટલ્સના ઘેલા ચાહકોથી જરા ય જુદા નથી. લોકો ખૂબ પાકળા પડે ત્યારે બાબાઓ અને મહાત્માઓ પોતાનો આધ્યાત્મિક માલ વેચવા માંડે છે.તેમનાં પ્રવચનોની કેસેટો, વીડીઓ કેસેટો, પુસ્તકો અને ફોટાઓ વેચાય... પણ હું કશું જ વેચતો નથી. ઘણા મહાત્માના ઈન્ટરવ્યુ લેવાય છે તેના પર પણ તેમનાં ફાઉન્ડેશનો પોતાનો પેટન્ટ રાખે છે...હું તમને ઈન્ટરવ્યુ આપુ છું તે સવાલો તમારા

આપણા નેતાઓ અનેક વખત સંતોનાં દર્શને જાય છે પણ તેમની કોઈ સમસ્યા ઉકલી શકી નથી!

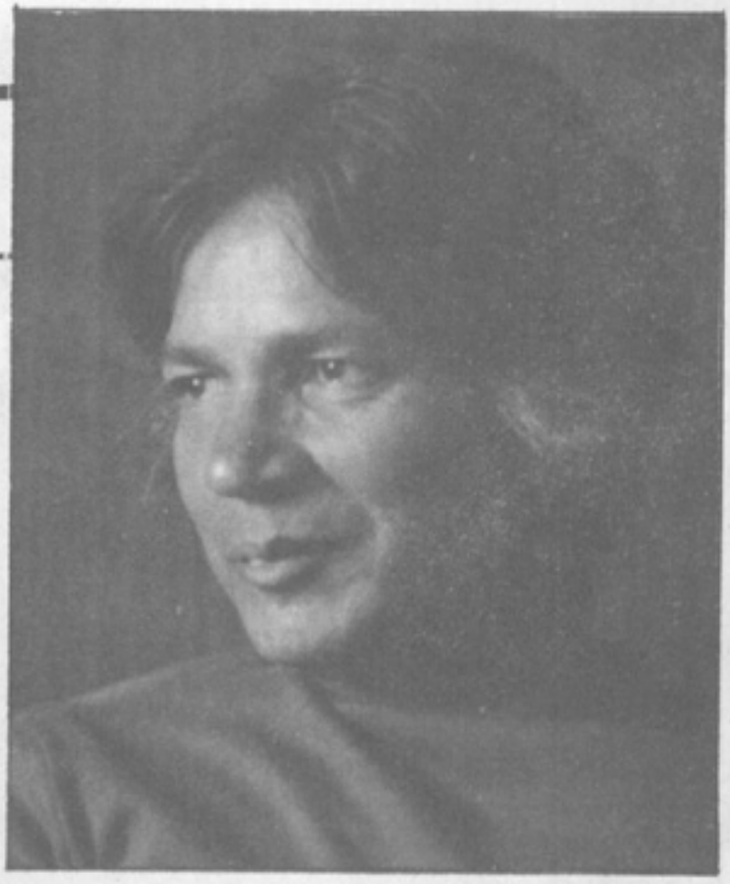
છે, જવાબો માત્ર છે પણ તમારા સવાલના એ જવાબો છે એટલે માત્ર જવાબ પર પણ તમારે જ હકક જણાય, મારો કોઈ જ હક નહીં...તમે મારે માટે ગમે તે લખો તેની પણ મને ફિકર નથી.'

યુ. જી.ની દિનચર્યા પુછવાની મેં કોશિશ કરી પણ એવા પ્રશ્નોને એ મહત્ત્વના ગણતા નથી. 'તમે કયારે ઉઠો છો?' એવો પ્રશ્ન કર્યો ત્યારે યુ. જી.એ કહ્યું: 'હમણાં જ તમે પ્રશ્નો પૂછતા હતા કે બીજા સાથે વાત કરતા હતા તેમાં વચ્ચે બે મિનિટ મેં ઉંઘી લીધું હતું. મારી ઉંઘ અને જાગૃતિ સતત ચાલ્યા કરે છે. હું યોગ કે આસનો કરતો નથી. ચા-કોફી જેવા ઉત્તેજક પીણાની મને જરૂર નથી. હું શાકાહારી છું, ભટકનારો જીવ છું. આ વખતે વિજય આનંદે રહેવાની સગવડ આપી એટલે તેમને ત્યાં રહું છું. સવારે નાસ્તામાં પૌઆ અને દૂધ લઉં છું. થોડોક ફળનો રસ લઉં છું. અમેરિકામાં હોઉં તો ચોખાની કંઈક બનાવટ આવે છે તે દૂધ સાથે લઉં છું. બપોરે શાકભાજી સાથે રપાની કે ચોખા લઉં છું. વિટામિનોમાં હું માનતો નથી. હું બહુ પુસ્તકો વાંચતો નથી. મારી સાથે ફકત એક ડિકશનરી રાખું છું. હાથમાં આવે તો ક્રાઈમ-સ્ટોરી જરૂર વાંચું છું. મને તે ગમે છે. અમેરિકામાં હું ટી. વી. પણ જોઉં છું. જુવાન હતો ત્યારે ખૂબ યોગ કરતો, હવે એવી મૂર્ખાઈ કરતો નથી. ફાઉબોયઝની ફિલ્મ જોવામાં મને રસ પડે છે એટલો જ રસ તમારી સાથેની વાતચીતમાં પડે...'

યુ. જી. તો વાતને અત્યંત લંબાવી શકે એટલા મુકત છે. તેમની પાસે સમય મર્યાદા સાથે કોઈ આવતું નથી, પણ અમારી વાતચીતને બે કલાક થયા ત્યારે વિજય આનંદે કહ્યું: 'ભાઈસાહેબ, બહુ થયું, તમારે લેખ લખવો છે કે પુસ્તક?' એટલે મેં મુલાકાત સમાપ્ત કરી.

ખરેખર, યુ. જી. મળવા જેવા 'અમહાત્મા' કહેવાય એવા મહાન મિત્ર છે. ●

વેપાર કરે છે !



સુખ – સાહેબી ભોગવતા ફિલ્મ કલાકારો પણ મનની શાંતિ મેળવવા જેમની પાસે દોડી જાય છે : કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ યુ-જીની મુલાકાત

□ કાન્તિ ભટ્ટ

કચેરીમાં પાસપોર્ટમાં છાપ મરાવવા ગયા ત્યાં મેડમ વેલેન્ટાઈનનો પરિચય થયો. સાદો સફેદ લેંઘો અને કુર્તો પહેરનાર યુ.જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિના મુખારવિંદના તેજથી અંજાયેલા મેડમ વેલેન્ટાઈને યુ.જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને મળ્યા પછી પોતાની નોકરી છોડી દીધી હતી. મેં યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને પૂછયું: 'તમે ભારત અને વિદેશનો વિમાન-પ્રવાસ કરો છો તેના પૈસા ક્યાંથી આવે છે?' જવાબમાં યુ.જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિએ કહયું: 'પ્રવાસની વ્યવસ્થા થઈ જાય છે. મેડમ વેલેન્ટાઈનને સ્વીસ સરકારની સોશિયલ સિક્યુરીટીની ચોઠવણ પ્રમાણે વૃદ્ધવયનું પેન્શન મળે છે. સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડની દરેક વયોવૃદ્ધ વ્યકિતને આવું પેન્શન મળે છે. તે રકમમાંથી તેનો નિર્વાહ ચાલે છે.'

'તમારી પાસે ફિલ્મ સ્ટારો આવે છે તે બધા તો ભારતના પ્રેક્ષકોના સપનાનાં રાજકુમાર, રાજકુમારીઓ છે. તેમની કલ્પનાથી અને તેમનાં ફોટાઓ રાખીને જુવાનો સુખ અનુભવે છે, તો પછી એ લોકોને દુ:ખ શેનું છે?' જવાબમાં હસતાં હસતાં યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિએ કહયું:'કીર્તિની ટોચે પહોંચેલા લોકો વધુમાં વધુ દુ:ખી હોય છે. મોટાભાગના કીર્તિમાન અને ફિલ્મસ્ટાર લોકોને પાછા સામાન્ય બનવું હોય છે. સામાન્ય માનવી જેવું જીવન જીવવું હોય છે. આજુબાજુની ગ્લેમરની દુનિયાથી અને કૃત્રિમ જીવનથી એ કંટાળી જાય છે, તેમને કુદરતી બનવું હોય છે. વિખ્યાત અને સ્વરૂપવાન અભિનેત્રીઓને લગ્નનો યોગ્ય સાથીદાર જોઈએ છે. તેને મા બનવું છે. તેને મર્યું- ભાદર્યું અને પ્રેમાળ કુટુંબ જોઈએ છે. જે બધું મળતું નથી તેથી તે દુ:ખી થાય છે.'

'આપની પાસે એ લોકો આવે છે ત્યારે તેમના જીવનનો ઉકેલ આપ આપો છો?' આવા પ્રશ્નના જવાબમાં યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિએ તેનો રેશમી ઝભ્ભો ઠીક કરતાં અને સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડમાં રહી રહીને ગુલાબી થઈ ગયેલા હાથની હથેળીઓને રમાડતાં કહયું: 'હું કોઈને ઉકેલ આપતો નથી. હું ગુરૂ નથી. બુદ્ધથી માંડીને આજ સુધીના તમામ ધાર્મિક અવતારો કે ગુરૂ કંઈ ઉકેલ લાવી શકયા નથી...તમે જુઓ છો કે ઈન્દિરા ગાંધી શંકરાચાર્યથી માંડીને વિનોબા ભાવે સુધીના સંતો પાસે દર્શને જાય છે, પણ તેમની અંગત સમસ્યા ઉકલી નથી કે તેના દ્વારા દેશની સમસ્યા ઉકલી નથી. મહાત્માઓના આશીર્વાદનો પ્રભાવ હોત તો ઈન્દિરા દ્વારા દેશની સમસ્યાઓ ઉકલી ગઈ હોત.'

યુ.જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ પોતે ગુરૂ નથી તો લોકો તેને ગમે ત્યાંથી પકડી પાડીને તેમની પાસે શું કામ દોડી જાય છે? પરવીન બાબી અને સ્મિતા પાટિલ તેમની પાસે કલાક કલાક શું કામ બેસી રહે છે? આ પ્રશ્નનો જવાબ મેળવવા આપણે યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિનું સમગ્ર જીવન જોવું પડશે. વિખ્યાત જર્મન નવલકથાકાર હર્મન હેસ જેઓ ભારત આવી ગયા છે અને 'સિદ્ધાર્થ' નામની નવલકથા લખી છે એવી નવલકથાના કોઈ હીરો જેવું યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિનું સત્યશોધક અને પરિવ્રાજક જેવું જીવન છે.

આંધ્ર પ્રદેશના મસુલીપટ્ટનમ ગામમાં ૧૯૧૮માં જન્મેલા યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિના દાદા થિઓસોફિસ્ટ હતા અને ખૂબ ધનિક પણ હતા. ઘરમાં ધર્મનું વાતાવરણ હતું. નાની વયે જ યુ.જી. પ્રખર વિદ્વાનોને મળતા થયા.સ્વામી શિવાનંદના આશ્રમમાં જઈને યોગ વગેરે શીખ્યા. ધ્યાન વગેરે કરવા લાગ્યા. પરંતુ આશ્રમ અને ગુરૂઓની માયજાળ તેમને ગમી નહીં. ત્યાં દંભી વાતાવરણ લાગ્યું. ૨૧ વર્ષની વયે રમણ મહર્ષિ પાસે માત્ર બે કલાક બેઠા ત્યારે તેમને જ્ઞાન થયું કે 'સત્યની શોધ કે જ્ઞાન થવાનું હોય તે જાતે જ કરવાનું છે. કોઈ ગુરૂ થકી કંઈ થવાનું નથી.' કોલેજનો અભ્યાસ પડતો મૂકી યુરોપના પ્રવાસે નીકળી પડયા. શરૂઆતમાં થિઓસોફીકલ સોસાયટી વતી આધ્યાત્મિક પ્રવચનો આપતા, પણ તેનાથી ય તેમના મનને સંતોષ થયો નહિ.

૧૯૪૯માં તેમને જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિનો પરિચય થયો. તેમના ભાષણો સાંભળવા જવા લાગ્યા. પછી તેમના ભાષણો પણ તેમને જલ્દીપુરાણા લાગવા માંડયા. તેણે જોયું કે ચાલીસ ચાલીસ વર્ષોથી સતત જે.કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ કલાકોના કલાક ભાષણો આપે છે અને લોકો સાંભળે છે છતાં શ્રોતાઓમાં કંઈ પરિવર્તન આવ્યું નથી, એટલે તેમણે જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને પણ છોડી દીધા.

ધનિક દાદાના વારસામાં મળેલા પૈસા ખૂટી ગયા પછી તેમની પત્નીથી પણ તે અલગ થઈ ગયા. પૈસાની દ્રષ્ટિએ દેવાળિયા થઈને લંડનની શેરીમાં ફરતાં ત્યાંથી સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડ ગયા. સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડમાં એપ્રિલની ૧૯૬૭ની એક રાત્રે 'કેસિનો 'દ પેરિસ' નામના જુગારખાનામાં આંતરરાષ્ટ્રિય સુંદરીનાં નૃત્ય જોઈને યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને મનમાં કંઈક નવો અનુભવ થયો. તેના હૃદયમાં હલચલ મચી ગઈ. નૃત્યના પ્લેટફોર્મ પર કોણ નાચી રહયું છે તે તેને દેખાયું નહિ. એ પછી ઘણા દિવસ સુધી તેમની ન કળી શકાય એવી આ માનસિક સ્થિતિ રહી. ઘણીવાર યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ બોલતા હોય ત્યારે રજનીશ અને જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ જેવું બોલતા લાગે. તેણે મને કહયું: 'સેકસ અને ઈશ્વરની અનુભૂતિ એક જ કેન્દ્રમાંથી થાય છે.' કદાચ યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ દમનમાં માનતા નથી. તેઓ મુકત છે. ધીરે ધીરે તેમને

ગુરુઓ અને આશ્રમો આધ્યાત્મિક

કબીર બેદીથી છૂટી થઈને પરવીન બાબીએ અનુભવેલી માનસિક અંધાધુંધીમાંથી મુકત થવા જે આધ્યાત્મિક પુરૂષનો આશરો લીધો હતો, વિનોદ ખન્નાને પગલે પગલે ભગવાન રજનીશના આશ્રમમાં જઈ ત્યાં નાચીકૂદીને ભજન ગાનારી સ્મીતા પાટિલ અત્યારે માનસિક આનંદ માટે જેની પાસે જાય છે અને પોતાની ભાવિ બિઝનેસ સાથે લગ્ન કરનાર તેમ જ ભગવાન રજનીશના નામે પહેરેલાં ભગવાં ઉતારી નાખ્યા પછી અભિનેતા-ફિલ્મ-દિગ્દર્શક વિજય આનંદ અત્યારે આધ્યાત્મિક મિત્ર તરીકે જે વ્યકિતમાં શ્રધ્ધા ધરાવે છે, એ આધ્યાત્મિક પુરૂષનું નામ છે યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ! બીજા બાબાઓ કે મહાત્માઓની માફક યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ બહુ પ્રખ્યાત નથી કારણ કે તેણે કોઈ આશ્રમ રાખ્યો નથી કે પોતાના પબ્લીક રિલેશન્સ ખાતાની ગોઠવણ કરી નથી.

ભગવાન રજનીશને મળવા જવું હોય તો અમેરિકાના સી. આઈ. એ.ના એજન્ટોથી પણ વિકરાળ દેખાતા અમેરિકન ચેલાઓની દીવાલ ભેદવી પડે. મુકતાનંદ સ્વામીને મળવું હોય તો ઘણા દિવસ અગાઉથી એપોઈન્ટમેન્ટ લેવી પડે અને દર્શન માટે તો અર્ધા માઈલ લાંબી કતારમાં ઉભા રહેવું પડે. મહર્ષિ મહેશ યોગીના દર્શન માટે અમેરિકા જવું પડે અને સત્ય સાંઈબાબાના દર્શન માટે તો એકાદ માઈલ લાંબી કતારમાં ઉભું રહેવું પડે. જગતના ત્રણ દેશોમાં રહીને શિયાળામાં ભારત આવતા જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ તરીકે ઓળખાતા મહાપુરૂષને મળવા ઈન્દિરા ગાંધીના દોસ્ત શ્રીમતી પુપ્યુલ જયકરની પરવાનગી લેવી પડે અને કદાચ એ પરવાનગી ન પણ મળે. પરંતુ એમને મળતાં નામ વાળા યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને મળવું હોય તો મુંબઈના બાંદ્રા સ્ટેશને ઉતરી પાલીહિલ પર આવેલા વિજય આનંદના મેટ્રોપોલીટન બિલ્ડીંગના કલેટના ખુલ્લા દરવાજામાં પ્રવેશીને સહેલાઈથી મળી શકો. યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ હાલ એમને ત્યાં રહે છે પરંતુ દેખાવ એવો હોય છે કે જાણે વિજય આનંદ યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિના મહેમાન હોય એ રીતે ચૂપચાપ બીજા સોફામાં બેઠા હોય છે. ભગવાન રજનીશથી પ્રભાવિત થઈને બે પાકિસ્તાની મુસ્લિમો સન્યાસી થઈ ગયા હતા એ વાત નવાઈ પમાડે એવી છે. એ પૈકીના એક સન્યાસી ક્રિસ્ટોજભાઈ લાખાણીએ રજનીશને છોડી યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ પાસેથી માનસિક શાંતિ મેળવી છે. ક્રિસ્ટોજ લાખાણી દર વર્ષે તેનો કરાચીનો ધંધો છોડીને યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ મુંબઈમાં આવે ત્યારે તેને મળવા અચૂક આવે છે. શબાના આઝમી અને અશોકકુમાર પણ યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ સાથે આધ્યાત્મિક દોસ્તીના દાવે અવારનવાર તેમની પાસે આવે છે. આ યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ છે કોણ?

આપણા દેશમાંથી ડોકટરો, ટેકનોલોજીસ્ટો અને વિજ્ઞાનીઓ અમેરિકા ચાલ્યા જાય છે અને આપણે તેને બ્રેઈન-ડ્રેઈન તરીકે ઓળખીએ છીએ. ગુજરાતીમાં બ્રેઈન-ડ્રેઈનને બુધ્ધિ બળની હિજરત કહીએ છીએ. આ બુધ્ધિ બળની હિજરત પછી ભારતમાંથી આધ્યાત્મિક ગુરૂઓની હિજરત પણ થવા માંડી. કોણ જાણે કેમ, આપણા આધ્યાત્મિક પુરૂષોને ભારતની ધરતી ગમતી નથી. મહર્ષિ મહેશ યોગી અમેરિકામાં જ રહે છે અને પોતાનું વિમાન ધરાવે છે. હિમાલયવાળા સ્વામી શિવાનંદના શિષ્ય સ્વામી વિષ્ણુદેવાનંદ કેનેડા ટોરેન્ટો શહેરમાં ૨૦૦ એકરનો આશ્રમ નાખીને વસ્યા અને પોતાનું વિમાન જાતે ચલાવે છે. સ્વામી મુકતાનંદ જે અંગ્રેજી જાણતા નથી તે હવે ગણેશપુરી આશ્રમ છોડીને મોટાભાગનો સમય અમેરિકામાં ગાળે છે. મહેશ યોગી તો અમેરિકા અને યુરોપમાં જ વિચરે છે. ભગવાન રજનીશ પણ છેલ્લે ચૂપચાપ અમેરિકામાં જઈને હવે વિમાન ચલાવતાં શીખે છે. અમેરિકા,કેનેડા કે બીજે સ્થળે રહેતા બાલયોગી અને બીજા પરચુરણિયા બાબાઓનો તો પાર નથી. જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડના હોલીવુડ રીસોર્ટ ગણાતા અતિ મોંઘા સ્થળની નજીકના એક હિલ સ્ટેશનમાં અથવા કેલિફોર્નિયામાં રહે છે તો ક્યારેક ઈંગ્લાંડમાં બ્રોકવુડ પાર્કમાં દેખાય છે. યુરોપ-અમેરિકામાં સખત શિયાળો આવે ત્યારે જ આ બાબાઓ આપણને ભારતમાં દર્શન દેવા પધારે છે. ભગવાન રજનીશ પણ અમેરિકાની સખત ઠંડીમાં દમનો રોગ સહન નહીં કરી શકે ત્યારે થોડો સમય ચુપચુપ ભારતમાં ક્યાંક રહેવા આવી જશે.

જેની આપણે વાત કરીએ છીએ તે યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ પણ ઉપરની બાબતમાં એટલે કે વિદેશનિવાસ કરવાની બાબતમાં નિરાળા નથી. તે પણ મોટાભાગનો સમય યુરોપ, અમેરિકા, સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડ અને બીજા દેશોમાં ગાળે છે. તો પછી તેમનું નિરાળાપણું શું?

પહેલું નિરાળાપણું એ છે કે તે કરોડપતિ બાબા નથી. સત્ય સાંઈબાબા હેઠળ કરોડોની મિલકત અને રોકડ રકમનો કારોબાર છે. જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિનું સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડ અને કેલિફોર્નિયાનું ફાઉન્ડેશન ૮ કરોડ ડોલર (રૂ. ૮૦ કરોડ)નું સામ્રાજ્ય ધરાવે છે. ભગવાન રજનીશ પુનામાં હતા ત્યારે એક નંબરમાં રૂ. છ કરોડની મિલકતો અને રોકડ ધરાવતા હતા, અમેરિકામાં તો હવે અબજોપતિ થઈ જશે. મુકતાનંદબાબા ચારિતપાત કરાવવાના સો-સવાસો ડોલર લે છે અને ગણેશપુરીમાં ૬૦ એકરથી વધુ જમીનમાં તેમના આશ્રમની અ સ્કયામતો ઉભી છે. મહર્ષિ મહેશ યોગીની મિલકતનો કોઈ પાર પામી શકયું નથી. વિષ્ણુદેવાનંદે ટોરેન્ટોમાં સેંકડો એકર જમીનમાં મિલકતો ઉભી કરી છે અને દક્ષિણ ભારતમાં તેનો આશ્રમ ઉભો થાય છે. જો કે આ બધા જ મહાત્માઓ કહે છે કે 'આમાંની એક પાઈ પણ તેમની અંગત નથી.' ભગવાન રજનીશ જે પોતાને ખિસ્સા વગરના માણસ કહે છે અને વિવિધ બાબાઓના તેમણે નામો પાડયા છે તેમાં યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને એ ઉધાર-ગુરૂ ગણે છે. મુકતાનંદ સ્વામીને ચોબર ગણેશ કહે છે, મોરારજીભાઈને ફાસિસ્ટ કહે છે અને મહર્ષિ મહેશ યોગીને ગપપોગી કહે છે. યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને ઉધાર-ગુરૂ કહેવામાં રજનીશજીની એટલી વાત સાચી કે યુ.જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ આવા ભંડોળની બાબતમાં તદ્દન ઉધાર છે એટલે કે તેમના ખિસ્સા ખરેખર ખાલી છે. તે એક પાઈની પણ મિલકત ધરાવતા નથી, કોઈ આશ્રમ નથી કે આશરો નથી. સંસારી જીવનના તેમના પુત્રો પાસે પણ તે જતા નથી. સ્વિટઝરલેન્ડની મેડમ વેલેન્ટાઈન કારનેન નામની ૮૧ વર્ષની મહિલા સાથે તેઓ રહે છે. સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડમાં સાનેન નામના રળિયામણા સાત ટેકરીઓ વચ્ચે આવેલાં ગામમાં મેડમ વેલેન્ટાઈન કારનેનનું ઘર છે.૧૪ વર્ષ પહેલાં યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને મેડમ વેલેન્ટાઈન આકસ્મિકપણે મળ્યા હતા.

એ સમયે યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ જીનિવા (સ્વીટઝરલેન્ડ)ની ભારતીય રાજદૂતની

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ચિત્રલેખા

લંડનના રેડિયાળ 'પન્ક'ની જમાત

વિડીઓનો વાયરો

(૯મા પાનાથી ચાલુ)

છે. 'જીન્સ'ને કારણે ઘટે છે. એ પૂજા-પ્રાર્થના ન કરતી હોત તો પણ કયારે પણ આ ઘટના બની શકી હોત!

આ મિત્રે 'તથાત'ની વાત કાઢી પણ વાતનો દોર ખાસ લંબાયો નહીં. ખાસ કશું નીપજ્યું નહીં. હા, યુ.જી.એ કહ્યું આ 'તથાત' 'ઈઝનેસ' સ્વીકારની વાત પહેલ-વહેલા બુધ્ધે કરી. દૃશ્ય ને દૃષ્ટા, જ્ઞાતા ને જ્ઞેય એક જ છે એ વાત થઈ. પછી કશું કે કોઈ પરિસ્થિતિ બદલવાની ઈચ્છા જ નથી રહેતી. અથવા કહો કે બદલનાર જ ત્યાં નથી રહેતો. યુ. જી. ને થોડું ઘણું સમજતો હોઈ તો 'આમ કેમ?' એ

એક રવિવારની સવાર યુ. જી. સાથે

પ્રશ્ન તેમને માટે ઉદ્‌ભવતો નથી. કોઈ પણ પરિસ્થિતિને અનુકૂળ થઈ જાય છે એમનો કોઈ ફરિયાદ નથી. પરિસ્થિતિ એમને અનુકૂળ થાય તેવો તેમનો આગ્રહ હોતો નથી. ત્યાં કોઈ 'હું"ની હયાતિ જ નથી! એમને માટે ભવિષ્યનું અસ્તિત્વ નથી.

નીતિની વાત નીકળી ત્યારે કહે' સામૂહિક ખૂન, રાજકારણમાં ખૂન કે હત્યા થાય તેને પ્રોત્સાહન અપાય છે, મદદ કરાય છે, પ્રશંસા થાય છે. ધર્મને નામે, દેશને નામે ખૂન થાય તે નીતિ. ને અંગત જીવનમાં એક માણસ પોતાની કોઈ સંપત્તિ બીજો ઝૂંટવી જાય તેનું ખૂન કરે તો અનીતિ! તે કયાંનો ન્યાય? કઈ નીતિ? કદાચ એ માણસ આ ધાર્મિક ને રાજકારણના માણસો કરતાં વધારે નીતિમાન હોઈ શકે!

ગઈ કાલે એમની તબિયત સહેજ બગડેલી. કહે કે શરીરને તમે એની રીતે અવરોધ વિના વર્તવા દો તો એ ધાડપાળની દક્ષતા અને ચોકસાઈથી વર્તે છે. પોતાનોજ દાખલો આપતા કહે કે કોઈ પણ સ્થળે કોઈ પણ સંજોગોમાં સાત વાગે એમનું પેટ સાફ આવે જ! સાત વાગે એટલે યુ.જી. ટોઈલેટમાં હોય જ! પણ એમની આવી વાત દૈહિક પરિવર્તનની જ છે. (શહે-રમાં રહી આપણે શરીર નિર્દોષતા ગુમાવી બેઠા એટલે એમની ઈર્ષા આવે!)

વાતો રઝળતી હતી ને ત્રૂટક ત્રૂટક! કોઈ એક સૂત્રમાં બાંધી શકાય એવી સળંગ ચર્ચા થઈ નહીં એટલે આ એક ત્રૂટકતા દેખાશે. વળતાં એક મિત્રે મજાકમાં કહ્યું, "આ લોકો (જે. કે., રજનીશ) વિ. પાછળ જિંદગીના પચાસ વરસો વેડફી નાખ્યાં, શું કર્યું એમણે? શું આપ્યું? એ લોકો તો કોઈ શ્રીમંતના બૅંક બેલન્સને સહારે રોલ્સ-રોયસમાં ફરતા રહ્યા ને વિમાનમાં દેશ-વિદેશ ઉડતા રહ્યા." હું કોઈ ફૂટપટ્ટો લઈ યુ. જી. પાસે પહોંચ્યો નહોતો. કશું મેળવવાની આશાએ પણ નહીં એ લોકો પાસેથી જ શીખ્યો છું. 'કોઈ તમને કશું આપી શકે નહીં" ને યુ. જી. પોતે જ કહે છે 'લોકોને સુધારવાના ધંધામાં હું પડયો નથી. એવી સત્તા મને કોણે આપી?' પ્રવચનો, ભાષણો આપતો નથી. હું તો મારું પોતાનું ગીત ગાઉં છું. કોઈ આવે તો વાત કરું છું. નહીં તો બહાર લટાર મારવા નીકળી પડું છું. પક્ષીઓને જોઉં છું. વૃક્ષો જોઉં છું, સાવ સાદો સીધો, સામાન્ય માણસ છું. નાહક ખોટી ગૂંચવણો ઊભી કરવી મને ગમતી નથી. અંગત કહી શકાય એવી કોઈ મારી જિંદગી નથી. કોઈ પણ માણસ ગમે ત્યારે આવી મારા દ્વાર ખખડાવી શકે! એમને જોઈ આવ-કાર, છું, ને પૂછું છું, "ગુડ મોર્નિંગ, તમારે માટે હું શું કરી શકું?"

PRAVASI AND JANMABHUMI FEBRUARY 17, 1985

-(GUJARATI PAPER)

SUNDAY MORNING WITH UG

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એક રવિવારની સવાર-યુ.જી. સાથે

વિપિન પરીખ

શિયાળો આવતાં જ મુંબઈમાં એક બીજી મોસમ બેસે છે. વિદેશી પંખીઓની જેમ સંતો-ગુરુઓ અમેરિકા, યુરોપથી હિંદુસ્તાનમાં ઊતરી આવે છે. આ લખું છું ત્યારે જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ મુંબઈમાં પ્રવચનો આપી રહ્યા છે. દાદા (ગાવંડ) પણ અહીં જ છે. યુ.જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ પણ વિજય આનંદના પાલી હીલના ફ્લેટમાં થોડાક જિજ્ઞાસુ સાથે વિચારોની આપ-લે કરે છે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ વરસોથી પ્રવચનો આપતા આવ્યા છે. હવે તેમનો અવાજ ધ્રૂજતો ને ધીમો થયો છે. ના, ના કરતા તેમનાં પુસ્તકો ને કેસેટો પણ વેચાવા લાગ્યા છે. દાદા ને યુ. જી. પ્રવચનો નથી આપતા. દાદાની કેસેટ અલબત્ત બહાર પડી છે. યુ. જી. અને કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિમાં એક ભારોભાર આકાશ છે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ એક બેડખોર તરીકે બહાર આવ્યા, યુ. જી. તેમના કરતા સવાયા બેડખોર નીકળ્યા. દાદા કંઈક સંકોચશીલ ને પુરેપુરા સૌજન્યભર્યા! કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિનું ખાસ્સું ચાહકવૃંદ. યુ. જી. ને દાદાને ઝાઝા માણસોની ભીડમાં રસ નહીં. યુ. જી.ના દ્વાર હંમેશ ખુલ્લા. એક મિત્રને પૂછ્યું, "યુ.જી.ને મળવા જવું છે આવશો?" તો હસીને કહે 'જવા દોને વિપિનભાઈ!' એ કહેશે, "તમે નાહક તમારો સમય બગાડયો. હું તમને કશું આપી શકું એમ નથી." હશે, થોડાક જિજ્ઞાસુ સાથે તેમને આજે મળવાનું થયું. વાતો કોઈ ચોકકસ દિશામાં ગતિ નહોતી કરતી. દિશાહીન જ રહી. છતાં તેમાંથી થોડું ઘણું જે ઉપજ્યું તે વિચારને ખળભળાવનાર તો હતું જ. જિજ્ઞાસુઓમાં કોઈ પ્રોફેસર, કોઈ સર્વોદય કાર્યકર, તંત્રી કે કોઈ કળાકાર હતા હા, એક ધ્યાન ખેંચે એવી હકીકત એ હતી કે આ રવિવારની સવારે બધા જ જિજ્ઞાસુઓ ગુજરાતી હતા. બધાએ કશું ન કશું વાંચ્યું હતું. બધા જ ગુરુ-ગોડમેનો, સંતોની એક ફેશન હોય છે: તેઓ પાછા આ બૌધ્ધિકોની મજાક, ઠેકડી ઉડાવતા હોય છે. ને પોતે 'થીલર' ને 'ટાઈમ' જેવા મેગેઝિન સિવાય બીજું કશું વાંચતા નથી એમ કહેતા હોય છે. યુ.જી.એ જ એકવાર મજાકમાં કહ્યું હતું, "આ બૌધ્ધિકો લાલ ગેરુને અગ્નિ સમજી હાથ મૂકી તાપવા બેઠેલા વાંદરા જેવા છે."

એક જિજ્ઞાસુએ સહેજ પ્રશ્ન કર્યો કે, "વિદ્યાર્થી અને મિત્રો દર અઠવાડિયે ભેગા થઈ અમે વિચારોની આપ-લે કરીએ છે, હું તેમને મદદરૂપ થવાની કોશિષ કરું છું. એ ઠીક છે?" યુ.જી. પૂછે, "કઈ બાબતમાં? તમે વૈજ્ઞાનિક જ્ઞાનની બાબતમાં હકીકતો, માહિતી આપી શકો. આધ્યાત્મિક અનુભવની આપ-લે કરી શકો નહીં. કોઈ તમારી પાસે શું કામ આવે? ને તમે શું આપી શકો? એક ડચ છોકરીને મેં કેરી બતાવી—આપી. કેરી એણે જિંદગીમાં જોઈ નથી. એ એને કેવી રીતે અનુભવી શકે? ખાઈને પછી એ સરખામણી કરશે. એવું જ કોઈ પણ નવા અનુભવનું છે. તમે એને વર્ણવી શકો નહીં. અને માહિતી—ઈન્ફોરમેશનની બાબતમાં કોમ્પ્યુટરથી આજે બધું જ કામ થઈ શકે છે. હા, માણસના અહંને એ વાત ગમતી નથી. પણ માણસ કરતાં પણ વધુ દક્ષતાથી આ કોમ્પ્યુટર કામ કરી શકે છે. પણ આ બીજાને સુધારવાની ચળ એ ચળ જ ન્યુરોટિક છે."

બીજા જિજ્ઞાસુએ પૂછ્યું કે શરીરમાં શકિતની ગતિ (કુંડલિની?) થાય છે તેમાં કેટલાંક સાધકોને બારખડીના અક્ષરો દેખાય છે તે વાત સાચી?" ત્યારે યુ.જી. કહે: "આ મનના 'પ્રોજેકશન' છે. અણુનું ગતિશીલ ભ્રમણ અનુભવ્યું; તે કંઈ ચક્રાકારે થયું તેની બીજી તુલના ન સૂઝવાથી ચક્ર કહ્યાં. અવાજ જે સંભળાય છે જેને તમે નાદ, બ્રહ્મનાદ વગેરે મોટામસ આધ્યાત્મિક નામો આપો છો તે લોહીના પરિભ્રમણ ઝડપી ગતિને લઈને આભારી છે. તેમાં વિશિષ્ટ કશું નથી. આસમાની, સોનેરી રંગો દેખાય છે તે મનની કલ્પના છે. તમે જે વિચારો તે તમે જોઈ શકો."

યુ.જી. વારેવારે સર્જનાત્મકતા 'કીએટીવીટી'ની વાત કાઢી કહે કે કોઈ પણ વૈજ્ઞાનિક નવું કશું સર્જન કરતો જ નથી. વૈશ્વિક ચેતનામાંથી જ એ આવતું હોય છે ને એ કયાં ને કયાં, કોઈનું સદીઓ પહેલાંનું પણ અનુકરણ કરતો હોય છે. આ વૈશ્વિક ચેતનાનો માનવ પણ એક ભાગ છે. પશુઓ, પંખીઓની ચેતનામાંથી પણ એ મેળવતો જ રહ્યો છે. સર્જક જે કંઈ ચીતરે, લખે તે કયાંક કોઈએ અગાઉ કહ્યું છે, વિચાર્યું છે.

બૌધ્ધિકોની વાત નીકળી ત્યારે કહે આ બૌધ્ધિકો કેટલું બધું લખ-લખ કરે છે? બટ્રાન્ડ રસેલ, 'નીલની નિશાળ'વાળો નીસ-આખરે આ લોકોએ જીવનનો કેવો છબરડો વાળ્યો? (વૉટ એ મેસ ધ મેઈડ ઓફ ધેર લાઈફ?)

ગઈ કાલે કહે કે એક છોકરીએ રાજીવ વિષે વાત કરી તો મેં (યુ. જી.એ) મારો અભિપ્રાય આપ્યો. નહીં કે હું કોઈ જ્ઞાની પુરુષ છું, પણ ત્રીસ ચાળીસ વરસથી 'ટાઈમ' મેગેઝિન વાંચતો આવ્યો છું. મને એના લેખો ગમે છે. તે પરથી, તે અનેક જગ્યાએ ફરવાથી, લોકોને મળવાથી અભિપ્રાય આપું છું. નહીં કે મારા અભિપ્રાયનું કોઈ બીજું આગવું મૂલ્ય છે કે વજૂદ છે. એક વખત એમણે કહેલું કે બીજા અનેક માણસોની જેમ મારે પણ અભિપ્રાયો (ઓપિનિયન્સ) છે ને હું જાણું છું કે એ બધા બેહુદા, અર્થહીન છે. મજાકમાં કહે મુંબઈ સમાચારનો વાચક જન્મભૂમિના વાચક જોડે ચર્ચા કરે છે. વાસ્તવિકતામાં તો જાણે તેઓ નહીં પણ મુંબઈ સમાચારનો તંત્રી જન્મભૂમિના તંત્રી સાથે વાત કરતો હોય છે.

બેંગ્લોરમાં રહેતા તેમના એક સ્નેહી સન્નારીને અચાનક કોઈ સિધ્ધિ પ્રાપ્ત થઈ હતી તેની વાત નીકળી. બહેન માને કે તેમનાં પાઠ, પૂજાને કારણે તેમને આ સિધ્ધિ પ્રાપ્ત થઈ. અનેક વિષયોનું આંજી નાખે તેવું ગજબનું જ્ઞાન તેમને આ કારણે પ્રાપ્ત થયું. પરંતુ યુ.જી. કહે, પૂજા, પ્રાર્થના ને આની સાથે કોઈ નિસ્બત નથી. એ એક અકસ્માત છે ને અચાનક જ કયાંથી કોઈ દ્વાર ખુલી જાય છે ને વૈશ્વિક ચેતનાના સંપર્કમાં એ મૂકાઈ જાય

(અનુસંધાન પાનુ ૧૪)

સ્વર્ગ વિ.ની કલ્પના કરે છે. પણ જ્ઞાનથી તમે મૃત્યુને પામી નહીં શકો. જ્ઞાનનો, જ્ઞાનના સાતત્યનો અંત તે મૃત્યુ છે. કદાચ મૃત્યુ જેવું કશું છે જ નહીં. એવું શું છે જે મૃત્યુ પામશે. દેહ પંચમહાભૂતમાં મળી જશે એટલું જે બાળો તો તેની રાખ ભૂમિને ફળદ્રુપ કરશે. દાટશો તો કીડા કીડા એને ખાશે. ડુબાડશો તો માછલીઓને ખોરાક થશે. એક જીવ બીજા જીવ ઉપર નભે છે ને એ રીતે જીવન ચાલુ રહેશે. એ અર્થમાં જીવન અમર (ઈમ્પોર્ટલ) છે. પણ લોકોને માટે મૃત્યુ ભયથી વિશેષ કશું નથી, ભય—આ 'હું'ને મરણ પામવું નથી.

એક જ વાક્યમાં તમારો ઉપદેશ શું એમ પૂ. જી.ને જ્યારે પૂછવામાં આવ્યું ત્યારે તેમણે કહ્યું, "હું તમને કોઈ રીતે સહાયરૂપ થઈ શકું એમ નથી."

પૂ. જી. આમ તો સ્વીટઝરલેંડમાં રહે છે ને ત્યાંની ઠંડીથી બચવા આપણા દેશમાં આવે છે. પ્રવચનો કરતા નથી ને વાતચીતનું માધ્યમ ઈંગ્લીશ હોવાથી આ દેશના સામાન્ય જનથી અસ્પૃષ્ટ ને અણજાણ જ રહ્યા છે.

આપણી માન્યતાઓના ચોકઠામાં પૂ. જી. સહેલાઈથી ગોઠવાઈ શકે એવા નથી. સમજવા સરળ નથી.

આધ્યાત્મિક ખોજમાં અનેક પુસ્તકો, અનેક ગુરુઓનો આ પણને મળે છે. જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ એ આવી શાસ્ત્રોનો, ગુરુનો, સંસ્થાનો છેદ ઉડાવ્યો. પૂ. જી. આવી હવે કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિનો પણ છેદ ઉડાવી દે છે. રજનીશજી કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિથી શરૂઆત કરી પછીથી સોની કેડી પણ ઉડાવી શકે! જીજ્ઞાસુઓએ આખરે તો પોતે જ સત્ય ખોળી કાઢવાનું રહે છે. ત્યારે પણ પૂ. જી. તો કહેશે, "પરમ સત્ય જેવી કોઇ વસ્તુ જ નથી."

દૂર અને નજીકના ઈતિહાસના બે પાનાં

□ ક્રાન્તિ ભટ્ટ

બ્રિટન અને અમેરિકામાં વસવા ગયેલા ભારતીયો આપણા દેશ માટે ભારતના લેખકો કરતાં વિદેશના લેખકો પાસેથી ભારતની ભવ્યતા વિષે વધુ જાણી લે છે. "ઈન્ડિયા રિસકવર્ડ: ધી એચીવમેન્ટ ઓફ ધી રાજ" નામનું પુસ્તક લંડન ખાતેના ફેસ્ટીવલ ઓફ ઈન્ડિયાના આયોજન પહેલાં લખાયું હતું. તેમાં ૨૧૭ વર્ષ પહેલાંના ભારતની કેટલીક વાતો લખવામાં આવી છે અને ખાસ કરીને કેટલાક બ્રિટિશ વિદ્વાનોએ ભારત વિષે કેવી ઉટપટાંગ વાતો બ્રિટિશ પ્રજાના મગજમાં ભરાવી હતી તે "ઈન્ડિયા રિસકવર્ડ" નામનાં પુસ્તકમાં લખ્યું છે. આ પુસ્તકની કેટલીક વાતો આ દૂરના ઈતિહાસમાંથી આપણે જાણીશું. ઉપરાંત તાજેતરમાં પ્રમુખ સાદતના ખૂન પછી ઈજિપ્તનાં હિમતવાન પત્રકાર અને તંત્રી હેયકલને પ્રમુખ મુબારકે જેલમાંથી છોડ્યા પછી તેણે થોડાક તાજા ઈતિહાસની વાત કરી છે તે આ લેખમાં હું આપવા માગું છું.

ઈન્ડિયા રીસકવર્ડ:— આ પુસ્તકમાં લેખક જોન કી એ ભારતના કેટલાક જૂના બ્રિટિશ ઈતિહાસકારોએ લખેલી જૂઠી વાતોનો ભાંડો ફોડ્યો છે: ૧૭૬૫ માં મોગલ સલ્તનતના છેલ્લા બાદશાહે બંગાળનો વહીવટ ઈસ્ટ ઈન્ડિયા કંપનીને સોંપી દીધો હતો. ૧૭૭૪ માં વોરન હેસ્ટીંગ્ઝને ભારતનો ગવર્નર જનરલ બનાવવામાં આવ્યો હતો. જો કે અત્યારના વિશાળ ભારતનો તમામ ભાગ વોરન હેસ્ટીંગ્ઝના વહીવટ નીચે નહોતો છતાં તેને 'ગવર્નર જનરલ ઓફ ઈન્ડિયા' કહેવામાં આવતો હતો. વોરન હેસ્ટીંગ્ઝ અમુક દૃષ્ટિએ ઘણો ખુલ્લા મનવાળો અને ભારતની સંસ્કૃતિનો ચાહક હતો. તે ભારતની ભાષાઓ અને ભવ્ય સંસ્કૃતિથી પ્રભાવિત થયો હતો અને બ્રિટનથી આવતા દરેક શિખાઉ અંગ્રેજ ઓફિસરને તે ભારતની ભાષાઓ અને રીતરિવાજો શીખી લેવાની ફરજ પાડતો હતો. પણ તે નિષ્ફળ ગયો. કારણ કે જે તે પછીના ૧૨૫ વર્ષ સુધી ભારત વિષે ઘણી અપમાનજનક વાતો ઈતિહાસરૂપે અમુક અંગ્રેજ ઈતિહાસકારો લખવા માંડ્યા હતા.

આ ઈતિહાસકારોમાં પૈકીના 'બદમાશ' ગણી શકાય તેવા ઈતિહાસકાર હતા જેમ્સ મીલ. આ જેમ્સ મીલે ભારતની ધરતી જોઈ નહોતી અને તેને ભારતની કોઈ ભાષાનું જ્ઞાન પણ નહોતું. તે માણસે લંડનમાં બેઠાં બેઠાં "હીસ્ટરી ઓફ ઈન્ડિયા" નામનો ગ્રંથ લખ્યો હતો. એ ઈતિહાસ દરેક બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરોએ ભારત આવતાં પહેલાં વાંચવો પડતો હતો. જાણે જેમ્સ મીલ કોઈ ઈતિહાસ નહીં પણ તબેમતનામું લખતો હોય તેમ તેમણે આ ઈતિહાસ લખ્યો હતો: સાથે મેકોલે જેવા માણસે પણ ત્યારે લખેલું કે: "હિન્દુ ધર્મ એક એવો ધર્મ છે જે મૂર્ખતાથી ભરેલો છે, નફરત પેદા થાય તેવી વાતો હિન્દુ ધર્મમાં છે અને જગતમાં અધમમાં અધમ કહી શકાય તેવો આ હિન્દુ ધર્મ છે." મેકોલેએ વધુમાં લખ્યું હતું કે "સંસ્કૃત ભાષા સાવ મૂલ્ય વગરની છે અને ઈંગ્લાંડમાં જે બાળકો માટેની પાઠમાળા છે તેના કરતાં પણ તુચ્છક વાતો સંસ્કૃત ભાષામાં લખાયેલ છે." આ પ્રકારે હિન્દુ ધર્મ અને સંસ્કૃતનું અવમૂલ્યન કરીને મેકોલે જ્યારે બ્રિટિશ પાર્લામેન્ટમાં બોલતો ત્યારે તે પુરવાર કરવા માગતો હતો કે ભારતની શાળાઓમાં સંસ્કૃત, પર્શીયન અને અરબી ભાષા શીખવવા ઉપર પ્રતિબંધ મૂકવો જોઈએ. આ ભાષાઓમાં કંઈ દમ નથી.

આ પ્રકારે મેકોલે અને જેમ્સ મીલના બકવાસને કારણે જે પણ બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરો ભારત આવતા તે બધા ભારતીય સંસ્કૃતિ પ્રત્યે ઉપેક્ષા સેવતા અને ભારતના લોકોને પણ દીન-હીન સમજતા હતા. ઇતિહાસકાર કોઈ દેશને અને તેની પ્રજાને કેવો અન્યાય કરી શકે છે તેના દાખલા આપીને "ઈન્ડિયા રીસકવર્ડ"માં જેમ્સ મીલે તે સમયના ઈતિહાસકારોના કૌભાંડને ખુલ્લું કર્યું છે. બ્રિટનની કે ભારતની લાયબ્રેરીમાંથી જેમ્સ મીલના પુસ્તક હોય તે હટાવી દેવા જોઈએ.

બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરો ખોટો ઈતિહાસ વાંચીને આવતા હતા એટલે તે બધા ભારતમાં પગલું ભરીને સૌ પ્રથમ તો ભવ્ય ઈમારતોને ઉડાડી દેવાની પેરવી કરતા હતા. રેલવે લાઈન નાંખતી વખતે બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરોએ જાણી જોઈને ઉચ્ચ કલાકૃતિવાળા ઐતિહાસિક મહેલો અને ઈમારતોને કોન્ટ્રાક્ટરો દ્વારા પડાવી નાખી હતી. બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરો કોઈ દેશી રાજ્યની જૂની ઈમારતો રહેવા માટે ભાડે રાખતા ત્યારે ભીંત ઉપર ચીતરેલા ઉત્તમ ચિત્રો ઉપર ચુનો લગાવી દેતા હતા. આવા ઘણા ઉત્તમ પેઈન્ટિંગ નષ્ટ થઈ ગયા હતા. ઘણા હિન્દુ મંદિરોને બ્રિટિશ લશ્કર માટેના કોફીશોપમાં ફેરવી દેવામાં આવ્યા હતા અને એક વખત તો તાજમહાલની એક અટારી ઉપર એક તોછડા બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરે બોલડાન્સ ગોઠવવાની ધૃષ્ટતા પણ કરી હતી.

આ પ્રકારે ભારતની સંસ્કૃતિને ભાંડનારી ઈતિહાસકારોની ટોળી ઊભી થઈ તેવા વાતાવરણમાં ભારતમાં જોન્સ, પ્રીન્સેપ, કનીંગહામ, ફરગ્યુસન, હોજસન અને હેવેલ જેવા ઘણા તટસ્થ વિદ્વાનો આવ્યા. તે લોકોએ પોતાની આંખો ઘણી ઉઘાડી રાખી છતાં ઉપરના ઈતિહાસકારોએ તેમના મનમાં ઘણો પૂર્વગ્રહ બેસાડ્યો હતો. એટલે આ વિદ્વાનો પણ ભારતની ભવ્યતાના લખાણ પછી લખતા કે "ભારતમાં આ પુરાણી સંસ્કૃતિ ભવ્ય તો છે જ પણ ભારતના લોકો આવી મૂલ્યવાન સંસ્કૃતિ રચવા માટે બિલકુલ શક્તિ ધરાવતા નહોતા અને જે કાંઈ સર્જન થયું તે બધું ભારતીય લોકોએ પરદેશની સંસ્કૃતિમાંથી ઉછીનું લીધું છે કે તફડંચી કરી છે." એટલી હદ સુધી આ વિદ્વાનો કહેતા કે બુદ્ધ કાંઇ ભારતના નહોતા. બુદ્ધના જન્મ-

સ્વર્ગ વિ.ની કલ્પના કરે છે. પણ જ્ઞાનથી તમે મૃત્યુને પામી નહીં શકો. જ્ઞાનનો, જ્ઞાનના સાતત્યનો અંત તે મૃત્યુ છે. કદાચ મૃત્યુ જેવું કશું છે જ નહીં. એવું શું છે જે મૃત્યુ પામશે. દેહ પંચમહાભૂતમાં મળી જશે એટલું જે બાળો તો તેની રાખ ભૂમિને ફળદ્રુપ કરશે. દાટશો તો ઈયળ કીડા એને ખાશે. ડૂબાડશો તો માછલીઓને ખોરાક થશે. એક જીવ બીજે જીવ ઉપર નભે છે ને એ રીતે જીવન ચાલુ રહેશે. એ અર્થમાં જીવન અમર (ઈમ્પોર્ટલ) છે. પણ લોકોને માટે મૃત્યુ ભયથી વિશેષ કશું નથી, ભય—આ 'હું'ને મરણ પામવું નથી.

એક જ વાક્યમાં તમારો ઉપદેશ શું એમ યુ. જી.ને જ્યારે પૂછવામાં આવ્યું ત્યારે તેમણે કહ્યું, "હું તમને કોઈ રીતે સહાયરૂપ થઈ શકું એમ નથી."

યુ. જી. આમ તો સ્વીટઝરલેંડમાં રહે છે ને ત્યાંની ઠંડીથી બચવા આપણા દેશમાં આવે છે. પ્રવચનો કરતા નથી ને વાતચીતનું માધ્યમ ઈંગ્લીશ હોવાથી આ દેશના સામાન્ય જનથી અસ્પૃષ્ટ ને અણજાણ જ રહ્યા છે.

આપણી માન્યતાઓના ચોકઠામાં યુ. જી. સહેલાઈથી ગોઠવાઈ શકે એવા નથી. સમજવા સરળ નથી.

આધ્યાત્મિક ખોજમાં અનેક પુસ્તકો, અનેક ગુરુસંતો આ પણને મળે છે. જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ ો આવી શાસ્ત્રોનો, ગુરુનો, સંસ્થાનો છેદ ઉડાવ્યો. યુ. જી. આવી હવે કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિનો પણ છેદ ઉડાવી દે છે. રજનીશજી કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિથી શરૂઆત કરી પછીથી એની ઠેકડી પણ ઉડાવી શકે! જીજ્ઞાસુઓએ આખરે તો પોતે જ સત્ય ઓધી કાઢવાનું રહે છે. ત્યારે પણ યુ. જી. તો કહેશે, "પરમ સત્ય જેવી કોઇ વસ્તુ જ નથી."

દૂર અને નજીકના ઈતિહાસના બે પાનાં

□ કાન્તિ ભટ્ટ

બ્રિટન અને અમેરિકામાં વસવા ગયેલા ભારતીઓ આપણા દેશ માટે ભારતના લેખકો કરતાં વિદેશના લેખકો પાસેથી ભારતની ભવ્યતા વિષે વધુ જાણી લે છે. "ઈન્ડિયા ડિસકવર્ડ: ધી એચીવમેન્ટ ઓફ ધી રાજ" નામનું પુસ્તક લંડન ખાતેના ફેસ્ટીવલ ઓફ ઈન્ડિયાના આયોજન પહેલાં લખાયું હતું. તેમાં ૨૧૭ વર્ષ પહેલાંના ભારતની કેટલીક વાતો લખવામાં આવી છે અને ખાસ કરીને કેટલાક બ્રિટિશ વિદ્વાનોએ ભારત વિષે કેવી ઉટપટાંગ વાતો બ્રિટિશ પ્રજાના મગજમાં ભરાવી હતી તે "ઈન્ડિયા ડિસકવર્ડ" નામનાં પુસ્તકમાં લખ્યું છે. આ પુસ્તકની કેટલીક વાતો આ દૂરના ઈતિહાસમાંથી આપણે જાણીશું. ઉપરાંત તાજેતરમાં પ્રમુખ સાદતના ખૂન પછી ઈજિપ્તનાં હિમતવાન પત્રકાર અને તંત્રી હેયકાલને પ્રમુખ મુબારકે જેલમાંથી છોડયા પછી તેણે થોડાક તાજા ઈતિહાસની વાત કરી છે તે આ લેખમાં હું આપવા માગું છું.

ઈન્ડિયા ડીસકવર્ડ:— આ પુસ્તકમાં લેખક જોન કી એ ભારતના કેટલાક જૂના બ્રિટિશ ઈતિહાસકારોએ લખેલી જૂઠી વાતોનો ભાંડો ફોડયો છે: ૧૭૬૫ માં મોગલ સલ્તનતના છેલ્લા પાદશાહે બંગાળનો વહીવટ ઈસ્ટ ઈન્ડિયા કંપનીને સોંપી દીધો હતો. ૧૭૭૪ માં વોરન હેસ્ટીંગ્ઝને ભારતનો ગવર્નર જનરલ બનાવવામાં આવ્યો હતો. જો કે અત્યારના વિશાળ ભારતનો તમામ ભાગ વોરન હેસ્ટીંગ્ઝના વહીવટ નીચે નહોતો છતાં તેને 'ગવર્નર જનરલ ઓફ ઈન્ડિયા' કહેવામાં આવતો હતો. વોરન હેસ્ટીંગ્ઝ અમુક દૃષ્ટિએ ઘણો ખુલ્લા મનવાળો અને ભારતની સંસ્કૃતિનો ચાહક હતો. તે ભારતની ભાષાઓ અને ભવ્ય સંસ્કૃતિથી પ્રભાવિત થયો હતો અને બ્રિટનથી આવતા દરેક શિખાઉ અંગ્રેજ ઓફિસરને તે ભારતની ભાષાઓ અને રીતરિવાજો શીખી લેવાની ફરજ પાડતો હતો. પણ તે નિષ્ફળ ગયો. કારણ કે જો તે પછીના ૧૨૫ વર્ષ સુધી ભારત વિષે ઘણી અપમાનજનક વાતો ઈતિહાસરૂપે અમુક અંગ્રેજ ઈતિહાસકારો લખવા માંડયા હતા.

આ ઈતિહાસકારો પૈકીના 'બદમાશ' ગણી શકાય તેવા ઈતિહાસકાર હતા જેમ્સ મીલ. આ જેમ્સ મીલે ભારતની ધરતી જોઈ નહોતી અને તેને ભારતની કોઈ ભાષાનું જ્ઞાન પણ નહોતું. તે માણસે લંડનમાં બેઠાં બેઠાં "હીસ્ટરી ઓફ ઈન્ડિયા" નામનો ગ્રંથ લખ્યો હતો. એ ઈતિહાસ દરેક બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરોએ ભારત આવતાં પહેલાં વાંચવો પડતો હતો. જાણે જેમ્સ મીલ કોઈ ઈતિહાસ નહીં પણ તહોમતનામું લખતો હોય તેમ તેમણે આ ઈતિહાસ લખ્યો હતો: સાથે મેકોલે જેવા માણસે પણ ત્યારે લખેલું કે: "હિન્દુ ધર્મ એક એવો ધર્મ છે જે મૂર્ખતાથી ભરેલો છે, નફરત પેદા થાય તેવી વાતો હિન્દુ ધર્મમાં છે અને જગતમાં અધમમાં અધમ કહી શકાય તેવો આ હિન્દુ ધર્મ છે." મેકોલેસે વધુમાં લખ્યું હતું કે "સંસ્કૃત ભાષા સાવ મૂલ્ય વગરનો છે અને ઈંગ્લાડમાં જે બાળકો માટેની પાઠમાળા છે તેના કરતાં પણ ક્ષુલ્લક વાતો સંસ્કૃત ભાષામાં લખાયેલ છે." આ પ્રકારે હિન્દુ ધર્મ અને સંસ્કૃતનું અવમૂલ્યન કરીને મેકોલે જ્યારે બ્રિટિશ પાર્લામેન્ટમાં બોલતો ત્યારે તે પુરવાર કરવા માગતો હતો કે ભારતની શાળાઓમાં સંસ્કૃત, પર્શીયન અને અરબી ભાષા શીખવવા ઉપર પ્રતિબંધ મૂકવો જોઈએ. આ ભાષાઓમાં કંઈ દમ નથી.

આ પ્રકારે મેકોલે અને જેમ્સ મીલના બકવાસને કારણે જે પણ બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરો ભારત આવતા તેઓ ભારતીય સંસ્કૃતિ પ્રત્યે ઉપેક્ષા સેવતા અને ભારતના લોકોને પણ દીન-હીન સમજતા હતા. ઇતિહાસકાર કોઈ દેશને અને તેની પ્રજાને કેવો અન્યાય કરી શકે છે તેના દાખલા આપીને "ઈન્ડિયા ડીસકવર્ડ"માં જેમ્સ કીએ તે સમયના ઈતિહાસકારોના કૌભાંડને ખુલ્લું કર્યું છે. બ્રિટનની કે ભારતની લાયબ્રેરીઓમાં જેમ્સ મીલના પુસ્તક હોય તે હટાવી દેવા જોઈએ.

બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરો ખોટો ઈતિહાસ વાંચીને આવતા હતા એટલે તેઓ ભારતમાં પગલું ભરીને સૌ પ્રથમ તો ભવ્ય ઈમારતોને ઉડાડી દેવાની પેરવી કરતા હતા. રેલવે લાઈન નાંખતી વખતે બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરોએ જાણી જોઈને ઉચ્ચ કલાકૃતિવાળા ઐતિહાસિક મહેલો અને ઈમારતોને કોન્ટ્રાકટરો દ્વારા પડાવી નાખી હતી. બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરો કોઈ દેશી રાજ્યની જૂની ઈમારતો રહેવા માટે ભાડે રાખતા ત્યારે ભીંત ઉપર ચીતરેલા ઉત્તમ ચિત્રો ઉપર ચુનો લગાવી દેતા હતા. આવા ઘણા ઉત્તમ પેઈન્ટિંગ નષ્ટ થઈ ગયા હતા. ઘણા હિન્દુ મંદિરોને બ્રિટિશ લશ્કર માટેનો કોફીશોપમાં ફેરવી દેવામાં આવ્યા હતા અને એક વખત તો તાજમહાલની એક અટારી ઉપર એક તોછડા બ્રિટિશ ઓફિસરે બોલડાન્સ ગોઠવવાની ધૃષ્ટતા પણ કરી હતી.

આ પ્રકારે ભારતની સંસ્કૃતિને ભાંડનારી ઈતિહાસકારોની ટોળી ઊભી થઈ તેવા વાતાવરણમાં ભારતમાં જોન્સ, પ્રીન્સેપ, કનીંગહામ, ફરગ્યુસન, હોજસન અને હેવેલ જેવા ઘણા તટસ્થ વિદ્વાનો આવ્યા. તે લોકોએ પોતાની આંખો ઘણી ઉઘાડી રાખી છતાં ઉપરના ઈતિહાસકારોએ તેમના મનમાં ઘણો પૂર્વગ્રહ બેસાડયો હતો. એટલે આ વિદ્વાનો પણ ભારતની ભવ્યતાના લખાણ પછી લખતા કે "ભારતમાં આ પુરાણી સંસ્કૃતિ ભવ્ય તો છે જ પણ ભારતના લોકો આવી મૂલ્યવાન સંસ્કૃતિ રચવા માટે બિલકુલ શક્તિ ધરાવતા નહોતા અને જે કાંઈ સર્જન થયું તે બધું ભારતીય લોકોએ પરદેશની સંસ્કૃતિમાંથી ઉછીનું લીધું છે કે તફડંચી કરી છે." એટલી હદ સુધી આ વિદ્વાનો કહેતા કે બુદ્ધ કાંઇ ભારતના નહોતા. બુદ્ધના જન્મ-

એમના ૪૯મા વરસ પહેલાં અનેક સિદ્ધિને અનુભૂતિ પામ્યા. પણ તે સિદ્ધિને કશું મહત્ત્વ આપ્યું નહિ. માણસને જોતાં વાર જ તેના સમગ્ર ભૂત, ભવિષ્ય, વર્તમાન નજર સમક્ષ જોઈ શકતા, વાક્‌સિદ્ધિ પણ આવી. બોલે ને તેવું જ થાય! કુટુંબ સાથે અમેરિકા ગયા. '૬૧ સુધીમાં તિજોરીનું તળિયું સાફ થઈ ગયું. તે સાલમાં જ પોતાની ભીતર એક ભયંકર, દુર્દમ્ય ઉલ્કાપાત અનુભવ્યો. તે પછી ત્રણ વરસ સુધી કશું કરવાનું સૂઝે નહીં એવી મૂંઝવણભરી સ્થિતિમાં રખડયા. મનોબળનો નકરો અભાવ! અને પછી એકાએક સહજ અવસ્થા, સ્વાભાવિક અવસ્થાને (નેચરલ સ્ટેટ) પામ્યા. યુ. જી. એ અવસ્થાને એક 'કેલેમીટી' ગણાવે છે. ગુલાબી ખ્યાલોમાં ક્લપેલી હોય તેથી તદ્દન વિપરીત આ સ્થિતિ છે. એકાએક જાણે શરીરના કોષેકોષમાં, જ્ઞાનતંતુઓમાં વિસ્ફોટ થાય છે. આખા દેહના જાણે ભૂક્કેભૂક્કા થઈ જાય છે. માથું-મગજ ખીચોખીચ ભરાઈ તંગ હોય એવું લાગ્યું. વિચારોને જોડનારી કડી તૂટી ગઈ. દરેક વિચાર (થોટ) જન્મે ને તરત વિસ્ફોટ પછી વિચારોનું કોઈ સાતત્ય નહીં. વિચાર એક કુદરતી લયમાં વિરમે છે. દેહની રાસાયણિક પ્રક્રિયા બદલાઈ જાય છે. વ્યવહારિક પ્રશ્નો સિવાયના બધા પ્રશ્નો શમી ગયા. યુ. જી. કહે, "મને ક્યારે ય વિચાર નથી આવતો કે હું તમારાથી કે બીજા કોઈથી જરા પણ જુદો, ભિન્ન છું. કારણ અહીં કોઈ બિંદુ કે કેન્દ્ર નથી. પછી ઈન્દ્રિયો (સેન્સીસ) રહે છે પણ તેનો સુત્રધાર રહેતો નથી."

તે પછી સાત દિવસ દેહની ઈન્દ્રિયોમાં ફેરફાર જણાયો. કેટલોક વખત સ્મૃતિ જતી રહી. ત્વચા એકદમ સુંવાળી થઈ. એટલી સુંવાળી કે દાઢી કરતા બ્લેડ પણ લસરી જાય! દેહને એક સોનેરી આભા આવી. સ્વાદેન્દ્રિય ને ઘ્રાણેન્દ્રિયમાં પણ પરિવર્તન થયું. દૃષ્ટિમાં પણ વિચિત્ર અનુભવ થયો. આંખ સામે 'વિસ્તારવિજન' જેવો વિશાળ દૃશ્યપટ દેખાતો. તેમાંથી વસ્તુઓ તેમના તરફ આવતી દેખાતી ને પોતાનામાંથી બહાર જતી દેખાતી પાંપણ જાણે ફરકવાનું ભૂલી ગઈ. બહારનો અવાજ, કૂતરાનું ભસવું કે ટ્રેનની વ્હીસલ સાંભળતા ને એ અવાજ પોતાનામાં નીકળતો હોય એવું લાગતું. એક દિવસ એવું લાગ્યું કે પોતાનો દેહ જ રહ્યો નથી. પૂછતા, "આ મારા હાથ છે? સોફા પર મારું શરીર દેખાય છે? મારી ભીતરથી કશું એમ નથી કહેતું કે એ મારું શરીર છે."

એક દિવસ ૪૯ મિનિટ સુધી મૃત્યુની પ્રક્રિયામાંથી પસાર થયા. હાથ-પગ ઠંડા પડી ગયા. શરીર જડ થઈ ગયું. હૃદયના, શ્વાસના ધબકારા ધીમા પડયા અને એકાએક બધું બંધ થઈ ગયું. મૃત્યુનો અનુભવ કરનાર પણ ત્યાં ન રહ્યો. પાછા ક્યારે અને કેવી રીતે ફર્યા તેની સભાનતા નહોતી.

આઠમે દિવસે શક્તિનો એક પ્રચંડ, રોકી ન શકાય એવો આવેગ અનુભવ્યો. આખું શરીર ફીટ આવતી હોય તેમ ધ્રૂજી ગયું. રૂમ, સોફા, આખું વિશ્વ જાણે ધ્રૂજી ઊઠયું. દિવસો સુધી આ સ્થિતિ રહી.

તે પછી બધું જ બદલાઈ ગયું. શરીરના કોષેકોષ, રાસાયણિક પ્રક્રિયા, અંતઃસ્રાવી ગ્રંથિઓ, હલનચલન બધું જ. ત્રણ વરસ સુધી આ ચાલ્યું. ત્યાર પછી એક સહજ અવસ્થામાં હંમેશ માટે રહ્યા. ચેતનાની આ મૂળ, આદિમ, પ્રાકૃત સ્થિતિ છે. "આ સારું, આ ખરાબ' એવું તોલનારું કહેનારું, કેન્દ્ર જ વિલુપ્ત થઈ ગયું. આંખો જુએ, પણ જોનાર કોઈ નહીં. વસ્તુ ઉપર નજર મંડાય પણ તેનું નામકરણ ન થાય. ગાય, ઘોડો ગધેડો-નામથી શું ફરક? ઈન્દ્રિયો પોતાના સ્વાભાવિક લયમાં કામ કરે છે. ઈન્દ્રિયોના સંદેશનો અનુવાદ કરનાર, અર્થઘટન કરનાર ત્યાં કોઈ રહેતું નથી. ચેતના પોતાની શુદ્ધ પ્રાકૃત સ્થિતિમાં રહે છે. આ સ્થિતિમાં પાગલ અને શિશુનું જાણે સંમિશ્રણ થાય છે! ઈન્દ્રિયો ખૂબ સતેજ ને સંવેદનશીલ બની ગઈ.

યુ. જી. કહે, "અહીં સુધી મારી કથા છે. પછી તેમાં કશું ઉમેરાતું નથી. મારી પાસે આવી લોકો પ્રશ્નો પૂછે તો ઉત્તર આપું છું. ન આવે તો મારે મન કશો ફરક નથી પડતો. ભાષણો આપતો નથી. લોકોને મોક્ષ આપવાના 'પવિત્ર ધંધા'માં હું નથી પડયો. માનવજાત માટે મારી પાસે કોઈ સંદેશો નથી. મારી જાતને હું કોઈ સાથે સરખાવતો નથી. પ્રબુદ્ધ થવા માટેની બધી તરકીબો બકવાસ છે. સજાગતા કેળવવાથી માનસિક પરિવર્તન (મ્યુટેશન) સંભવે તે વાત નકામી છે. માત્ર દૈહિક પરિવર્તન જ શક્ય છે. આ દૈહિક પરિવર્તન કયાં તો આનુવાંશિક કારણોને લઈને કે કોઈ આકસ્મિક કારણે પરિણમી શકે."

"આ સહજ અવસ્થાનો તમે આદર્શ ન બનાવી શકો. એ અચાનક, અકારણ થટે છે. તમારી સહજ અવસ્થા બીજાની અવસ્થા કરતા તદ્દન ભિન્ન હશે. કારણ તમે પોતે વિશિષ્ટ (યુનિક) છો. એ સ્થિતિ માટે કોઈ સાધના, કોઈ મંત્ર, તંત્ર, જપ નથી; બલ્કે એ સૌ અને તમારો મુક્ત થવાનો પ્રયત્ન પણ, એ અવસ્થાને અવરોધે છે. તમારી ચેતનાને પ્રદૂષિત કરે છે. બીજાની સાથે જાતને સરખાવવાનું છોડી તમે જ્યારે તમે જ રહો છો અને સમસ્ત માનવજાતિના બધા સંસ્કારો ને ભૂતકાળ તમે ખંખેરી નાખો ત્યારે એ અવસ્થા સંભવી શકે. તમે જે નથી તે થવાનો પ્રયત્ન, જાતનું પરિવર્તન કરવાની બધી મથામણ એ માટે બાધક બને છે. આ અવસ્થા નિર્વિચારની અવસ્થા નથી. નિર્વિચારની અવસ્થાના તૂતકી નિઃસાર હિંદુઓને સદીઓથી છેતરવામાં આવ્યા છે. દેહ મડદું ન થાય ત્યાં સુધી વિચારવિહીન દશા સંભવી શકે નહીં. જીવવા માટે વિચારની આવશ્યકતા છે પણ આ અવસ્થામાં વિચારો તમારું મગજ ઘૂંટતા નથી. તમે જ્યારે બધા જ પ્રયત્નોથી થાકીને, હારીને નિઃસહાય થશો ત્યારે એ સ્થિતિ સંભવી શકે."

યુ. જી. પૂછે છે, "તમારી બેઝ શું છે? શું જોઈએ છે તમને? કશું જોઈતું હોય તો પહેલી શરત એ છે કે જે કામને તમે વળગી રહ્યા છો તે સૌને બેગમિસ્તરા સાથે ફગાવી દો. બીજું, એ પામવા માટે તમે જે કંઈ કરો છો તે બધું જ બાધક બને છે. તમે હરહંમેશ એ ચાહામાં જીવો છો કે આજે નહીં તો કાલે, વધુ તે વધુ પ્રયત્નથી એક યા બીજા ગુરુ પાસેથી તમને એ સ્થિતિ પ્રાપ્ત થશે. કોઈ પણ માર્ગ પર તમે (તે માર્ગ ગમે તે હોય) આગળ રહ્યા હો તો આટલું જાણજો કે દરેક માર્ગ તમને ગેરરસ્તે દોરી જશે. મારી વાતોમાંથી પણ કશું શોધવા જશો તો ભૂલા પડશો. તમને મુક્તિ આપનાર હું કોણ? મોક્ષ જેવી કોઈ વસ્તુ નથી એ જ્ઞાન એ જ મુક્તિ છે."

એક બીજી જગાએ કહે, "સીગરેટના ધોખા પર મૂકવામાં આવતી જાહેરખબરની જેમ તમને ચેતવણી આપું છું. કોઈની પણ પાસેથી તમે કશું મેળવી નહીં શકો, કારણ મેળવવા જેવું કશું જ નથી." આ બધા ગુરુઓ જાણે પોતપોતાના બ્રાન્ડની સિગારેટ વેચી રહ્યા છે. દરેક કહે છે કે પોતાની બ્રાન્ડ શ્રેષ્ઠ છે. ને કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ આવી કહે છે તેમની સિગારેટ નીકોટીનથી મુક્ત છે. આ ગુરુઓ જેવા પ્રખર અહંવાદી (ઈગોઈસ્ટ) બીજા કોઈ નથી. ધીખતો ધમધોકાર ધંધો છે."

મૃત્યુ વિષે યુ. જી. કહે, "તમે તમારું મૃત્યુ અનુભવી ન શકો. તમારા જન્મ વખતે તમે હતા? જીવન અને મૃત્યુને તમે જુદા ન કરી શકો. સંચિત જ્ઞાનની ભૂમિકા પરથી અનુભવ કરતું તમારું માણસું પોતાના મૃત્યુની કે મૃત્યુ પછીની સ્થિતિનો (તેમ જ જન્મ પહેલાંની) અનુભવ નહીં કરી શકે. એટલે તે માણસું પુનર્જન્મ

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યુ. જી.: દૈહિક પરિવર્તનની આધ્યાત્મિક યાત્રા

□ વિપિન પરીખ

કોઈ તમને સુંદર ભેટ આપે અને છતાં એ ભેટ તમને અસ્વસ્થ કરી મૂકે એવું બને ખરું? મારા મિત્ર ત્રંબકભાઈએ મને એવું જ એક સુંદર પુસ્તક આપ્યું છે. એ પુસ્તકે મને સાચ્ચે બેચેન કરી મૂક્યો. યુ.જી.ના હુલામણા નામથી જાણીતા શ્રી યુ. જી. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિની કથા તથા વિચારો રજૂ કરતું એ પુસ્તક છે. (ધી મીસ્ટીક ઓફ રોનલાઈટનમેન્ટ). આ માણસ વિચિત્ર છે. પુસ્તકનું પહેલું પાનું વાંચ્યાં જ આફરીન થઈ ગયો,—કંઈક આંચકા સાથે! સાધારણ રીતે લેખકો કોપીરાઈટ માટે ખૂબ જ સજાગ હોય છે, આગ્રહ છે. લખતા હોય છે 'લેખકની પરવાનગી વગર આ પુસ્તકમાંથી કશું છાપવું નહીં" વિ. ત્યારે આ વિચિત્ર માણસ લખે.

"મારા લખાણ વાંચવા દીર્ઘીગનો કોઈ કોપીરાઈટ નથી. મારી પોતાની સંમતિ વિના કે અન્ય કોઈની પરવાનગી વિના તમે મારાનું કશું પણ પુનઃ છાપી શકો, વહેંચી શકો, મનગમતું 'સવળું કે અવળું અર્થઘટન કરી શકો, મરડી શકો. ત્યારે પોતાને નામે ચલાવી, તમારા વિચારો છે એવો દાવો પણ કરી શકો."

તો આગળ એક વખત કહે, "મારા વિશે લખાયેલા લેખો મને ગમતાં નથી. તમે મને ધર્મિષ્ઠ વ્યક્તિ તરીકે રજૂ કરવાનો પ્રયત્ન કરો છો—ને તે હું નથી. હું જે કહું છું તેમાં કોઈ ધાર્મિક કે ગૂઢ તત્ત્વ નથી. માણસને માનવના ઉદ્ધારકોથી બચાવવો જોઈએ. આ ધર્મિષ્ઠ લોકોએ આખી માનવજાતને છેતરી છે. એ લોકોને ફેંકી દો. આ જ ખરી હિંમત છે.

રહેરાશી બળવાખોર, આખાબોલા ને નિર્ભીક છે. ધર્મના તમામ સાધના, ધ્યાન, જપ-તપ, મંત્ર સંત, ગુરુ સૌ પર આપણને અસ્વસ્થ કરી મૂકે એવા આકરા પ્રહાર કરે છે. કોઈને છોડતા નથી. જે. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને પણ નહીં!

જીજ્ઞાસુઓને કહે છે, "મારી પાસેથી તમને કશું મળશે નહીં. અહીં આવી તમે નાહક તમારો સમય બરબાદ કરો છો. બિસ્તરા બાંધીને ચાલવા માંડો. મારે કશું આપવાનું નથી. તમારે કશું લેવાનું નથી."

કોણ છે આ યુ. જી.? એ પોતે જ કહે, મારો ભૂતકાળ, પશ્ચાદ્‌ભૂમિ તદ્દન નકામા, બિનમહત્ત્વના છે. એ કોઈ માટે આદર્શ બની શકે નહીં, કારણ તમારી દરેકની પોતાની પશ્ચાદ્‌ભૂમિ આગવી, વિશિષ્ટ છે. તમારા જીવનનો દરેક પ્રસંગ વિશિષ્ટ છે. મારા જીવનની કથા અમુક બિંદુ હદ સુધી ચાલે છે; પછી બંધ થઈ જાય છે."

આમ તો ૪ જુલાઈ, ૧૯૧૮ની સાલમાં મછલીપટ્ટમ નજીક ગુડીવડા શહેરમાં ઉપલા મધ્યમ વર્ગના કુટુંબમાં જન્મ્યા, એમના જન્મ પછી થોડાજ સમયમાં એમના મા મૃત્યુ પામ્યા. ત્યારે નામ હતું ઉપ્પાલપુરી ગોપાળ કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ. નાના પાસે ઉછર્યા. નાના સુસંસ્કૃત શ્રીમંત વકીલ. થિયોસોફીકલ સોસાયટીના પ્લેવેટસ્ટી ને ઓળકોટ વ. જોડે સારો ઘરોબો, છતાં રૂઢિચુસ્ત વાણી ને વર્તનમાં વિરોધ. નાનપણથી જ આ વિરોધાભાસ પુ. જી. માટે પ્રશ્નો ઉત્પન્ન કર્યા. સૌ માનતા કે નાનકડો ઉપ્પાલપુરી યોગભ્રષ્ટ આત્મા છે ને ઉજ્જવળ ભવિષ્ય લઈને જન્મ્યો છે. નાનાએ એના ઉછેર માટે વકીલાત પણ છોડી દીધી. પાંચ સાત વરસના છોકરડા આગળ ઉપનિષદ્ વ.નો ગહન અભ્યાસ થતો. સાત વરસની ઉમ્મરે તો એ પોપટની જેમ બધું બોલી જાત. રામકૃષ્ણ મઠના તેમ જ અન્ય અનેક સાધુસંતોની નમતોદરે આવનજાવન રહેતી. યુ. જી. કહે: "નાનપણથી જ મને પ્રતીતિ થઈ હતી કે આ બધા સાધુઓ દંભી છે. એમના વાણી-વર્તનમાં મેળ નથી અને ત્યારથી જ મારી ખોજનો પ્રારંભ થયો. એમની જિંદગી પોકળ છે. ભય તેમને કોરી ખાય છે. ક્યાંક કશું ખૂટે છે. આ બુદ્ધ, ઈશુ બધા મોક્ષની વાતો કરે છે તેમાં કશું તથ્ય છે? મારે એ શોધવું છે." એ અરસામાં શિવાનંદ સરસ્વતીના સંપર્કમાં આવ્યા. ધ્યાન, યોગ, યમ-નિયમ પાળતા. એ દરમિયાન સમાધિ, નિર્વિકલ્પ સમાધિ વ. અનેક અનુભૂતિ થતી. યુ. જી.ને થયું, "વિચાર, કલ્પના કે ઈચ્છા જાતની અનુભૂતિને પેદા કરી શકે. હું તો છું તેવો ને તેવો જ રહ્યો છું. યંત્રવત્ બધું કરાય છે એટલું જ. મારે માટે ધ્યાનનું કશું મૂલ્ય નથી. આ બધું મને ક્યાંય લઈ નહીં જાય."

એક દિવસે શિવાનંદ સરસ્વતીને બંધ બારણે કેરીનું અથાણું ખાતા જોઈ લીધા. ત્યારે થયું, "આ માણસે કશું ઈનર પામવાની આશાએ જીવનમાં બધું નકાર્યું છે અને છતાં પોતાની જાત પર કાબૂ રાખી નથી શકતો! એ દંભી છે, આ જાતનું જીવન મારે માટે નથી."

તેમને લાગ્યું આ ઈશુ, બુદ્ધ રામકૃષ્ણ વ. સૌ પોતે ભ્રમણામાં રહ્યા અને લોકોને ભ્રમણામાં રાખ્યા. એ લોકો વાતો કરે છે અક્રોધની. મારી વાસ્તવિકતા એ છે કે હું ક્રોધી છું. વાતો કરે છે ઉદારતાની, હું છું લોભી. કૂરતાન આવેગો મારી અંદર ઊછળે છે. હું જે છું તેથી વિપરીત હું જે નથી તે થવાની આ બધા વાતો કરે છે, એ નકરું જૂઠાણું છે ને મને જૂઠો બનાવે છે. વાસ્તવિકતા છે. ક્રોધની, લોભની, કૂરતાની, વાસનાની, અવાસ્તવિક, અકુદરતી છે. આ અહિંસા, અક્રોધ, નિરાસિના બધા પ્રત્યે સૂગ થઈ, થયું "હવેથી શ્લોકો નહીં, સાધના નહીં, ધર્મ નહીં... એમાં કશું નથી." સાધુ-સંતો પાસે જવાનું બંધ કર્યું. થયું: "મારે કોઈ આધ્યાત્મિક અનુભૂતિ જોઈતી નથી. જે અનુભૂતિ જન્મી કે જીવનના બીજા કોઈ અનુભવ જેવી જ છે, એમાં કશો ફેર નથી. મને બ્રહ્મનો અનુભવ નથી જોઈતો."

એવામાં એક મિત્રના સૂચનથી કમને રમણ મહર્ષિ પાસે ગયા. થયું: "શાક સમારતો, કોમીક વાંચતો આ માણસ મને શું મદદ કરવાનો હતો?" છતાં પૂછ્યું, 'તમારી પાસે જે છે તે તમે મને આપી શકો?" મહર્ષિએ સામો પ્રશ્ન કર્યો, "હું તો આપી શકું. તું લઈ શકે?" યુ. જી. આમા થઈ ગયા. "અરે ભાઈ, આ તો મને સામો પૂછે છે: તું લઈ શકે?" બીજા બધા તો આપવાને તત્પર હતા. પ્રશ્ન પડઘાયા કર્યો. યુ.જી.ને થયું: "હું શું કામ ન લઈ શકું?" એમને મન મહત્ત્વનો પ્રશ્ન આ હતો: આ બધા જે અવસ્થામાં છે તે અવસ્થા શી છે? હું પોતે એ અવસ્થા શોધી કાઢીશ. કોઈ મને એ સ્થિતિ આપી નહીં શકે. મારે પોતે જ મારી કેડી કંડારવી પડશે.

થિયોસોફીકલ સોસાયટીમાં લેક્ચરર તરીકે જોડાયા. સારા, કુશળ વકતા હતા. દેશ પરની યુનિવર્સિટીમાં વ્યાખ્યાનો આપતા છતાં અંદરથી બેચેન હતા. "પોપટની જેમ આ બોલબોલ કરવાનો શો અર્થ છે? શા માટે હું મારો સમય બરબાદ કરું છું? આ મારી જિંદગી નથી. આજિવિકા નથી. મને એમાં રસ નથી."

સોસાયટીની મસીહાની વાતોમાં દંભ જોયો. બધા છીછરા લાગ્યા. એવામાં કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિના પરિચયમાં આવ્યા. સાત વરસ સુધી સાંભળ્યા. સીધા સાદા ઉત્તર આપવાને બદલે કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ જાત-બચાવ કરવા લાગ્યા. પડતા મૂક્યા, છૂટા થયા. કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિને કહ્યું, "તમારું વિશેષ લોકોને મદદ નથી કરતું, પાંગળા બનાવે છે."

Regd. No. GBA 94

ચામાચીડિયું

—૨. ૫.

એક વાર પક્ષીઓ અને પશુઓ વચ્ચે મહાયુદ્ધ ફાટી નીકળ્યું. ચામાચીડિયું, અર્ધ – પક્ષી અને અર્ધ – પશુ હોવાથી, જાન બચાવવા યુદ્ધમાંથી ભાગી જવાની આશા રાખતું હતું. મહદ્ અંશે પક્ષીઓ જીતશે એવું ધારી તે હવામાં ઊંચે ઊડ્યું અને શું બની રહ્યું છે તે જોવા થોડે દૂર સ્થિર થઈ ગયું. ઘણું યુદ્ધ ખેલાઈ ગયા પછી પશુઓની જીત થતી લાગી. તેથી ભીરું ચામાચીડિયું પાંખો હલાવી નીચે ઊતર્યું અને પશુઓ સાથે જોડાયું. તેણે તેમને કહ્યું કે, એનું શરીર ઉંદર જેવું છે તેથી તે તેમને વફાદાર રહેશે. પશુઓએ એને અપનાવી લીધું, અને ચામાચીડિયે એમના પક્ષ અને આદર્શને છેદ નહીં દેવાના શપથ લીધા. પણ, અંતે પક્ષીઓના સેનાની, ગરુડની યુદ્ધદક્ષતાને લીધે પક્ષીઓનો વિજય થયો, અને પેલું ચામાચીડિયું પોતાના પ્રાણ બચાવવા નાસી છૂટ્યું. ત્યારથી, જાણે કે બીજાની હાજરીમાં મોઢું બતાવતા શરમાતું હોય તેમ તે ગુફાઓ અને પોલાં વૃક્ષોમાં સંતાઈ રહે છે, અને સંધ્યા થતાં સુધી બહાર દેખા દેતું નથી, – જ્યારે બધાં પક્ષીઓ તેમના માળાઓમાં નિવાસ કરવા ગયેલાં હોય છે.

તંત્રી, પ્રકાશક : રણછોડભાઈ પટેલ ૮, ચેતન સોસાયટી, અકોટા, વડોદરા–૫
મુદ્રક : મહેન્દ્ર પટેલ, ઈમ્પીરિયલ પ્રિન્ટર્સ, ખંડેરાવ માર્કેટ પાછળ, વડોદરા–૧
પ્રકાશન : ૩–૩–'૭૮

સંકલ્પ અર્થાત્ વિચર એટલે જ બંધન.

—નિરાલંબ ઉપનિષદ

આ સર્વ જગત શરીર જેના વડે ચાલે છે, તેની પ્રેરણાથી કર્મ કરે છે, વિચરે છે તે જ બ્રહ્મ તેને મેળવવા જ્ઞાન કે મન સર્વથા અસમર્થ છે.

—કેન ઉપનિષદ

પ્રતિબિંબિત થયેલા ઝાડના ફળના સ્વાદની જેમ, ખરા પ્રત્યય વિના મૂઢને થતો બ્રહ્મનો અનુભવ કે આનંદ નકામો છે.

—મૈત્રેયી ઉપનિષદ

મન વડે જેનો વિચાર કોઈ કરી શકતું નથી, પણ જેના વડે જ મન વિચાર કરી શકે છે, તેને જ તું બ્રહ્મ જાણ; પણ લોકો જેની ઉપાસના કરે છે તે આ બધાં માત્ર બહારનાં સ્વરૂપોને નહિ.

—કેન ઉપનિષદ

બોધિ

મહા વદ 3-3-૧૯૭૮ વર્ષ : ૫ અંક : ૨૧

તંત્રી : રણછોડભાઈ પટેલ

શ્રી ગોપાલ કૃષ્ણમૂર્તિ	૩	પુષ્કરભાઈ ગોકાણી
ઉપલુરી ગોપાલ શું કહે છે ?	૩૮	રણછોડભાઈ પટેલ

आदि

Q: Who made it?

U-G: What's the good of asking that question? Any answers are speculation. So I can't —I don't know how to — separate myself from the computer and look at it. How a thought originates inside of me is a thing which I can never discover for myself. So the answer I'm looking for is not there, so the question is not there, so it's finished. Not that I've discovered how a thought takes its birth inside of me — I can't because that means there must be another thought here to look at the thought and observe how it is taking its birth there inside of me.

You see, if I were to tell you that the machine is describing itself, it would sound a very mystical and mysterious statement to you. It is the machine describing itself. You ask questions. The machine isn't interested in answering any of the questions at all. It's your problem. You want to know how it is functioning. I don't want to. I don't care. You are interested, so you're questioning the machine and the answer comes. How it is coming and where from it is coming I will never know.

No outside agency can help you. So all outside agency is finished. That's a very difficult point to arrive at. So you don't go there. It's a different matter if you go just to satisfy your curiosity. So you fall on yourself, and you really don't know. "I want to find out." You ask the question again and again. You are stuck with: "How can I understand this thing?" So the question is there. When there is no answer, you are finished with. What happens to the question when no answer is forthcoming from within? The question can't remain there. The question dissolves itself — disintegration, ionization of thought takes place, because it can't escape. And that is the energy, life!

—[o]—

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wait until your body becomes useless and can't take anything?

There is no bliss, no love, no truth — nothing of the sort — there is a pure sensation. As sensation also it is not there. If I say it is pure consciousness, where are you? You and I mean by by 'consciousness' two different things. Consciousness and life are one and the same to me. Life has a tremendous awareness of its own — it has an incredible depth of being aware of itself.

Names are for purposes of communication. I want to buy some roses, so I go to a florist and buy some roses. That's all there is. So, when I look at roses, why do I have to say to myself that it is a rose? This is a childish, immature, infantile activity we are all indulging in. What we are told as babies, we repeat every time we look at something. There's no need. But unless you capture that in terms of your experiencing structure, you come to an end. What are you? Nothing but this word 'rose' and the image which you build around this. It is the image that matters; the word has no meaning at all, it is not that thing. The image you create around it is the problem.

It is not "becoming one with the thing". The separateness has come to an end. There is no reason for me to recognize that it is dark or light outside, except when there is a demand for some reason outside of me to say that it is dark or light outside. So in this consciousness there are no limitations or frontiers or barriers.

"So how do you function in this world?" you may very well ask me. The walls are not *there*. The walls may be there, but this is just a reflection of the wall there. When there's a knock at the door, you move in that direction, then you become aware (to use the word) that there's something there. So it's like water coming in front of a rock — either it overflows or it takes a turn and goes. So the action takes place there — the action of opening the door, or whatever action there is to be done, takes place there — otherwise it is not there. All the talk of three dimensions

or four dimensions is all poppycock. There are no three dimensions here in this consciousness. The moment you begin to think, you create length, width, height and so you project something else.

In this consciousness there is no division which says I am awake, or asleep, or dreaming. So there are no dreams at all. Perhaps you see the body sleeping there: but not here inside this consciousness. The body is tired because the senses are functioning at peak capacity all the time. They can't go on, so every now and then, as decided by the circumstances in which you find yourself, not by any entity inside, the senses cut off from outside challenges.

You are always in a state of not knowing — not only in relationship with ultimate truth, reality, etc, but with the things that you are so familiar all your life. There must be a living contact with the object, otherwise there's only the image. You look at 2%, and 98% of what you are looking at is not observed by you, as 'you'. You are translating and listening to only a portion. You don't experience completely and fully everything that is going on there. When your body is at rest, then the tape-recorder plays itself and the camera begins to show the old film. It's like a mosaic you see — you pick something up that picks something up and creates all kinds of images, and that's your dream. Here there's no dream necessary. It leaves no residue behind — it's finished. So here the computer is registering everything, regardless of my likes and dislikes, but you are influencing what you are looking at, introducing the factor of likes and dislikes, and so you cut off most of it. So there's nothing wrong with looking at a beautiful woman. The camera is exposed; it is taking the picture. There's nothing *there*. You are not separate from what you're looking at, so it's finished. But it is recorded, so when you meet the person next time: "Yes, I met you yesterday". There's a demand there, and the answer has come. This is an automatic mechanical process that is going on all the time. It's a computer. You can't understand the mechanism of the computer. It's computer whether you like it or not. It's there whether you like it or not.

judices and predilections. So if you want to discover the truth for yourself, you are not in a position to either accept or reject. You assume that there is such a thing as truth. You assume that there's such a thing as reality, ultimate or otherwise. It is that assumption that is creating the problem and the suffering for you.

Q: We want to have the benefit of your experience.

U-G: My experience is worthless to you. You must begin to question the experiencing structure within you. I want to experience God, truth, reality or what you will—so I must first understand the nature of the experiencing structure within me. You see, you are trying to capture something which cannot be captured in terms of your experiencing structure. This experiencing structure must not be there in order that the other thing may come in. What that is, you will never know! You will never know the truth, because it's a movement, and you can't capture or contain or express it. It is not a logically ascertained premise. It has to be your discovery. What good is my experience? We have thousands of experiences recorded and they haven't helped us. It's the hope that keeps us going — "If I follow this for another ten years, perhaps one of these days I will know". Hope *is* the structure.

Q: So he spends a lifetime, finally discovering that he's discovered nothing.

U-G: Nothing! That's the discovery. So-called 'self-realization' is the discovery for yourself, that there's no self to discover. That will be a very shocking thing —"Why the hell have I wasted my life?" ....

U-G: What exactly do you mean by awareness?

Q: Awareness is sensory.

U-G: You are using another word. You see there is something there ...

I don't need to tell you, you don't need to read anybody's book to understand for yourself that awareness is with relation to that. You never look at a thing, because you are always looking inside your index card system and not at the object. The sensation has hit you and so you have turned inside and are looking inside your index card system. You have no living contact with that at all. That's a living thing. So what exactly do you mean by 'awareness'? For goodness sake be aware of that and tell me. You can never be aware of anything. If you were aware of that flower, you wouldn't be here asking me questions about what awareness is. You hear the barking of a dog. What happens? You translate and say, "It is the barking of a dog." But if you are aware of that, it echoes here inside of you. There's no separation from you, so the barking takes place inside you. You are barking, not the dog there. There is a sudden tug at the thymus gland, and then it becomes activated. That's what you call .....God knows what it is.

The moment a thought takes its birth inside you, you are born. And the thought cannot stay there for long because it is movement. You want to hold on to the thought, and thereby you give continuity to the thought. There is a gap between sensations. Each sensation is different. Millions of sensations are hitting this organism, and you are responding. You don't let them alone, because you are translating each sensation in terms of your background or experiencing structure, and you are giving continuity. So we come back to the question of discovering for yourself how thought takes its birth within you. The answer to that question, the searching, the movement of thought, is itself the barrier to understanding the question. The moment thought takes its birth inside you, you are born. So there is no use you talking as if you are born. You are never born and you never die. How can there be death when you are not born? Neither birth nor death can become part of that experiencing structure. Everyone will become a self-realized man before he dies, I can assure you, but then it's too late — your body isn't in a position to take it, otherwise you won't die. Death always takes place in an unconscious state. So why do you want to

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The Mistake of Enlightenment (2)

From talks with U-G.

Since his 49th birthday U-G has been in what he calls 'the natural state'. Seeking to discover the origins of this transformation, people often ask him for biographical information. He invariably replies that the events of his life before the occurrence of what he calls 'the calamity' were not in any way its cause. He maintains that his present state came about, not because, but inspite of all that he had done and desired during the first 48 years of his life, and for that reason his biography, if not actually misleading, is of no significance at all.

U-G: Your search for truth, reality, God or whatever it is, is going to destroy you. Look here. You have had a lot of meanings given to you. Why are you still looking for the meaning of life, or the purpose of life? Everybody has talked about the meaning of life and the purpose of life. Everybody! The answers have been given by the saviours, saints and sages of mankind—you have thousands of them in India—yet today you are still asking the same question: "Has life any meaning, any purpose?" Either you are not satisfied, or you are not really interested in finding out for yourself. I submit that you are not really interested, because it's a frightening thing, a very frightening thing. The moment you begin to question the movement of thought inside you, you'll find that you're going to end up in a very surprising situation, which is a very frightening thing for you. Is there any such thing as truth? Have you ever asked the question? Has anybody said the truth?

Q: There are so many truths?

U-G: They are all liars, fops, fakes and cheaters in the world. All right, you want to find out for yourself what this 'truth' is. Can you capture the truth and hold it and say, "This is truth"? Whether you accept or reject it's the same. You are not in a position to accept or reject: it depends on your personal pre-

and function in a different dimension, but you want to continue somehow. You don't want to touch this with a barge pole. This is going to liquidate what you call 'you' — all of you: higher self, lower self, soul, *atman*, consciousness, subconsciousness — all of that.

It is the repetitive mechanism of thought that is wearing you out. So what can you do about it? That's all that you can ask. That's the one and only question. And any answer that I or anybody gives only adds momentum to that movement of thought. What is it you can do about it? Not one thing. It's too strong. It has the momentum of millions of years. You are totally helpless, and you cannot be conscious of that helplessness.

If you practise any system of mind control, automatically the 'you' is there, and through this it is continuing. Have you ever really seriously meditated? If you do, 'you'll wind up in the looney bin. Nor can you practise mindfulness, trying to be aware every moment of your life. 'You' cannot be aware. 'You' and awareness cannot coexist. If you could be in a state of awareness for one second by the clock once in your life, the continuity would be snapped, the illusion of the experiencing structure, the 'you', would collapse, and everything would fall into the natural rhythm. In this state you do not know what you are looking at. That *is* awareness. If you recognize what you are looking at, 'you' is there, again experiencing the old, what you know.

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anything called 'beyond'. What is here is more importan t than the beyond.

What is it that creates, projects, the beyond, accepts the beyond? If anybody talks of the beyond, don't accept that at all. I don't know a thing about that beyond. I don't even know what I am looking at. Whatever I know is what I have been told, the knowledge I have about that — so I am projecting this knowledge of it. In exactly the same way, what you call 'beyond' is created by the knowledge you have about that beyond. Whatever knowledge you have about the beyond is what you will experience. The knowledge creates this experience, and this experience strengthens that knowledge. This vicious circle goes on and on and on and on, and you will still be nowhere near the beyond. What you know is not the beyond. As long as you are continuing the way you have known yourself and experienced yourself, there is no beyond. If there is a beyond, this movement of 'you' is absent. The absence of that movement probably *is* the beyond, but the beyond can never be experienced by you. Why are you trying to experience a thing which cannot be experienced? (The questioner wanted to continue, but U-G said:) No dialogue is possible between us, and none is necessary.

The Natural State

U-G: What is keeping you from being in your natural state? You are constantly moving away from yourself. You are dissatisfied with your everyday experiences and so you want some new ones. You are reaching out, trying to be something other than what you are. Society has put before you the ideal of a perfect man. You have commandments to obey, and virtues to cultivate. You are told that through due practice you can even eventually come into the state attained by the sages, saints and saviours of mankind. So you try to control your thoughts, your behaviour—try to be something unnatural.

The natural state is not a thoughtless state. You will never be without a thought until the body is a very dead corpse.

Thought is necessary for survival. But in this state thought stops choking you and falls into its natural rhythm. There is no langer a 'you' who reads the thougts and thinks they are 'his'. We are all living in a 'thought sphere'. Your thoughts belong to everybody. There are only thoughts, but you create a counter-thonght, the 'thinker', with which you 'read' every thought. Your effort to control life has created within you a secondary movement of thought which you call the 'I'. This movement of thought is parallel to the movement of life and isolated from it. This is something very unnatural.

Can you look at what you call 'I'? Look at it, feel it, touch it, and tell me. How do you look at it? What is the thing looking at what you call 'I'? This is the whole crux of the problem — the one who is looking at what you call the 'I' is the 'I'. It is creating an illusory division of itself into subject and object, and through this division it is continuing. This is the divisive nature that is operating in your consciousness. Continuity of its existence is all that interests it. As long as you want to understand that 'you' or to change that 'you' into something 'spiritual', 'holy' or 'beautiful', that 'you' will continue. If you do not want to do anything about it, it is finished. How do you understand this? I have for all practical purposes made a statement: "What you are looking at is not different from the one who is looking". What do you do with a statement like this? What is the instrument you have at your disposal with which to understand a meaningless, illogical, irrational statement? You begin to think. You translate what I have said in terms of the knowledge which you already have, because you want to get something out of it. Through thinking you cannot understand a thing. When you stop doing that, what is there is what I am describing. The absence of what you are trying to do — trying to understand or change yourself — is the state of being that I'm describing.

This state is not in your interest. You are interested only in continuity. You want to continue on a different level

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The Mistake of Enlightenment

Born in 1918 near Masulipatnam in Andhra Pradesh, Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurthi (he prefers to be known as 'U-G') was as a boy taken to see the *Kaumara Nadi*, the leaves of the *Books of Bhrigu*. It is believed that centuries ago Siva incarnated as Bhrigu, a psychic holy man who did penance out of his love for mankind, spending his years writing on palm leaves the astrological charts of many of the saints and sages to come. U-G's chart was there. The guardian of the books exclaimed, "This is the chart of a *Jivan Muktal* His life will be lived in the spiritual pattern of seven-year cycles, and he will pass into enlightenment at the age of forty-nine."

It might seem paradoxical to call U-G, who positively sneers at 'enlightenment', 'self-realization', 'illumination', 'God-realization', etc, an 'enlightened man'. And yet it is an unaccountable fact that since his forty-ninth birthday he has been in what he calls 'the natural state' — and people interested in such phenomena call him 'enlightened'.

He presently divides his time between India and Switzerland (for financial and climactic reasons, he says), talking freely with anybody who comes to see him. Some of his replies were collected under the title, "The Mystique of Enlightenment". The title, he laughs, should have been, "The Mistake of Enlightenment." Some excerpts follow.

The Beyond

Questioner: How can I go beyond this present state?

U-G: There is no beyond. Eliminate the beyond. It is because you are not interested in the everyday things and happenings around you, because you are not interested in what is there, that you have invented a thing called 'the beyond'. You have searched for the beyond. Your attempt to bring what you call 'the beyond' into the present moment is the problem, if you want to call it that. There may not be

A Humble Prayer To Mother

By C. Venkata Rao

I ever sing Thy divine Name
To gain escape from Maya's game.

o o o

I ever clasp Thy divine form
To calm the surging Ego's storm.

o o o

I ever hear Thy divine call
And fancies of the mind forestall.

o o o

I ever seek Thy divine path
To take refuge from Maya's wrath.

o o o

I ever before Thy supreme will
Rest content and remain still.

o o o

I ever grasp Thy soothing hold
That I may grow in the purest mould.

o o o

I ever hear Thy Voice sweet
That earthly snares may not be cheat.

o o o

I ever seek Thy Grand Abode
By rigid Sadhana's rugged road.

o o o

I ever heed Thy clear command
To discern Truth from contrabad.

o o o

I ever watch Thy counsel wise
That I may soon the Self realise!

simple physiological function or of the organism– Nothing else.'

Has he got any 'spiritual powers? He says that he does not know either the thoughts of others or the coming events always. But sometimes they occur to him. That is only 50 : 50. He does not give any value to them. If one asks a question on a subject he never knew, he says I don't know.

What does he say about Moksha:

Search for Moksha is the Dukha (sorrow) of all Dukhas. The searcher is not really interested in Moksha - Reason - Moksha means liquidating oneself. How can any one be interested in liquidating himself? All one wants is to know, to experience which means continuous existence but not ceasing to exist. (He says that every one will have liberation 48 minutes before death).

The other things he says:

As one cannot experience one's birth and death, one does not have either birth or death. Clarifying further he says we can experience birth and death of another person but not our own, so we have neither birth or death.

He does not recognise of any individual entity and a residue after the physical shape dissolves and as such question of rebirth does not arise.

'There is suffering because you want to be something other than what you are. You just don't have the courage to be yourself. That means you have to be all alone. The whole lot goes. Finished. All alone. In this world. One without a second.'

Meaning of life and purpose of life: 'So many answers were given by the saviours, sages and saints. You have thousands of them in India. And yet today you are still asking the same question, has life any purpose of meaning... You are not really interested because it is a frightening thing. It's a very frightening thing!

U. G. Is there anything as truth?

Questioner: There are so many truths.

U. G. They are all liars. Fops and fakes and cheats in the world!....that he has searched for truth and told the truth. 'You assume that there is such a thing as reality, ultimate or otherwise. It is that assumption that is creating the problem.

'You are trying to capture something which cannot be captured in terms of your experiencing structure. So this experiencing structure must not be there in order that the other thing may come in. What that is you will never know' You will never know the truth! The truth of the matter is it's a MOVEMENT. You cannot capture it. You cannot contain it! you cannot express it.'

——

there is no 'outside' and no 'inside' says he) he answers and when there is no demand he will be in a 'declutched state'

Does he teach anything? He has no teaching except describing his state 'the natural state'. He discourages people coming to him saying that they have nothing to gain from such visits. It is not the thing that one can give and another can take.

Can any one follow the 'path' tread by him and reach where he is? Is there any fixed course of Saadhana? He categorically states that through Saadhana one cannot attain the State. There is no attaining the State. Every one is in that State. By Saadhana, one is moving away from the natural State. So, Saadhana is not a means, it is an obstacle. But, did he not do Saadhana, the spiritual practices? Did he not seek the knowledge from great masters? Is not what he has 'attained' a result, a culmination of all his efforts? He says No. He claims that as long as he did make efforts he did not get it, that it was only when he stopped effort he fell into the State. He got it not because of himself, but inspite of himself. Conclusion: Saadhana does not take you to the goal, it takes you away from it. Stop effort. He is so forthright. He does not mince. "All search is futile. Is there any thing you can do? You don't seem ... You don't .... You have no choice in that matter .... You are part of that .... you see. That is the consciousness....' Then how does one approach this State? By surrender. What is surrender? Surrender is giving up all effort, feeling totally helpless. Is

there some one some entity which surrenders and some one to whom one surrenders? No. It is only the effort coming to a stop.

But one can get experiences by following the course fixed by spiritual guides. "Whatever experience one wants one can experience. If one does not know there is always somebody to help him. But what ever one experiences is worthless. Because It is not a thing which can be experienced. Enlightenment, if there is any such thing as enlightenment, is not an experience at all. There is nothing like self-realisation. 'You realise for yourself and by yourself that there is no self to realise and that is a shattering blow ... to whom? to the one who is pursuing." "It is the absence of imagination, the absence of will, the absence of effort, the absence of all movement in any direction, at any level, in any dimension is the thing. That is a thing which cannot be experienced at all."

This has no social content. It cannot be used to change the world, create a New Man, a New World - all that is balderdash.

Does he mean that all the teachings of great Masters like Budha and Ramana are meaningless?

He says that he does not need any authority, Bhagavadgita and Upanishads are somebody else's statement. He describes how he functions. 'THIS HAS NO RELIGIOUS CONTENT - NO MYSTICAL OVERTONES AT ALL'. 'It is pure and

U. G. Can you give what you have?

Ramana: I can give it to you, but can you take it?

U. G. Are there any stages or degrees of unfolding freedom?

Ramana: Men cannot be sometimes slave and sometimes free. Either he is totally and forever free or he is not free at all.

Having spent about seven years with J. Krishna Murthy, he, one day exploded:

U. G. It is like a blind man in a dark room looking for a black cat that is not there.

Hitting hard with his fist on the head of U. G., J. K. said: 'I tell you Sir, it is there'.

Two years after; when he was 35, while listening to a talk of J. K., U. G. entered into the state taught by J. K. i. e. 'Silence of Mind'. He had also other experiences which he now says are of no value.

Along with his unending spiritual seeking, flowed another stream, along the line, his material life. With the death of grand father, he inherited a fortune, married, be got four chlidren, went to America for treatment to one of his children afflicted with polio, having run out of his inheritance, sent away family, moved to London from America. Penniless he wandered in the streets of London 'like a dry leaf in the wind'. He says, 'It was not the dark night of the soul. It was a

style withering away of the will'. He took refuge in the Ramakrishna Mission in London. He went to Switzerland with the hope that his friend in the Indian vice-consul there would help him to go back to India. Generosity of a Swiss woman, named Valentine took him to Saanen village in Switzerland, where he earlier lived with his family for some time. He settled there.

It was here, around his 49th birth day that he had 'liberation' It fell on him like 'a ton of bricks'. What happened afterwards is a metamorphosis in sensory functioning. He called it physiological mutation. He says there is nothing spiritual about it.

What is this State? How does he behave?

He is like a moving camera which takes pictures of any object that falls on its lens without choosing. He has no likings and dislikings. Has he no feelings? No opinions? Not in the sense as we know them. Individual as we know does not exist in U. G. When there is no entity, there is no base for any feelings or opinions. But, how does he answer our questions. He says that he does not answer. The question itself contains answers and that the answer belongs to the questioner. Not to him (U. G.). It is like a computer. The computer is fed with information. It gives answers to the questions from the information with which it is fed. When we put a question to U. G. answers come from the information his memory has collected, which he calls background. When there is a demand from 'outside' (actually

About U. G.

By **K. Ramachandra Reddy**

Dear friend,

I have recently seen, ofcourse with the physical eyes, a spiritual personality rather a tower – taller than innumerable of the kind. Fixed to the ground as we are, our means of measuring limited, we have no way of better description being except to translate what is spoken by him into imagery, language, and ideas for easy grasping.

His name is U. G. Having lost his mother soon after his advent, he was brought up by his maternal grandfather, an advocate, and a deeply religious minded man. U. G. 's stay in his grandfather's house helped him to come into contact with several spiritual luminaries that used to visit the house and he was familiar with the basic information in all the Hindu religious texts before he was seven. His grand father was also associated withthe Theosophical society andhe extensively read the from Theosophical library of his grandfather. As a student, he was not persevering in studies. Driven by an intense desire to know, he moved from one spiritual master to another, but dissatisfied with all of them he finally gave up seeking.

He spent about three years in Swami Sivananda's Asram without any progress', and on the advice of a friend he visited Ramanasram with the hope that Maharashi would show him the Light. His dialogue with Maharashi:

ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಯ ನುಡಿ-ಕಿಡಿಗಳು

ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ: ಮುಳ್ಳಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಸಡೆಯಲು ಪಾದರಕ್ಷೆಗಳಿವೆಯೇ?

ಯೂಜಿ: ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲ.

ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ: ಸನ್ನ ಬಾಳಿನ ತುಂಬ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳೇ ಇವೆ.

ಯೂಜಿ: ಗುಲಾಬಿಗಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಹುಡುಕಾಡುವುದನ್ನು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸು. ಆಗ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳೂ ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.

*

ನಾವು ಕೇಳುವ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳಿಲ್ಲವೂ. ನಮಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿರುವ ಉತ್ತರಗಳಿಂದಲೇ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಂತವುಗಳು.

*

ಅವಿವಾಹಿತ ಜೋಡಿಗಳು ವಿವಾಹಿತ ದಂಪತಿಗಳಿಗಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ದುಃಖಿಗಳು.

*

ಕಾಮವೆಂದರೆ ಉಳಿದೆಲ್ಲ ಜೀವಸಂಕುಲಕ್ಕೆ ಜೈವಿಕ ಅಗತ್ಯ. "ತಾನು ಉಳಿಯುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಹಾಗೂ ತನ್ನಂಥ ತದ್ರೂಪಿಯ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರ". ಮಾನವ ಮಾತ್ರ ಈ ಜೈವಿಕ ಅಗತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸುಖಿದ ಸಂಚಲನೆಗೂ ಬಳಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾನೆ.

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ನಮ್ಮ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಗೆ. ಅಸ್ತಿತ್ವಕ್ಕೆ ಘನವಾದ ಉದ್ದೇಶವಾಗಲೀ. ಹಿರಿದಾದ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗಲೀ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ರಕ್ತ ಹೀರುವ ಸೊಳ್ಳೆಯ ಹಾಗೆ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಕೂಡಾ.

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ಚಿಂತನೆ ನಿರ್ಜೀವ ಸಂಗತಿ. ಅದು ಜೀವಂತಿಕೆ ತುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಯಾವುದನ್ನೂ ಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿಸಲಾರದು ಕೂಡಾ. ಅದು ಬದುಕನ್ನು ಸೆರೆಹಿಡಿಯಲಾರದು. ತುಂಬಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾರದು ಹಾಗೂ ಬದುಕಿನ ಭಾಷ್ಯ ಬರೆಯಲಾರದು. ಬದುಕಿನ ಜೀವದ್ರವ್ಯ ಎಂಥದ್ದು ಎಂದರೆ ಚಿಂತನೆಯಂಥ ಜಡವಸ್ತು ಬದುಕನ್ನು ಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿಸಲು ಯತ್ನಿಸಿದೊಡನೆ ಅದೇ ನಾಶವಾಗಿಬಿಡುತ್ತೆ.

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ನಮ್ಮ ಧರ್ಮ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿದ ಅದ್ಭುತ ಸಂಗತಿ 'ದಾನ'. ಅದರಂಥ ವಿಷಚಕ್ರ. ಅದರಂಥ 'ಅಸಹ್ಯದ ಸಂಗತಿ ಇನ್ನೊಂದಿಲ್ಲ. ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ನಮಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟನ್ನು ನೀಡಿದೆ. ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಅಸಮಾನತೆಗೆ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗಳು ಕಾರಣ.

ಉಗ್ರ ರೂಪಾಂತರ ಹೊಂದಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ: "ಇದನ್ನೇ ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕವೆಂದು ವರ್ಣಿಸಿ, ಜ್ಞಾನೋದಯವೆಂದು ಕರೆದು, ಪಂಥ, ಮತಗಳನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟಿ, ಕಂಡ ದರ್ಶನಗಳಿಗೆ ಚೌಕಟ್ಟು ಹಾಕಿದ ಕೂಡಲೇ ಅವನತಿ ಆರಂಭ."

ಜೆ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿಯವರ ವಿಚಾರಧಾರೆಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿ ಭ್ರಮನಿರಸನಗೊಂಡ ನನಗಂತೂ ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಯ ವಿಚಾರಗಳು ಸಹಜವಾದದ್ದು ಅನ್ನಿಸಿತು. ಆಯ್ಕೆ ರಹಿತ ಅರಿವು. ಗತಬದುಕಿಗೆ ವಿದಾಯ. ಬದುಕು ನದಿಯಂತೆ (Choiceless awareness, Dying to the Past, Life is like a river) ಎಂದೆಲ್ಲ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಜೆ.ಕೆ.ಯ ವಿಚಾರಗಳು ಶಬ್ದ ಪಂಜರದಾಚೆ ಬರಲಾರದೇ ತುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿರಬೇಕಾದರೆ "ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬದುಕುವುದಷ್ಟೇ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಹೇಗೆ ಎಂಬುದಲ್ಲ" ಅನ್ನುವ ಅರಿವು ಮೂಡಿಸಿದ್ದು ಯೂ.ಜಿ.. ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಯ ಪ್ರಕಾರ 'ಹೇಗೆ' ಅನ್ನುವ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗೆ ಅರ್ಥವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. "ಹೇಗೆ" ಅನ್ನುವುದೇ ಇಲ್ಲ.

ನಾವೆಲ್ಲ In Search of truth ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಹುಡುಕುತ್ತಿರಬೇಕಾದರೆ, "ಇದು ಸತ್ಯ... ಇದು ಸತ್ಯ... ಇದೇ ಸತ್ಯ" ಎಂದೆಲ್ಲ ಹೇಳಿ ದಾರಿ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿದವರೇ ಬಹಳ. ಆದರೆ ಸತ್ಯ ಶೋಧನೆಯೇ ಶಾಂತಿ ಭಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ ಅಂದವರು ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಹಾಗೇ ತಾನು ಇತರರಿಗಿಂತ ಉತ್ತಮ ಅಥವಾ ಕೀಳು ಅಂತ ಭಾವಿಸುವುದು ಕೂಡಾ ತಪ್ಪು ಅನ್ನುವ ಅರಿವು ಮೂಡಿಸಿದ್ದು ಕೂಡಾ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಅವರು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ: "ನೀವು ಉತ್ತಮ ಅಥವಾ ಕೀಳು ಎಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಲು ಜಗತ್ತಿನಿಂದ ಬೇರೆಯಾಗಬೇಕು. ನಿಮ್ಮಂತೆ ನಾನು ಜಗತ್ತನ್ನು ನನ್ನಿಂದ ಬೇರೆ ಎಂದು ಭಾವಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನನಗೆ ಒಳಗಿನ ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ಹೊರಗಿನ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಇರುವ ಅರಿವು ಕಾರ್ಯರೂಪಕ್ಕೆ ಬರುವುದು ಆ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಒತ್ತಾಯ ಇದ್ದಾಗಲೇ. ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ನನಗೆ ಏನೂ ತಿಳಿಯದು. ಸಹಜ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ಎಂದರೆ ಈ ರೀತಿ ಏನೂ ತಿಳಿಯದಿರುವುದೇ."

ಸಾವಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕೂಡಾ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಮಾತು ಹೊಸದನ್ನೇ ಹೇಳುತ್ತದೆ: "ಜೀವವಾಹಿನಿಯು ಹಾಜರಿಗೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿರುವ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಗಳಾದ ಉಸಿರಾಟ, ಹೃದಯಬಡಿತ ನಿಂತರೆ "ಸಾವು" ಅಂತಾರೆ. ಅದು ಕ್ಲಿನಿಕಲ್ ಡೆತ್ ಅಷ್ಟೇ. ಆಗ ಶರೀರ ಬಿಡಿ ಭಾಗಗಳಾಗಿ ಒಡೆದು ಹೊಸ, ಭಿನ್ನ ಜೀವ ರೂಪ ತಳೆಯುತ್ತವೆ ಅಷ್ಟೇ."

You must build a huge bonfire within you- ನಿಮ್ಮೊಳಗಿರುವುದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಭಸ್ಮ ಮಾಡಲು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಿಚ್ಚು ಹಚ್ಚಿ- ಎನ್ನುವ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಯನ್ನು ಅರ್ಥ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ಸಹಜವಾಗಿ ಬದುಕುವ ದಾರಿ ತೆರೆದೀತು. ಆದರೆ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಎಲ್ಲರಂತೆ ಸರಳರಲ್ಲ. ಅವರು ನಿಮಗೆ ಸಹಜ ಹೊರದಾರಿಗಳನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಮಾರ್ಗದರ್ಶಕರಂತೆ ವರ್ತಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಗುರುಗಳಂತೆ ಬೋಧೆ ನೀಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.

ನಮ್ಮಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ನಾವೇ ಅರಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಅನುಭವಿಸಬೇಕು. ಅದಕ್ಕೇ, ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಈ ನಮ್ಮ ಬದುಕಿನಷ್ಟೇ ಅನೂಹ್ಯ ಸಂಕೀರ್ಣ ಮತ್ತು ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಸರಳ.

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ಕೊನೆಯದಾಗಿ, ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಕೇಳುವ ಮೂಲಭೂತ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ "ಸಾವು ಎಂದರೇನು?" ಆದರೆ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಹೇಳುವಂತೆ ಅದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಮೂಲ ಭೂತ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ "ನಾನು ಹುಟ್ಟಿರುವೆನೆ?" ಎಂಬುದು.

ಇಂಥ ಸಹಜ ಮನಸ್ಸು, ಇವತ್ತು ನಮ್ಮ ನಡುವೆ ಇದೆ-ಯೋಗೀಂದ್ರರ ಫೋಸು ಕೊಡದೇ, "ಸ್ವಾಮಿ"ತ್ವದ ರಗಳೆಗಳಿಲ್ಲದೇ, ಭಕ್ತ ವೃಂದದ ಅಬ್ಬರವಿಲ್ಲದೇ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿನ ಬಸವನಗುಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ "ಪೂರ್ಣ ಕುಟಿ"ಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲಕಾಲ ಬಂದಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅವರ ಬಳಿ ಹೋದರೆ ನಿಮಗೆ ಅವರು ಏನೂ ಹೇಳುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನೀವು ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ ಕೇಳಿದರೆ ಸಹಜವಾಗಿ ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಉತ್ತರ ನೀಡುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಅಂತಹ ಸಹಜ ನಗು ನೀವು ಈವರೆಗೆ ಕಂಡಿರಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ.

ವಿಳಾಸ: ಪೂರ್ಣಕುಟೀ,
40, ಕೆ. ಆರ್. ರಸ್ತೆ, ಬಸವನಗುಡಿ,
ಬೆಂಗಳೂರು-4.

ವಿಶ್ವಪರ್ಯಟಕ

ಉಪ್ಪಲೂರಿ ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿ, ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ್ದು 1918ರಲ್ಲಿ ಆಂಧ್ರ ಪ್ರದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ. ತತ್ತ್ವಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದ ಅಧ್ಯಯನ ಮದ್ರಾಸ್ ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ. ಬಾಲ್ಯದಿಂದಲೇ ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕತೆಯತ್ತ ಒಲವು. ಅವರು 'ನಿರ್ವಿಕಲ್ಪ ಸಮಾಧಿ' ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ತಲುಪಿದ್ದರೆಂಬ ಪ್ರತೀತಿ ಕೂಡಾ ಇದೆ.

ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಉತ್ತರ ಹುಡುಕುತ್ತಾ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ತನ್ನ ಕಾಲದ ಗುರುಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಭೇಟಿಯಾದರು. ರಮಣ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಗಳ ಕೂಡ ಕೆಲಕಾಲ. ಜೆ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಜತೆ ಉಳಿದ ಕೆಲ ವರುಷಗಳನ್ನು ಕಳೆದ ಯೂ.ಜಿ.. ಜೆ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿಯವರ ಥಿಯಾಸಫಿಕಲ್ ಪರಿಸರದಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆದವರು- ಜೆ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಜತೆ ಒಂದು ಸಾರಿ ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ ನಲವತ್ತು ದಿನಗಳ ಕಾಲ ಸಂವಾದ ನಡೆಸಿ, ಅವರ ಉತ್ತರಗಳಿಂದ ತೃಪ್ತರಾಗದೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಹೊರ ನಡೆದವರು.

ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಗೆ ಕೌಟುಂಬಿಕವಾಗಿ ಬಳುವಳಿ ಬಂದ ಆಸ್ತಿ ಸಾಕಷ್ಟಿತ್ತು. ಅವರು ದುಡಿಯುವ ಅಗತ್ಯವೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. 1950ರ ದಶಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಮಗನ ರೋಗ ಚಿಕಿತ್ಸೆಗೆಂದು ಅಮೆರಿಕಾಗೆ ಹೋದರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾರತೀಯ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸ ನೀಡಿದರು.

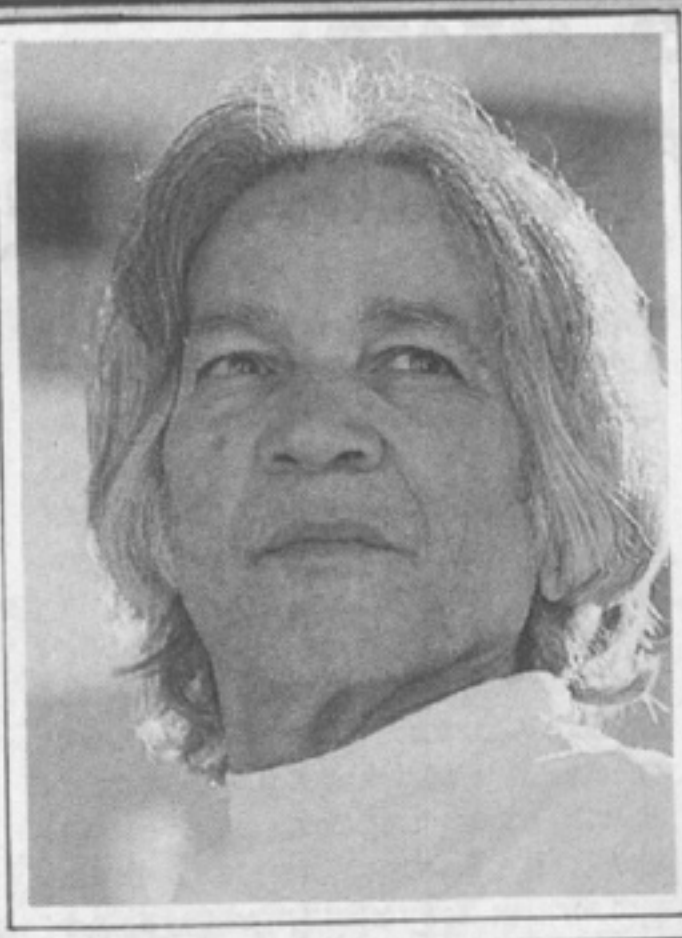
ಮೂಲತಃ "ಹೊಂದಾಣಿಕೆ" ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗದ ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಗೆ ಕೌಟುಂಬಿಕವಾಗಿಯೂ ತೊಂದರೆಗಳು ಎದುರಾದವು. ಅವರ ಪತ್ನಿ ಹುಚ್ಚಾಸ್ಪತ್ರೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೀರಿಕೊಂಡರು. ಅಮೆರಿಕಾದಲ್ಲಿ ಪೂರ್ತಿ ಕಳೆದುಹೋದ ಯೂ.ಜಿ.. ಅಲೆದಾಡುತ್ತ, ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ದುಡ್ಡಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಪರದಾಡುತ್ತಾ, ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಮರಳುವ ಯತ್ನದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಾಲೆಂಟಿನ್ ಎಂಬ ಮಹಿಳೆಯ ಸ್ನೇಹವಾಗಿ ಮತ್ತೆ ಚೇತರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡರು.

1967ರಲ್ಲಿ ಜೆ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸವೊಂದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಹೊರಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಯಲ್ಲಿ ರೂಪಾಂತರದ ಕುರುಹುಗಳು ಕಂಡುಬಂದವು. ಅದನ್ನವರು 'Calamity ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅವರಿಗಾದ ರೂಪಾಂತರದ ವಿವರಗಳು The Mystique of Enlightenment ' ಪುಸ್ತಕದಲ್ಲಿವೆ. ನಿರಂತರ ವಿಶ್ವಪರ್ಯಟನೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾ, ಜನರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಅನೌಪಚಾರಕವಾಗಿ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತ, ಇರತೊಡಗಿದ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಸದ್ಯ ಲಂಡನ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದುಹೋಗುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಸಂತನಲ್ಲದ ಸಂತ – ಯೂ. ಜಿ.

ತಾನೇತಾನಾಗಿ ಮಾತು ಬಯಸದ, ಮೌನ ವಹಿಸದ, ತನ್ನದೇ ಆದ ಹಾದಿಯಿಲ್ಲದ, ಪಂಥವಿಲ್ಲದ, ತನ್ನದೆಂಬ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತವಿಲ್ಲದ ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಇವರು.

● ಜೋಗಿ



ಬಾಳಿಗೊಂದು ಅರ್ಥವಿದೆಯೇ?
ದೇವರು ಎಂದರೆ ಏನು?
ಮುಕ್ತಿ, ಸಾಕ್ಷಾತ್ಕಾರ ಹಾಗೆಂದರೇನು?
ಜೀವಾತ್ಮ– ಪರಮಾತ್ಮರ ನಡುವಣ ಸಂಬಂಧ ಎಂಥದ್ದು?
ಕರ್ಮಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ ನಿಜವೋ ಸುಳ್ಳೋ?
ಮುಕ್ತಿಪಥ ಯಾವುದು? ನಿಜಗುರು ಯಾರು? ಯಾವುದು ದಾರಿ?

ಇಂಥ ನೂರಾರು ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಒಂದಲ್ಲ ಒಂದು ಕ್ಷಣ ಕಾಡಿದ್ದಿದೆ. ಇಂಥ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಶತಶತಮಾನಗಳಿಂದ ಕೇಳುತ್ತಲೇ ಇದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಆಯಾ ಕಾಲ ದೇಶದ ಧರ್ಮ ಗುರುಗಳು, ಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳು, ತಾತ್ವಿಕರು, ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರು ಉತ್ತರ ನೀಡುತ್ತಲೇ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳುವವರು ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಅನುಕೂಲಕ್ಕೆ ತಕ್ಕಂತೆ ತಿರುಚಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಉತ್ತರಗಳನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಲಾಭಕ್ಕೆ ತಕ್ಕಂತೆ ತಿದ್ದಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ನಾವೆಲ್ಲ ಹೀಗೆ ಒದುಕುತ್ತ ಈ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೊಸ ಉತ್ತರ ಏನಿದ್ದೀತು ಎಂದು ಕುತೂಹಲಪಡುತ್ತಾ ಇರಬೇಕಾದರೆ...

ಈ ಎಲ್ಲ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳು ನಿಮ್ಮವಲ್ಲ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳು ನಿಮ್ಮವೇ ಆಗಿದ್ದರೆ, ಉತ್ತರ ನಿಮಗೇ ಹೊಳೆಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ ತನ್ನಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ತಾನೇ ಉರಿದು ಬೂದಿಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೀಗೆ ನಿಮ್ಮದಲ್ಲದ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳುತ್ತಿರುವುದರಿಂದಲೇ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗೆ ಉತ್ತರವಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೊಂದು ವೇಳೆ ಉತ್ತರ ಇರುವುದೇ ಆದರೆ ಅದು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಇದೆ. ಅದನ್ನು ನೀವೇ ಕಂಡುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗದಿದ್ದರೆ ನಿಮಗೆ ಇನ್ನಾರೂ ಗುರುಗಳಾಗಲೀ, ಧರ್ಮಗುರುಗಳಾಗಲೀ, ದೈವಸನ್ನಿಧಿಯಾಗಲೀ ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡಲಾರರು..." ಎಂದರೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ?

ಯೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಈ ಮಾತು ನಮ್ಮ ಅಹಂಕಾರವನ್ನು ಘಾಸಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತೇನೋ ಎಂದು ನೋಡುತ್ತೇವೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ನಂಬಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲಾಡಿಸುವ ಉತ್ತರನಲ್ಲವೇ ಇದು ಅಂದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಹಾಗೆ ಇರಲಾರದು ಎಂದು ಸಮಾಧಾನಪಡುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಇದನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸುವ ವರಸೆ ಯಾವುದು ಎಂದು ಚಿಂತನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಡಗುತ್ತೇವೆ.

ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅರ್ಥ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡವರಂತೆ ಅವರು ಮುಗುಳ್ನಕ್ಕು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ.

Mind is a myth -ಮನಸ್ಸೆಂಬುದು ಮಿಥ್ಯೆ.

Thought is your enemy -ಚಿಂತನೆಯೇ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಶತ್ರು.

*

ಯಾರವರು? ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಹಾಗೆಂದು ಕರೆಯುವ ಉಪ್ಪಲೂರಿ ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿ. ಎಲ್ಲ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳೂ ದಗ್ಧವಾದ ವಿದಗ್ಧ. ತಾನೇತಾನಾಗಿ ಮಾತು ಬಯಸದ, ಮೌನ ವಹಿಸದ, ತನ್ನದೇ ಆದ ಹಾದಿಯಿಲ್ಲದ, ಪಂಥವಿಲ್ಲದ, ತನ್ನದು ಎಂಬ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತವಿಲ್ಲದ ಸಂತನಲ್ಲದ ಸಂತ. ಬಹುಶಃ ಸಮಕಾಲೀನ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಏಕೈಕ ಸಹಜ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ.

"ನೀವಿಡುವ ಪ್ರತಿ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯನ್ನೂ ಯೋಚಿಸಿ ಇಡುತ್ತೀರೇನು? ಹಾಗೇನಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ನಿಮಗೆ ಹುಚ್ಚು ಹಿಡಿಯುತ್ತೆ. ನಡಿಗೆ ಸಹಜವಾದದ್ದು– ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಯೋಚನೆ–ಯೋಜನೆ ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ."

ಬದುಕು ಕೂಡಾ ಹಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ? ಇಲ್ಲ. ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಹೇಳುವಂತೆ "ನಾವು ಈ ಕ್ಷಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಬದುಕಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಮುಂಬರುವ ದಿನಗಳ ಸುಖದ ನಿರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬದುಕಿರುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಒದುಕಿಗಿಂತ ಆಶೆ ದೊಡ್ಡದಾಗಿ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ."

ರಜನೀಶ್ ಒಂದು ಭಾಷಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಯನ್ನು ಉದಾಹರಿಸುತ್ತ, "ಬೌದ್ಧ ಧರ್ಮಿಯಾಗಬೇಡ... ಬುದ್ಧನೇ ಆಗು, ಕಿರಿಸ್ತಾನನಾಗಬೇಡ, ಏಸುಕ್ರಿಸ್ತನಾಗು" (Don't be a Buddhist, be a Buddha, Don't be a Christian, be a Christ) ಅನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಯ ಮಾತುಗಳಲ್ಲೇ ಹೇಳುವುದಾದರೆ "ನಿಮಗೆ ನೆರವಾಗದ್ದು ಯಾರಿಗೂ ನೆರವಾಗದು. ನಾನು ಹೇಳುವುದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಹಿಡಿದು ಒಂದು ಹೊಸ ಮತ, ಹೊಸ ಪಂಥ, ಹೊಸ ಧರ್ಮ ಮಾಡಲು ಯತ್ನಿಸುವುದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ನೀವೇ ನಿಮಗಾಗಿ ಕಂಡುಹಿಡಿಯಬೇಕು. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನೀವು ಇನ್ನಾರೋ ಆಗಬೇಕಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ನೀವು ನೀವೇ ಆಗಿ."

ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಯ ಮಾತುಗಳಿಗೆ, ಬರಹಗಳಿಗೆ ಇದೇ ಕಾರಣಕ್ಕೋ ಏನೋ 'ಕಾಪಿರೈಟ್' ಇಲ್ಲ. ಇದು ನನ್ನ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ, ಇದು ನನ್ನ ಮಾತು, –ಎಂದು ಅವರು ಹೇಳುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾವು ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡಿರುವುದೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ನಿರಾಕರಿಸುವ ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಯ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಆರಂಭದಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಗೊಂದಲದಲ್ಲಿ ತಳ್ಳಿಯಾವು.

"ದೇವರು, ಅಂತಿಮ ಸೌಖ್ಯ, ಸತತ ಸಂತೋಷ, ಅಂಥದ್ದೇನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಯಾವುದು ಇಲ್ಲವೋ ಅದನ್ನು ಆಶಿಸುವುದೇ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಯ ಮೂಲ. ಅಸ್ತಿತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲದ ಕಾಲ್ಪನಿಕ ಶಾಶ್ವತ ಸುಖವನ್ನು ದೇಹದ ಮೇಲೆ ಜಾರಿಗೆ ತರಲು ಯತ್ನಿಸುವುದೇ ಮನೋರೋಗದ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ". ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಸುಖದಿಂದ ದೇಹಕ್ಕೆ ಹಾನಿಯೇ. ಆನಂದವೆಂಬುದೇ ಇಲ್ಲವೇ? ಯೂ.ಜಿ.ಯ ಪ್ರಕಾರ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಅದೆಲ್ಲ ಕಾಲ್ಪನಿಕ. "ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಹಕ್ಕೆ ಉಳಿಯುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ, ಸೃಷ್ಟಿ ಮಾಡುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ. ಅದು ಆನಂದ. ನೋವು ಎರಡನ್ನೂ ಸಮಾನವಾಗಿ ನೋಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ಸಂತೋಷವಾದಾಗಲೂ, ನೋವಾದಾಗಲೂ ಮುಲುಗುತ್ತೇವೆ. ದೇಹಕ್ಕೆ ತನಗೆ ತಾನೇ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಬೇಕು. ಇನ್ನೇನೂ ಬೇಡ. ಉಳಿದದ್ದೆಲ್ಲ ನಮ್ಮ ವಿಚಾರಧಾರೆಯ ಕಲ್ಪನೆ ಮಾತ್ರ. ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗೆ ನೀವು ನಿದ್ರೆ ಮಾಡಿರುವಾಗ ದೇಹ ಎಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಸಾರಿ ಹೊರಳಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ದೇಹ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ತಾನೇ ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ."

ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಯವರಿಗೆ ತಮ್ಮ 49ನೆಯ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಶಾರೀರಿಕವಾಗಿ ಬದಲಾವಣೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಮಹಾಯೋಗಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಆಗುತ್ತದೆ ಎನ್ನುವಂಥ ಷಟ್ಚಕ್ರ ಭೇದನವಾಯಿತು. ಮೂಲಾಧಾರದಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಸ್ವಾಧಿಷ್ಠಾನ, ಮಣಿಪುರ, ಅನಾಹುತ, ವಿಶುದ್ಧ, ಆಜ್ಞ –ಹೀಗೆ ಆರು ಚಕ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಫೋಟವಾಯಿತು. ಯೂ.ಜಿ. ಹೇಳುವಂತೆ ಅದು ಶರೀರದ ವಹಿವಾಟನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸುವ ಥೈಮಸ್, ಪಿಟ್ಯೂಟರಿ, ವಿನಿಯಲ್ ಗ್ರಂಥಿಗಳ ಕಾರ್ಯ. ಬುದ್ಧ, ಕ್ರಿಸ್ತ, ಸಾಕ್ರೆಟಿಸ್, ರಾಮಕೃಷ್ಣ, ರಮಣ ರಂಥವರಿಗೆ ಆಗಿರಬಹುದಾದಂಥ ರೂಪಾಂತರ ಇದು. ಈ ಶಾರೀರಿಕ ಮಾರ್ಪಾಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ದೇಹದ ಪ್ರತಿಕಣವೂ ಮತ್ತೆ ಹಿಂದಿರುಗಲಾರದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ

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ಬೆಂಗಳೂರು–560001.
ದೂರವಾಣಿ : 5588999 ತಂತಿ : ಸುಮಾ

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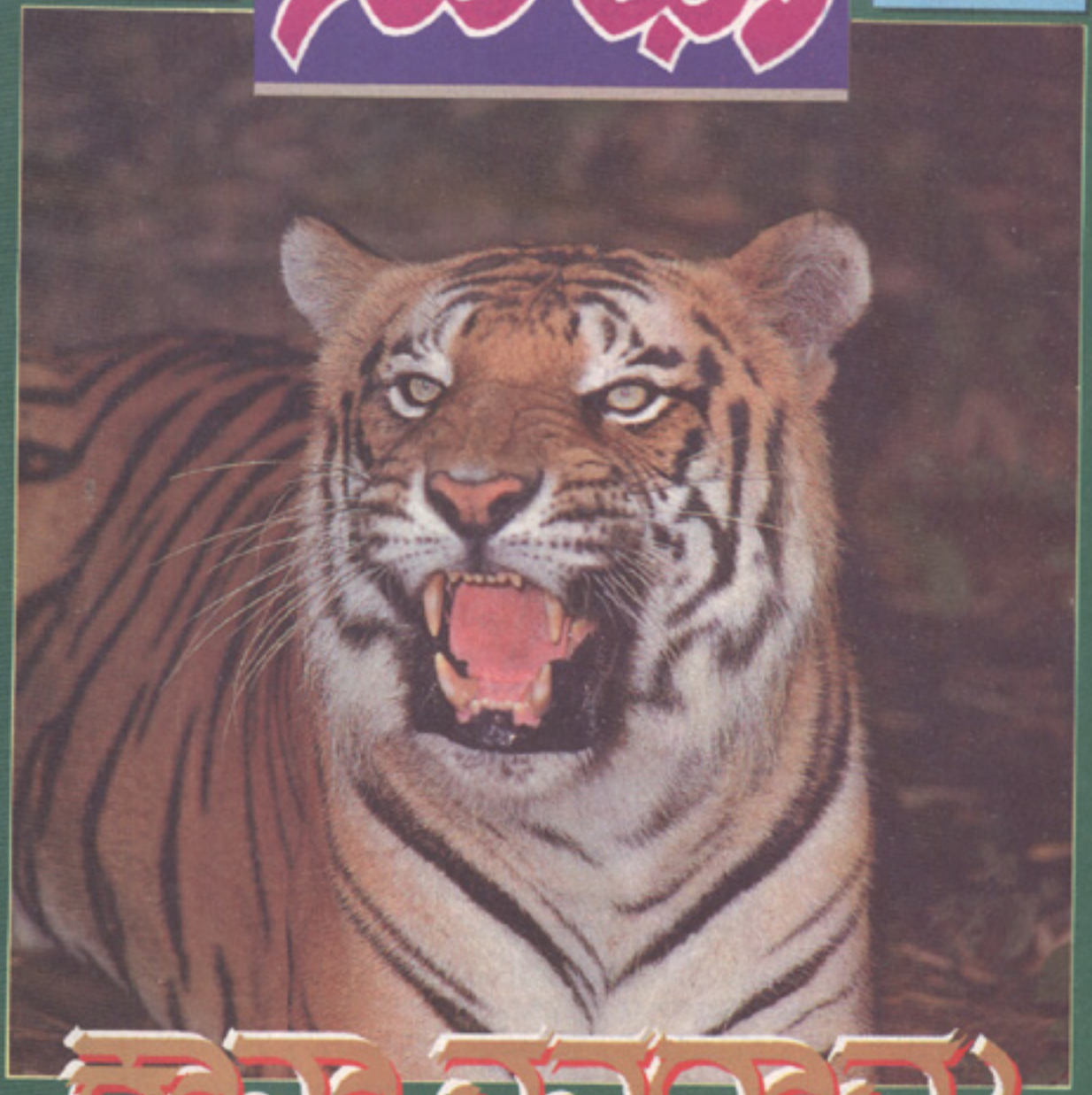
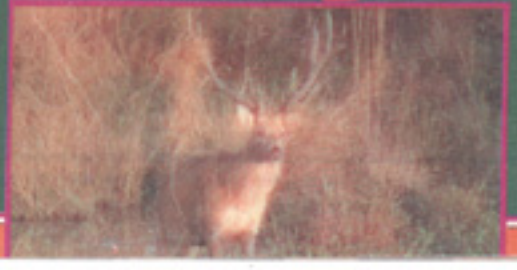
ಸುಧಾ

ಗಂಗೆಯ ಸುಳಿಯ ಸೆಳೆತಗಳೊಂದಿಗೆ



ಕಾನ್ಹಾ ವನ್ಯಧಾಮ



1901 ರಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಿಟ್ಸರ್‌ಲ್ಯಾಂಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ವ್ಯಾಲೆಂಟೈನ್ ಡಿಕೆರ್‌ಮಾನ್ ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ ಮಹಿಳೆ. ಆಕೆಯ ತಂದೆ ಡಾ. ಡಿಕೆರ್‌ಮಾನ್ ಪ್ರಖ್ಯಾತ ಮಿದುಳು ಶಸ್ತ್ರಚಿಕಿತ್ಸಕರಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಅವರು ಕಂಡುಹಿಡಿದ ಮಿದುಳು ರೋಗವೊಂದನ್ನು 'ಡಿಕೆರ್‌ಮಾನ್ ಸಿಂಡ್ರೋಮ್' ಎಂದೇ ಕರೆಯಲಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ವ್ಯಾಲೆಂಟೈನ್ ಮೋಟರ್ ಸೈಕಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊರಟು ಇಡೀ ಸಹಾರಾ ಮರುಭೂಮಿಯನ್ನು ದಾಟಿದ ಸಾಹಸಿ; ಪ್ಯಾರಿಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ಯಾಂಟು ಧರಿಸಿ ಓಡಾಡಿದ. ಫ್ರಾನ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಚಲನಚಿತ್ರ ತಯಾರಿಸಿದ ಮೊಟ್ಟಮೊದಲ ಮಹಿಳೆ; ಸ್ಪೇನಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಫ್ರಾಂಕೋನ ಫ್ಯಾಸಿಸ್ಟರ ವಿರುದ್ಧ ನಡೆದ ಯಾದವೀ ಯುದ್ಧದಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿ ವಿಫಲಳಾದ 'ಸೇನಾನಿ'. ಕಳೆದ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತೈದು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಅವರ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತೆಯಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಪಂಚವನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸುತ್ತಿರುವ ವ್ಯಾಲೆಂಟೈನ್ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಈಗ ಎಂಭತ್ತಾರರ ಇಳಿವಯಸ್ಸು.

ಮರವೊಂದರ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಕುಳಿತಿರುವಾಗ ಅವರಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳೂ ಮಾಯವಾದುವು. ದೇಹದಲ್ಲಿ ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಸ್ಫೋಟವಾಯಿತು. ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ನರವೂ, ಕೋಶವೂ, ಗ್ರಂಥಿಯೂ ಒಡೆದಂತೆ ಭಾಸವಾಯಿತು. ಈ ವಿಚಿತ್ರ ಘಟನೆ ನಂತರದ ಏಳು ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವಿವಿಧ ಬಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತ್ತು. ಮೊದಲ ದಿನ ಮೈಯ ಚರ್ಮ ರೇಷ್ಮೆಯಂತೆ ನುಣುಪಾಯಿತು. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಚಿನ್ನದ ಹೊಳಪು ಬಂತು. ಕ್ಷೌರ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಹೋದರೆ ರೇಜರೇ ಜಾರಿಬೀಳುವ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ. ಎರಡನೆಯ ದಿನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಸಂಬಂಧರಹಿತ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವಂತೆ ಅನಿಸಿತು. ವ್ಯಾಲೆಂಟೈನ್ ಟೊಮ್ಯಾಟೋ ಸಾಸು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಅದೇನೆಂದು ಆಕೆ ಹೇಳುವವರೆಗೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮೂರನೆಯ ದಿನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರಿಗಾಗಿ ಅಡಿಗೆ ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾಗಿ ಬಂದಾಗ ಘ್ರಾಣಿಸುವ ಶಕ್ತಿಯೇ ಮಾಯ. ರುಚಿ ನೋಡುವುದೂ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾಲ್ಕನೆಯ ದಿನ ಅವರ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಒನೋ ಆಯಿತು. ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ವಸ್ತುಗಳು ಅವರೊಳಗೇ ಇದ್ದಂತೆ. ಅವು ಅವರೊಳಗಿನಿಂದಲೇ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿರುವಂತೆ ಅನುಭವ. ಕಾರುಗಳು ಅವರೊಳಕ್ಕೇ ಬಂದುಹೋದಂತೆ— ಕನ್ನಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ರೆಪ್ಪೆಗಳೇ ಅಲುಗಾಡುತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ. ಐದನೆಯ ದಿನ ನಾಯಿಯ ಬೊಗಳು. ಹಸುವಿನ 'ಅಂಬಾ' ರೈಲಿನ ಶಿಳ್ಳೆ ಇವುಗಳೂ ಕೂಡ ತಮ್ಮಿಂದಲೇ ಹುಟ್ಟಿಬಂದಂತೆ— ಆರನೆಯ ದಿನ ಅವರ ಶರೀರವೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಾದಂತಹ ವಿಚಿತ್ರ ಅನುಭವ. ವ್ಯಾಲೆಂಟೈನ್‌ರನ್ನು ಕರೆದು "ಈ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ದೇಹವಿದೆಯೆ?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಅವರು "ಇದೆ" ಎಂದರು. ಆದರೆ ಮುಟ್ಟಿನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ ! ಏಳನೆಯ ದಿನ ಸಾಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಅನುಭವ. ಕೈಕಾಲುಗಳು ತಣ್ಣಗಾದುವು. ಉಸಿರಾಟ ನಿಧಾನವಾಯಿತು. ಹೃದಯದ ಬಡಿತ ಕಡಮೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ದೇಹ ಸೆಟೆದುಕೊಂಡಿತು. ಎಂಟನೆಯ ದಿನ ಆ 'ವಿಪತ್ತು' ಮುಗಿಯಿತು. ನಂತರದ ಸುಮಾರು ಆರು ತಿಂಗಳು ಅತ್ಯಂತ ನೋವಿನ ಕಾಲ. ದೇಹದ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಕೋಶದಲ್ಲೂ ನೋವು. ಮುಖ. ಕೊರಳು. ಮುಂಡಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ನಮ್ಮ ಯೋಗಿಗಳು "ಚಕ್ರ"ಗಳೆಂದು ಕರೆಯುವ ಬಿಂದುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಶಕ್ತಿವರ್ಧನೆ. (ಯು.ಜಿ. ಅದನ್ನು ಕುಂಡಲಿನಿ ಶಕ್ತಿಯೆಂದು ಕರೆಯಬಯಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.) ಅವರ ಮೈಮೇಲೆ ವಿವಿಧ ಆಕೃತಿಗಳ. ಬಣ್ಣ ಬಣ್ಣದ ಊತಗಳು ಉಂಟಾದುದನ್ನು ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು ಗುರುತಿಸಿದರು. ಬೆನ್ನು ಮೂಳೆಯ ತಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಚುಟ್ಟಾಗಳನ್ನು ಹೋಲುವಂಥ ಕಟ್ಟುಗಳು. ಹೊಕ್ಕುಳಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಾದಾಮಿಯಾಕಾರದ ಊತ. ಎದೆಯ ಮಧ್ಯಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ನೀಲಿ ಬಣ್ಣದ ಪದಕದಂತಹ ಊತ. ಕೊರಳಿನ ಬಳಿಯ ರಕ್ತನಾಳಗಳ ಊತ ಸರ್ಪಾಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿತ್ತು. ಹಾಗೆ ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಭಾರತೀಯ ಶಿಲ್ಪಗಳ ಅಲಂಕಾರಗಳಿಗೂ ಈ ಊತಗಳಿಗೂ ಒಂದು ಬಗೆಯ ಸಾಮ್ಯವಿತ್ತು. ತಲೆಯ ಮೇಲಿನ ರಕ್ತನಾಳಗಳು 'ಸಹಸ್ರ ದಳಗಳ ಕಮಲದ ಆಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಊದಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದುವು.

ನಂತರದ ಎರಡೂವರೆ ವರ್ಷ ಆಂತರಿಕವಾಗಿ ಶರೀರ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುವ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವು ಬದಲಾವಣೆಗಳು ಕಂಡುವು. ನಡೆಯುವ. ಕೈಗಳನ್ನು ಚಲಿಸುವ. ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ. ಮಲಗುವ ಕ್ರಮದಲ್ಲೂ ಬದಲಾವಣೆಗಳಾದವು. ಬುದ್ಧನ ಪ್ರತಿಮೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬರುವ ಅಭಯ ಮುದ್ರೆ ಸ್ವಾಭಾವಿಕವಾಗಿಯೇ ಸಿದ್ಧಿಸಿತು.

ಈಗ ಅರವತ್ತೊಭತ್ತನೆಯ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೂ, ತುಂಬು ಯೌವನದ ಲವಲವಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಯು.ಜಿ. ತಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಭವಿಸಿದ ಈ "ವಿಪತ್ತಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣಗಳನ್ನು ವಿವರಿಸಲಾರರು. "ಆ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಗೆ ಇರುವುದು ಅಷ್ಟೇ ವ್ಯಾಖ್ಯಾನ" ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ. "ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಆತ್ಮ ಚರಿತ್ರೆ ಮುಗಿಯಿತು. ಆ ನಂತರ ನಾನಿಲ್ಲ, ಇರುವುದು "ಸಹಜ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ"ಯಷ್ಟೇ.

ಯು.ಜಿ. ಹೊಸ ಜೀವನ ರೀತಿಯನ್ನೇನೂ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಜೀವನವೆನ್ನುವುದು ನಮ್ಮ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ನಾವು ಬಯಸಿದ್ದನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯುವ ಮಾರ್ಗ. ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನ ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ಬದಲಾಯಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ನಮಗೆ ಬೇಕಿರುವುದನ್ನು ಬೇರೊಂದು ಬಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪಡೆಯುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಮಾತ್ರ. ಯು.ಜಿ. ಅವರಿಗೆ ಮೂಲಭೂತ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಯಾವ ಆಸೆಗಳೂ ಇಲ್ಲ; ದೈಹಿಕ ಅಗತ್ಯಗಳ ಪೂರೈಕೆಯಾದಮೇಲೆ ಇತರರಿಂದ ಏನನ್ನೂ ಬಯಸುವ ಕಾರಣವಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲ ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಹಾಗೂ ಅಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕ ಬಯಕೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಬುನಾದಿಯಿಲ್ಲ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ ಅವರು. ಅವರ ಮೂಲಕ ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಸಂತೃಪ್ತಿಯನ್ನಾಗಲಿ, ಯಾವುದೇ ಬಗೆಯ ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕ ಲಾಭವನ್ನಾಗಲಿ ಅಪೇಕ್ಷಿಸುವವರು ಈ ಅಂಶವನ್ನು ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಮರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಬಹುಶಃ ಇದೇ ಕಾರಣದಿಂದಲೇ ಅವರು ಯಾವುದೇ ಪಂಥವನ್ನಾಗಲಿ, ಆಶ್ರಮವನ್ನಾಗಲಿ, ಧ್ಯಾನ ಕೇಂದ್ರವನ್ನಾಗಲಿ ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸಿಲ್ಲ, ಅವರಲ್ಲಿ ರಕ್ಷಿಸಿಡಬೇಕಾದ ಅಥವಾ ಪ್ರಚಾರ ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾದ ಯಾವುದೇ ಬೋಧನೆಯಿಲ್ಲ, ಅನುಯಾಯಿಗಳನ್ನು ಬಯಸದ ಅವರು ವೇದಿಕೆ ಏರಿ ಸಾರ್ವಜನಿಕ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸ ನೀಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ನೀತಿ ನಿಯಮಗಳನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಬರೆಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಯಾವುದೇ ಬಗೆಯ ಸಾಧನ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿ ಹಿಡಿಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಪರಿಹಾರ ನೀಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ರಸ್ತೆ ಬದಿಯ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ವಾಸಿಸುವ ಖಾಸಗಿ ಪ್ರಜೆ ಅವರು. ಯಾವುದೇ ಕಾರಣದಿಂದ ತಮ್ಮ ಬಳಿಗೆ ಬಂದವರ ಜೊತೆ ಆತ್ಮೀಯವಾಗಿ ಮಾತಾಡುವವರು. ಒಂದು ಅರ್ಥದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರ ಜೀವನ ಮತ್ತು 'ಬೋಧನೆಗಳು' (ಹಾಗೆಂದು ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಕರೆಯಬಹುದಾದರೆ) ನೀರಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರೆದ ಹಾಗಿದೆ. ಅವರ ಸಂದೇಶವನ್ನು ರಕ್ಷಿಸಿ, ಪವಿತ್ರಗೊಳಿಸುವ ಅಥವಾ ಅದರ ಪ್ರಚಾರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಆಶ್ರಮ ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸುವ ಯಾವುದೇ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಅಸಂಬದ್ಧ, ಹಾಗೇನಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ಅವರು ಇಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲ ಎದೆಗಾರಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿರುವುದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ನಿರಾಕರಿಸಿದಂತೆ.

ಧ್ಯಾನ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯ ಬಗೆಗೆ ಸದಾ ಮಾತಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಜೆ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲದ ಒಬ್ಬ ಬಫೂನ್.

ಯು.ಜಿ. ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ : "ಮಾನವ ಕುಲಕ್ಕೆ ನೀಡಲು ನನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವ ಸಂದೇಶವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಆದರೆ ಒಂದು ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಖಚಿತವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಬಲ್ಲೆ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮೂಲಭೂತ ಬಿಕ್ಕಟ್ಟನ್ನು ಪರಿಹರಿಸಲು ಅಥವಾ ಆತ್ಮವಂಚನೆಯಿಂದ ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ರಕ್ಷಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ನಾನು ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡಲಾರೆ. ಮತ್ತೆ ನಾನು ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡಲಾರೆನಾದರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಯಾರೂ ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡಲಾರರು".

ಜನಿವಾರ ಹೋಯಿತು. ತಮ್ಮ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ಎಲ್ಲ ಧಾರ್ಮಿಕ ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳನ್ನೂ ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸುವ ಪರಿಪಾಠ ಬೆಳೆಯಿತು.

ರಮಣ ಮಹರ್ಷಿ

ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತೊಂದನೆಯ ವರ್ಷದ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಅರೆ ನಾಸ್ತಿಕರಾದ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಹುದಡಾಸು ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ನಾತಕೋತ್ತರ ಪದವಿಗಾಗಿ ತತ್ವಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಮತ್ತು ಮನೋವಿಜ್ಞಾನಗಳನ್ನು ಕಲಿಯತೊಡಗಿದರು. ಅವರಿಗೆ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಮೊದಲಿನಿಂದಲೂ ಕುತೂಹಲವಿತ್ತು ಅದರೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಓದಿದರೂ ಮನಸ್ಸೆಂದರೆ ಏನು ಎಂದು ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಫ್ರಾಯ್ಡ್ ಯೂಂಗ್. ಏಡ್ಲರರ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತಗಳಿಂದ ನೆರವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರೊಫೆಸರರನ್ನು ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸಿದಾಗ ಅವರಿಂದ "ಇಂಥ

ಎಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗೆ ನೀವು ಏನಾದರೊಂದನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತೀರೋ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗೂ ನಿಮಗೆ ಅಶಾಂತಿಯೇ.

ಕಿರಿಕಿರಿಯ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಬೇಡ. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಸುಮಾಡಬೇಕು ಎಂದಿದ್ದರೆ ನೋಟ್ಸನ್ನು ಉರುಹೊಡಿ" ಎಂಬ ಉತ್ತರ ಬಂತು. ಸರಿ ಡಿಗ್ರಿಯೇ ಬೇಡ ಎಂದು ಓದು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿದರು. ಅದೇ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತನೊಬ್ಬನಿಂದ ರಮಣ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಯ ವಿಚಾರ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಈತ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬ ಡೋಂಗಿ ಸ್ವಾಮಿಯಿರಬೇಕೆಂದುಕೊಂಡೇ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಲ್ಲದ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ತಿರುವಣ್ಣಾಮಲೈಗೆ ಹೋದರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಮಿಕ್ ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಓದುತ್ತಾ ತನಗೆ ತಾನೇ ನಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ರಮಣ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡಾಗ "ಈತನಿಂದ ನಿನಗೇನು ಪ್ರಯೋಜನ?" ಎನ್ನಿಸಿತು. ಅವರನ್ನು ಮೂರು ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ ಕೇಳಿದರು.

"ಮೋಕ್ಷವೆನ್ನುವುದು ಇದೆಯೆ?"

"ಇದೆ."

"ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಹಂತಗಳಿವೆಯೆ?"

"ಇಲ್ಲ, ಹಂತಗಳಿಲ್ಲ, ನೀನು ಅದನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದ್ದೀಯ ಅಥವಾ ಇಲ್ಲ ಅಷ್ಟೇ".

"ನಿಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿರುವುದನ್ನು ನನಗೆ ಕೊಡಬಲ್ಲಿರಾ?"

"ಕೊಡಬಲ್ಲೆ, ಆದರೆ ನೀನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಬಲ್ಲೆಯಾ?"

ರಮಣ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಯ ಈ ಕೊನೆಯ ಉತ್ತರದಿಂದ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಅವರಿಗೆ ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಾಯಿತು. ಆ ಮೊದಲು ಯಾವ ಪುಣ್ಯ ಪುರುಷನೂ ಇಂಥ ಉತ್ತರ ನೀಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ, "ನಾನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾರೆನಾದರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಯಾರು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಬಲ್ಲರು?" ಎನ್ನಿಸಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಯ ಜೊತೆಯೇ ಉಳಿಯಬಯಸಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಅವರ ಯಾವ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳನ್ನೂ ಓದಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಅಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲೋ ದಾರಿ ತಪ್ಪಿದ್ದೇನೆ ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡವರಿಗೆ "ಇಲ್ಲ, ನಾನು ದಾರಿ ತಪ್ಪಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದು ಮನವರಿಕೆಯಾಯಿತು.

ಸುಮಾರು ಅದೇ ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅವರು ಲೈಂಗಿಕ ಒತ್ತಡದಿಂದ ಬಳಲತೊಡಗಿದರು.ಲೈಂಗಿಕ ಅನುಭವ ಏನು ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿಯದಿದ್ದರೂ ಅದು ಹೇಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂಬ ಕಲ್ಪನೆ ಬರತೊಡಗಿತು. ವಿರಕ್ತನಾಗಬೇಕು. ಸನ್ಯಾಸಿಯಾಗಬೇಕು ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದವರು ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ಸಹವಾಸಕ್ಕೆ ಧಾವಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಲೈಂಗಿಕತೆ ಎನ್ನುವುದು ಸಹಜ ಪ್ರವೃತ್ತಿ, ಅದನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿಕ್ಕುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಅರ್ಥವಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬ ನಿಲುವು ತಾಳಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಅಜ್ಜಿ ತೋರಿಸಿದ ಕನ್ಯೆಯೊಬ್ಬಳನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾದರು. ಮದುವೆಯ ದಿನವೇ "ನಾನು ಬಹುದೊಡ್ಡ ತಪ್ಪು ಮಾಡಿದೆ" ಎನ್ನಿಸಿತಂತೆ. ಸುಮಾರು ಹದಿನೇಳು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಅವರ ವೈವಾಹಿಕ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಮಕ್ಕಳಾದುವು. ದೊಡ್ಡಮಗ ಪೋಲಿಯೋ ರೋಗಕ್ಕೆ ತುತ್ತಾದಾಗ ಅವನ ಚಿಕಿತ್ಸೆಗೆಂದು ಅಮೆರಿಕಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋದರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಪೆಂಡತಿಗೆ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಕೊಡಿಸಿದರು. ಆಮೇಲೆ ಆಕೆಗೆ 'ವರ್ಲ್ಡ್ ಬುಕ್ ಎನ್‌ಸೈಕ್ಲೋಪೀಡಿಯ' ಸಂಸ್ಥೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಉದ್ಯೋಗ ದೊರೆಯಿತು. ಅಷ್ಟು ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಅವರ ತಾತನಿಂದ ಬಂದಿದ್ದ ಸಹಸ್ರಾರು ಡಾಲರುಗಳಷ್ಟು ಹಣವೂ ಖರ್ಚಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಸಾರ್ವಜನಿಕ ಭಾಷಣಗಳನ್ನು (ಮೊದಲು ಥಿಯಾಸಫಿಕಲ್ ಸೊಸೈಟಿಯ ಪರವಾಗಿ ನಂತರ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರವಾಗಿ) ಮಾಡುವ ಮೂಲಕ ಬದುಕುವುದು.ಇಷ್ಟವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ, 1961ರಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡ ಒಂದುಬಗೆಯ ಉದ್ವೇಗ ಆರು ತಿಂಗಳ ಕಾಲ ಇದ್ದು ಕೊನೆಗೆ 'ಏಪತ್ತಿ'ನಲ್ಲಿ ಪರ್ಯವಸಾನವಾಯಿತು. ಸಂಸಾರ ಜೀವನವೂ ಸಾಕುಸಾಕಾಗಿತ್ತು, ಪತ್ನಿಯನ್ನು ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿ ಲಂಡನ್ನಿಗೆ ಹೋದರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂರು ವರ್ಷ ಅಲೆದಾಟ. ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಸಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಉಪವಾಸವಿರುವ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ. 1962 ರಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರ ಪತ್ನಿ ತೀರಿಕೊಂಡ ಸುದ್ದಿ ಆರು ತಿಂಗಳ ನಂತರ ಅವರನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟಿತು. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಕಾಲ ಲಂಡನ್ನಿನ ರಾಮಕೃಷ್ಣಾಶ್ರಮದ ಆಶ್ರಯ.

ಆಮೇಲೆ ಸ್ವಿಟ್ಜರ್ಲೆಂಡಿಗೆ. ಜಿನೀವಾದಲ್ಲಿ ಭಿಕಾರಿಯ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ತಲಪಿದಾಗ ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಭಾರತೀಯ ಉಪ-ರಾಯಭಾರಿ ಒಂದು ತಿಂಗಳ ವಾಸ್ತವ್ಯದ ಅವಕಾಶ ಕಲ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟರು. ಮತ್ತೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ವ್ಯಾಲೆಂಟೈನ್ ಡಿಕೆರ್‌ವಾನ್ ಎಂಬ ಮಹಿಳೆಯ ಪರಿಚಯವಾಯಿತು. ಈ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ ತಾಳಿದ ಆಕೆ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಅವರಿಗೆ ಪ್ರಿಯವಾಗಿದ್ದ ಪರ್ವತ ಪ್ರದೇಶದ ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಸಾನನ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಮನೆ ಮಾಡಿದರು.

ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಮೊದಲು ಸುಮಾರು ಏಳು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಕಾಲ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಜೆ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿಯವರ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ್ದರು. ಅದರೆ ಅವರ ನಿಕಟವರ್ತಿಯಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ನಂತರ ಯಾವುದೋ ಕಾರಣದಿಂದ ಅವರ ಭೇಟಿಯಾಯಿತು. ಯು.ಜಿಗೆ ಅವರ ಅಮೂರ್ತ ವಾದ ಇಷ್ಟವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ, "ನೀವು ಮನಶ್ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದ ಶಬ್ದಗಳನ್ನು ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಿ. ಅವುಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ವಿನಸ್ನೋ ವಿಶ್ಲೇಷಣೆ ಮಾಡಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿ. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಇದು ವಿಶ್ಲೇಷಣೆಗೆ ನಿಲುಕದ ವಿಷಯ ಎಂದು ಕೈಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಿ" ಎಂದೆಲ್ಲ ವಾದ ಮಾಡಿದರು. "ನಿಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಇರುವುದಾದರೂ ಏನು?" ಎಂದು ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸಿದರು. ಜೆ.ಕೆ. ಅವರಿಂದ ಸಮರ್ಪಕ ಉತ್ತರ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಅವರು "ನೀನು ಅರ್ಥಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾರೆ" ಎಂದರು. ಮುಗಿಯಿತು. ಇನ್ನೆಂದೂ ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ನೋಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದರು ಯು.ಜಿ.

ರಜನೀಶ್, ಸಾಯಿಬಾಬರಂಥ ಸ್ವಾಮಿಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಸರಕುಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾರುವ ವ್ಯಾಪಾರಿಗಳಿದ್ದಂತೆ. ಮೋಕ್ಷ ಉಂಟುಮಾಡುತ್ತೇವೆಂದು ಅವರು ಹೇಳುವುದೆಲ್ಲ ಅಪ್ಪಟ ಸುಳ್ಳು.

ನಲವತ್ತೊಂಬತ್ತು ವರ್ಷ ತುಂಬುವವರೆಗೂ ಅವರಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೇನೋ ಶಕ್ತಿಗಳಿದ್ದುವು. ಒಬ್ಬ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡಕೂಡಲೆ ಅವನ ಹಿಂದಿನ, ಇಂದಿನ, ನಾಳಿನ ಜೀವನವನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಅರಿಯಬಲ್ಲ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಒಂದು. ಏನಾದರೂ ಹೇಳಿದರೆ ಹಾಗೇ ನಡೆದುಬಿಡುವ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು. ಆದರೆ ಈ ಶಕ್ತಿಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಅವರೆಂದೂ ತಲೆ ಕೆಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಿಲ್ಲ, 1967ರ ಜುಲೈನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರ ಒತ್ತಾಯದಿಂದ ಸಾನನ್ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲೇ ಜೆ.ಕೆ. ಅವರ ಭಾಷಣ ಕೇಳಲು ಹೋದರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಜೆ.ಕೆ. ಯವರು ಏರಿಸಿದ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲೇ ತಾವು ಇರುವಂತೆ ಭಾಸವಾಯಿತು.

ನಲವತ್ತೊಂಬತ್ತೆಯ ಹುಟ್ಟು ಹಬ್ಬದ ದಿನ ಸಾನನ್ ಪರ್ವತ ಪ್ರದೇಶದ ಸುಂದರ ಕಣಿವೆಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ

ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಾರಲ್ಲ, ಅದು ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯದ ಸಂಗತಿ.

ಅವರು ಸ್ವಾಮಿಯಲ್ಲ, ಪವಾಡ ಪುರುಷರಲ್ಲ, ಕಾವಿಬಟ್ಟೆ ಧರಿಸಿ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸ ನೀಡುವವರಲ್ಲ, ಅವರದು ಯಾವ ಮತವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಇನ್ನು ಅನುಯಾಯಿಗಳ ಮಾತೆಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂತು? ಆದರೂ ಅವರಿಯವ ಕಡೆ ಜನ ಬಂದೇ ಬರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕಡೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರಿದ್ದಾರೆ. 'ಶಿಷ್ಯ'ರಿದ್ದಾರೆ ('ಶಿಷ್ಯ' ಎಂಬುದು ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಸರಿಯಾದ ಶಬ್ದವಲ್ಲ) ಅವರು ಸದಾ ಹಸನ್ಮುಖಿಗಳು: ಸುಂದರ ಪುರುಷ. ಅವರ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವ ಅಯಸ್ಕಾಂತದಂತೆ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಅವರ ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದುಬಿಡೋಣ ಎನಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಅವರೋ "ನೀವೇಕೆ ನನ್ನ ಬಳಿ ಬರುತ್ತೀರಿ. ನಾನೇನೂ ನೀಡಲಾರೆ. ಹೊರಟುಹೋಗಿ" ಎನ್ನುವವರು. ಆದರೂ ಅವರ ಆಕರ್ಷಣೆಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿಕೊಂಡವರು ಹೋಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಇನ್ನಷ್ಟು ಮತ್ತಷ್ಟು ಅವರ ಮಾತು ಕೇಳಬೇಕೆಂದು ಉಳಿಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅವರ ರೂಪ ಹೇಗೋ ಹಾಗೆ ಅವರ ಮಾತೂ ಮೋಡಿ ಮಾಡುವಂಥದು. ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರರ್ಗಳವಾಗಿ ಅಸ್ಖಲಿತವಾಗಿ ಮಾತನಾಡುವ ಅವರ ಮುಂದೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಪಾಂಡಿತ್ಯ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಜ್ಞಾನ. ಲೋಕಾನುಭವ. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ಮೂಕವಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗಾಗಿ ಇಲ್ಲೊಂದು ಸಂವಾದ.

ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಾತಿನಿಂದ ಯಾರಿಗಾದರೂ ಭರವಸೆ ಉಂಟಾಗುವುದೆಂಬುದು ಸುಳ್ಳು, ಹೀಗಿದ್ದೂ ಯಾಕೆ ಮಾತಾಡುತ್ತೀರಿ?

"ಇನ್ನೇನು ಮಾಡಲಿ? ನೀವು ಬರುತ್ತೀರಿ. ನಾನು ಮಾತಾಡುತ್ತೇನೆ. ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಬಯ್ಯಬೇಕೆ? ನಿಮಿತ್ತ ಕಲ್ಪಿಸಬೇಕೆ? ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಿಲ್ಲ, ಯಾಕೆಂದರೆ ಸುತ್ತ ರಕ್ಷಣೆಯ ಗೋಡೆ ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ನಿಮಗೆ ಅದರಿಂದ ಬಾಧಕವಿಲ್ಲ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ಅರ್ಥ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾಗದ ನೀವು ನಿಮ್ಮದೇ ವಿಚಾರಗಳಿಂದ ಪ್ರತಿಕ್ರಿಯಿಸುತ್ತೀರಿ. ವಿಚಾರವೇ ಪ್ರತಿಕ್ರಿಯೆ".

ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ನಿಮ್ಮದೇ ಆದ ಒಂದು ತತ್ವ, ಒಂದು ಸಂದೇಶ ಇರಲೇಬೇಕು.

"ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತಾಡುವವರು, ಸಲಹೆ ಕೊಡುವವರು, ನೋವು ಅನುಭವಿಸುವವರು ಯಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ನನ್ನ ಮಾತು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳ ನೇರ ಪರಿಣಾಮ ಅಷ್ಟೆ, ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನದೇ ಆದದ್ದು ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ; ನಾನು ಮಾರಬಹುದಾದ್ದೂ, ವಾದ ಮಾಡಿ ಸಾಧಿಸಲೇಬೇಕಾದ್ದೂ ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ".

ನಮ್ಮ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಪರಿಹಾರ ಇರಲೇಬೇಕೆಂದು ಅನಿಸುವುದಲ್ಲ?

"ಕೃತಕ ಪರಿಹಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳು ಮುಂದುವರಿಯುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರುತ್ತವೆ. ಜಗದ್ಗುರುಗಳು. ಮನೋವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳು. ರಾಜಕಾರಣಿಗಳು ಸೂಚಿಸುವ ಅಸಂಖ್ಯಾತ ಪರಿಹಾರಗಳು ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಪರಿಹಾರಗಳೇ ಅಲ್ಲ, ಸರಿಯಾದ ಉತ್ತರಗಳಿದ್ದಿದ್ದರೆ, ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳೇ ಇರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ".

ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ನಮಗೇಕೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸಕ್ತಿಯಿದೆ ?

"ಉತ್ತರಗಳಿಗಾಗಿ ನಿಮಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯುವ ಕುತೂಹಲ. ನನ್ನ ಕತೆಯನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ನನಗಾದದ್ದೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ನೀವೂ ಅನುಭವಿಸಬಲ್ಲಿರೆಂದು ನಂಬಿದ್ದೀರಿ. ಜೀವನಪರ್ಯಂತ ಮಿದುಳ ಮಜ್ಜನಕ್ಕೊಳಗಾದ ನೀವು ಅನುಕರಣೆಯನ್ನಷ್ಟೇ ಬಯಸುತ್ತೀರಿ".

ದೇವರಿಲ್ಲ

ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯದಲ್ಲಿ ದೇವರೆಂದರೆ...?

"ದೇವರು ಎನ್ನುವ ವಸ್ತು ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಮನಸ್ಸು ಭಯದಿಂದಾಗಿ ದೇವರನ್ನು ಹುಟ್ಟು ಹಾಕಿದೆ. ಭಯ ಪೀಳಿಗೆಯಿಂದ ಪೀಳಿಗೆಗೆಸಾಗಿ ಬಂದಿದೆ. ಭಯದಿಂದ ಮುಕ್ತರಾಗುವ ಅದೃಷ್ಟ ನಿಮಗಿದ್ದರೆ ದೇವರಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಮತ್ತೆ ಭಯದಿಂದ ಮುಕ್ತನಾಗಬೇಕೆನ್ನುವುದೂ ಭಯವೇ".

ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಏನು ಹೇಳುತ್ತೀರಿ?

"ನನ್ನ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಅಸ್ತಿತ್ವವಿಲ್ಲ, ಇರುವುದು ದೈಹಿಕ ಪ್ರಕ್ರಿಯೆ ಮಾತ್ರ"

ಉಪ್ಪಲೂರಿ ಗೋಪಾಲ ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿಯವರು 1918 ರ ಜುಲೈ 9 ರಂದು ಆಂಧ್ರದ ಮಸುಲಿಪಟ್ಟಂ ಬಳಿಯ ಗುಡಿವಾಡ ಎಂಬ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದರು. ಅವರ ತಾಯಿ ಈ ಏಕಮಾತ್ರ ಮಗುವನ್ನು ಹೆತ್ತ ಏಳನೆಯ ದಿನ ಸನ್ನಿ ಜ್ವರದಿಂದ ತೀರಿಕೊಂಡಳು. ಸಾಯುವ ಮುನ್ನ ಆಕೆ ತನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯ ಬಳಿ ಈ ಮಗುವನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕೆಂದೂ ಇವನು ಮುಂದೆ ಬಹು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಜ್ಞಾನಿಯಾಗಿ ಮಹತ್ತರ ಕಾರ್ಯ ನಿರ್ವಹಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆಂದೂ ಹೇಳಿದಳಂತೆ. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಯು.ಜಿಯ ತಂದೆಯೂ ಬಹುಬೇಗ ಮರು ಮದುವೆಯಾದರು. ಹಾಗಾಗಿ ಮಗುವಿನ ಪೋಷಣೆಯ ಹೊಣೆ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಅವನ ತಾತ. ಅಜ್ಜಿಯರ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಿತ್ತು. ವಕೀಲರಾಗಿದ್ದ ತಾತ ಮಗುವಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲ ಸೌಲಭ್ಯಗಳನ್ನೂ ಕಲ್ಪಿಸಿ. ಅವನನ್ನು ಒಬ್ಬ ಶ್ರೀಮಂತ ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ 'ರಾಜಕುಮಾರ'ನಂತೆ ಬೆಳೆಸಿದರು. ಸ್ವತಃ ಥಿಯಾಸಫಿ ಪಂಥದ ಅನುಯಾಯಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಜಿದ್ದು ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿ. ಅನಿ ಬೆಸೆಂಟ್. ಕರ್ನಲ್ ಆಲ್ಕಾಟ್ ಮತ್ತು ಥಿಯಾಸಫಿಕಲ್ ಸೊಸೈಟಿಯ ಇತರ ಪ್ರಮುಖರ ನಿಕಟ ಪರಿಚಯವಿತ್ತು ಬಾಲ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಇವರೆಲ್ಲರ ಸಂಪರ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆದ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಮುಂದೆ ಅನೇಕ ವರ್ಷ ಮದರಾಸಿನ ಅಡಯಾರಿನಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಥಿಯಾಸಫಿಕಲ್ ಸೊಸೈಟಿಯಲ್ಲೇ ಕಳೆದರು. "ನನ್ನ ತಾತನ ಮನೆ ಬಾಗಿಲು ಎಲ್ಲ ಬಗೆಯ ಸನ್ಯಾಸಿಗಳಿಗೆ. ವಿರಕ್ತರಿಗೆ. ಧಾರ್ಮಿಕ ಪಂಡಿತರಿಗೆ. ಗುರುಗಳು. ಮಹಾತ್ಮರು ಹಾಗೂ ಸ್ವಾಮಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಸದಾ ತೆರೆದಿರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು." ಅಲ್ಲಿ ತತ್ವಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ, ತೌಲನಿಕ ಧರ್ಮಗಳು. ಅಲೌಕಿಕ ತತ್ವ, ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮ ಮೊದಲಾದುವುಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಿಸಿದಂತೆ ಕೊನೆಯಿಲ್ಲದ ಚರ್ಚೆ ನಡೆದಿರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು, ಪರಿಣಾಮವಾಗಿ ಬಾಲಕ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಬಾಲ್ಯದಲ್ಲೇ ಶ್ರುತಿ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ, ಪುರಾಣಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ತತ್ವ, ತರ್ಕ. ಮೀಮಾಂಸೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಮುಳುಗೇಳುವಂತಾಯಿತು. ಅವರ ತಾತ ಸುಸಂಸ್ಕೃತರಾದರೂ ಕಂದಾಚಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಪಕ್ಕಾಗಿದ್ದವರು. ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರನ್ನು ಸಂಬಳಕ್ಕಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದ ಅವರು ಯು.ಜಿಯ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದ ಬಗೆಗೆ ವಿಶೇಷ ಕಾಳಜಿ ವಹಿಸಿದರು. ನಾಲ್ಕರಿಂದ ಆರು ವರ್ಷದವರೆಗೆ ಹುಡುಗನಿಗೆ ವೇದ. ಉಪನಿಷತ್ತು ಪಂಚಾದಶಿ. ವೈಷಮ್ಯ ಸಿದ್ಧಿ ಮೊದಲಾದುವುಗಳ ಪಾಠವಾಯಿತು. ಏಳು ತುಂಬುವ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳಬಲ್ಲವನಾಗಿದ್ದ. "ನನ್ನ ತಾತ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕವಾದ ಧ್ಯಾನ ಕೋಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದೆರಡು ಗಂಟೆ ಧ್ಯಾನ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ, ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಸುಮಾರು ಎರಡು ವರ್ಷದ ಒಂದು ಮಗು ಯಾಕೋ ಅಳತೊಡಗಿತು. ಧ್ಯಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ ತಾತ ಕೆಳಗಿಳಿದು ಬಂದು ಆ ಮಗುವನ್ನು ನೀಲಿಗಟ್ಟುವಂತೆ ಹೊಡೆದದ್ದೇ ಹೊಡೆದದ್ದು, ಆಗ ಅವನ ಧ್ಯಾನಕ್ಕೇನು ಬೆಲೆಯಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸಿದೆ" ಇದೇ ತಾತ ಯು. ಜಿಯನ್ನು ಭಾರತದ ಎಲ್ಲ ಪವಿತ್ರ ಕ್ಷೇತ್ರಗಳಿಗೆ. ಆಶ್ರಮಗಳಿಗೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ದರು. ಯು.ಜಿ. ಹಿಮಾಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಏಳು ವರ್ಷ ಕಾಲ ಯೋಗಾಭ್ಯಾಸ ಮಾಡಿದರು.

ಆ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಶಿವಾನಂದ ಸರಸ್ವತಿ ಎಂಬ ಹಿಂದೂ ಧರ್ಮ ಪ್ರಚಾರಕರ ಶಿಷ್ಯರಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಸದಾ ಧ್ಯಾನ. ಗ್ರಂಥ ಪಠಣ. ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವಿವರಿಸಲಾದ ಎಲ್ಲ ಅನುಭವಗಳನ್ನೂ ಅನುಭವಿಸಿದ್ದಾಯಿತು. ಸಮಾಧಿ. ಅತಿ

ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬನು ತನ್ನದೇ ಆದ ಭದ್ರತೆಯನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ ಸಾರ್ವತ್ರಿಕ ಭದ್ರತೆ ಅಸಾಧ್ಯ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಭದ್ರತೆ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬನ ಭಯಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಮಾತು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಗಳಿಗೂ ಅನ್ವಯಿಸುವಂಥದು.

ಸಮಾಧಿ. ನಿರ್ವಿಕಲ್ಪ ಸಮಾಧಿ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಸಾಧಿಸಿದ್ದಾಯಿತು. ಆಗ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಎಂಥ ಅನುಭವವನ್ನು ಬೇಕಾದರೂ ಕೊಡಬಲ್ಲುದೆಂದು ಅನ್ನಿಸಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಯು.ಜಿಗೆ ಬೇಕಾಗಿದ್ದುದು ಅದಲ್ಲ, ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಮೋಕ್ಷದ ಬಗೆಗೆ ಮಾತಾಡುತ್ತಾರಲ್ಲ, ಅದೇನದು ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿಯುವ ಆಸೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಕಡು ನಿಷ್ಠೆಯ ಜೀವನ: ಊಟದಿಂದ ಉಪ್ಪು, ಮೆಣಸಿನಕಾಯಿಗಳನ್ನೂ ವರ್ಜಿಸುವ ನಿಷ್ಠುರತೆ. ಆದರೆ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ತಮ್ಮ ಗುರು ಶಿವಾನಂದ ಸರಸ್ವತಿ ಉಪ್ಪಿನಕಾಯಿ ಕದ್ದು ತಿನ್ನುತ್ತಿರುವುದನ್ನು ಕಂಡಾಗ ಭ್ರಮನಿರಸನವಾಯಿತು. "ಆತ್ಮನಿಯಂತ್ರಣವಿಲ್ಲದ ಈತ ಆತ್ಮ ವಂಚಕ" ಎನಿಸಿತು. ತಕ್ಷಣ ಯೋಗಾಭ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ಕೈಬಿಟ್ಟರು: ಅಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಿಸಿದ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಅನುಮಾನದಿಂದ ನೋಡತೊಡಗಿದರು. ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ್ಯದ ಕುರುಹಾಗಿದ್ದ

ನೀವು ಮಾಸ್ತಿಯವರ "ಸಾರಿಪುತ್ತನ ಕಡೆಯ ದಿನಗಳು" ಎಂಬ ಕತೆಯನ್ನು ಓದಿದ್ದೀರಲ್ಲವೆ? ಆ ಕತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ಸಾರಿಪುತ್ರ ತನ್ನ ಗುರುವಾದ ಬುದ್ಧನನ್ನು ಮೊದಲು ಕಂಡ ದಿನ ಏನು ನಡೆಯಿತೆಂದು ನೆನಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. ನಗರದ ಉಪವನದಲ್ಲಿ, ದೊಡ್ಡದಾದ ಅಶ್ವತ್ಥವೃಕ್ಷ ಅದರಡಿ ಕುಳಿತ ಬುದ್ಧ, ಹತ್ತಿರ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಜನ ವೇದಾನುಯಾಯಿಗಳು. ಸುತ್ತ ನೂರಾರು ಜನ ವೈದಿಕರ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಗುರು ಉತ್ತರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ರೀತಿ ಇದು :

"ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮತದ ಪ್ರಕಾರ ದೇವರಿಯವನೋ ಇಲ್ಲವೊ?"

"ದೇವರು ಎಂದರೆ ಯಾರು?"

"ಸರ್ವವ್ಯಾಪಿಯೂ ಸರ್ವ ಶಕ್ತನೂ ಜಗನ್ನಿಯಾಮಕನೂ ಆದ ಪರಮ ಪುರುಷನು".

ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಹೊರತಾದ ಯಾವ ಶಕ್ತಿಯೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಆದರೆ ಗತಕಾಲದ ಹೊರೆಯಿಂದಾಗಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಅಭಿವ್ಯಕ್ತಗೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ.

"ನೀವು ಪರಮ ಪುರುಷನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿರಬಹುದು: ಅವನ ಗುಣಗಳಿಷ್ಟನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸುತಿದ್ದೀರಿ. ನಾನು ಅವನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿಲ್ಲ".

"ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮತ ಸರಿಯೆ ಎಂದು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸುವುದು ಹೇಗೆ?"

"ನನ್ನ ಮತ ನನಗೆ ಸರಿ".

"ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ನೀವು ಏನನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿಕೊಡುವಿರಿ?"

"ಹೇಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡವರನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ."

"ನೀವು ಕರ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ವಿರೋಧಿಗಳೆ?"

"ಕರ್ಮವೆಂದರೇನು?"

"ಇದು ಬರಿಯ ಮಾತು."

"ವೇದವೂ ಮಾತೇ".

ಪೊನ್ನೆ ಕಥೆಯ ಈ ಭಾಗವನ್ನು ಓದುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ ಥಟ್ಟನೆ ನನಗೆ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಅವರು ನೆನಪಾದರು. ಕಾರಣ ಬುದ್ಧನ ಈ ಉತ್ತರಗಳ ಧಾಟಿ ಥೇಟ್ ಯು.ಜಿಯವರ ಮಾತುಗಳ ಧಾಟಿಯಂತೆಯೇ ಇದೆಯೆಂದು ನನಗೆ ಅನ್ನಿಸಿತು. ಕೇವಲ ಅನಿಸಿಕೆಯಷ್ಟೆ. ಈ ಸಾಮ್ಯದಿಂದಾಗಿ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಅವರು ಬುದ್ಧನ ಅಪರಾವತಾರವೆಂದಾಗಲೀ ಅವನ ಅನುಯಾಯಿಯೆಂದಾಗಲೀ ನಾನು ಸೂಚಿಸುತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೆ ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಬುದ್ಧನನ್ನೂ ಒಳಗೊಂಡಂತೆ ಎಲ್ಲ ಮತಸ್ಥಾಪಕರನ್ನೂ ಅವರು ತಪ್ಪುದಾರಿ ಒಡಿದವರೆಂದೋ ಪರಮ ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥಿಗಳೆಂದೋ ಹುಚ್ಚರೆಂದೋ ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಎಲ್ಲ ನಂಬಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನೂ ಬುಡಮೇಲು ಮಾಡುವ. ನಾವು ಅನುಸರಿಸುವ ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ನಿರರ್ಥಕವೆನ್ನುವ ಯು.ಜಿ. ಒಬ್ಬ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಅಥವಾ ಒಂದು 'ಸ್ಥಿತಿ'. ಶ್ರುತಿ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಪುರಾಣಗಳು ಯಾವುದನ್ನು ಬ್ರಹ್ಮ ಮುಕ್ತಿ ಆತ್ಮ ಆನಂದ ಎಂದು ಕರೆದವೋ ಅದೇ ಅವರ ಈ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯೋ ಏನೊ. ಕತ್ತಲಿನಿಂದ ಬೆಳಕಿನೆಡೆಗೆ ಸಾಗಬೇಕೆನ್ನುವುದು ನಮ್ಮ ಆಶಯ. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಾವು ಮಾಡುವ ಧ್ಯಾನ. ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥನೆ. ತಪಸ್ಸು, ಸಾಧನೆಗಳು ಒಂದೆರಡಲ್ಲ, ಆದರೆ ಇವೆಲ್ಲ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು "ಕತ್ತಲಿನಿಂದ ಇನ್ನಷ್ಟು ಕತ್ತಲೆಗೆ ಕೊಂಡೊಯ್ಯುವ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಗಳೆ"ನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ ಯು.ಜಿ. "ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಮಾಡುವುದು ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಗಾಗಿ. ಗೇಣು ಬಟ್ಟೆಗಾಗಿ" ಎಂಬ ದಾಸ ವಾಣಿಯಂತಿದೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನ. ಇದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಅಲೌಕಿಕವಾದ "ಮುಕ್ತಿ"ಯನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸಲು ಹೊರಡುವುದೇ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಅಪರಾಧ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ ಅವರು.

ಗತಕಾಲದ ಎಲ್ಲ ಜ್ಞಾನ. ವಿವೇಕಗಳನ್ನೂ ನಿರಾಕರಿಸುವ ಯು.ಜಿ. ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಪೇಚಿಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅವರದು ನಡುಕ ಹುಟ್ಟಿಸುವಂತಹ ಸಂದೇಶ : "ನೀವು ಒಡಿದಿರುವುದು ತಪ್ಪು ದಾರಿ" ಪ್ರೇಮವೆನ್ನುವುದು ಒಂದು ಯುದ್ಧ; ಕಾರ್ಯಕಾರಣ ಪರಿಣಾಮವೆನ್ನುವುದು ಗಲಿಬಿಲಿಗೊಂಡ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಆವಿಷ್ಕಾರ: ಯೋಗ ಮತ್ತು ಆರೋಗ್ಯದಾಯಕ ಆಹಾರ ದೇಹವನ್ನು ಹಾಳು ಮಾಡುತ್ತವೆ: ರಷ್ಯಾದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವ ಕಮ್ಯುನಿಸಮ್ಮೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಅಮೆರಿಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವ ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ; ಮಾನವ ಕುಲಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇವೆ ಸಲ್ಲಿಸುತ್ತೇನೆನ್ನುವುದೇ ಪರಮ ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥ: ಚರ್ಚಿಗೆ ಹೋಗುವುದು. ಕುಡಿಯುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಬಾರಿಗೆ ಹೋಗುವುದು ಎರಡೂ ಒಂದೇ: ನಿಮ್ಮೊಳಗೆ ಭಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಬೇರೇನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ; ಮನುಷ್ಯರ ನಡುವೆ ಸಂವಹನ ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ; ದೇವರು. ಪ್ರೇಮ. ಸಂತೋಷ. ಸುಪ್ತಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆ, ಸಾವು. ಅವತಾರ. ಇವೆಲ್ಲ ಅಸ್ತಿತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲದ. ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಮೃದ್ಧ ಕಲ್ಪನಾಶಕ್ತಿ ಹುಟ್ಟುಹಾಕಿದ ಸಂಗತಿಗಳು: ಫ್ರಾಯ್ಡ್ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತನೇ ಶತಮಾನದ ಮೋಸಗಾರನಾದರೆ ಜೆ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲದ ಬಹುದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಪಟ

ಸಹಜ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ

ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಯು.ಜಿ. ನಾಸ್ತಿಕರೆ? ಭೌತವಾದಿಯೆ? ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಕಾರಿಯೆ? ಸಿನಿಕರೆ? ಇದು ಯಾವುದೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. "ನನ್ನದು ಸಹಜ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ. ನಾನು ಮಾತಾಡುತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ, ನನ್ನ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ತನ್ನಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ತಾನೇ ಪ್ರಕಟಗೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಅಷ್ಟೆ" ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ ಅವರು. ನಮ್ಮ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿನ ವಿಚಾರಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ. ಮಾನವ ಮನಸ್ಸು ರೂಪಿಸಿದ ನೀತಿ ನಿಯಮಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ದಾಳಿ ಮಾಡುವ ಮೂಲಕ ಅವರು ನಮ್ಮ ಭಕ್ಷಗೊಂಡ ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆಯನ್ನೇ ತೊಳೆದು ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾರೆ. ತೊಳೆದು ಹಾಕಿದ ಮೇಲೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಏನನ್ನೂ ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಅಂದರೆ ರೂಢಿಗತವಾದ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ನಾಶಗೊಳಿಸುವ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂತೋಷಪಡುವ ಈತ ತನ್ನ ಶ್ರೋತೃಗಳಿಗೆ ಏನನ್ನೂ ನೀಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಪ್ರತಿಯಾಗಿ ಅವರು ಬೌದ್ಧಿಕವಾಗಿ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಿಸಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡದ್ದೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಕಸಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೊರಗೆ ಚೆಲ್ಲುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಯು.ಜಿ. ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕವಾದ ಅಥವಾ ಜಾತ್ಯತೀತವಾದ ಯಾವುದೇ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗೆ ಒಳಪಡುವವರಲ್ಲ, ತನ್ನ ಮುಂದುವರಿಕೆಗಾಗಿ ಜನರನ್ನು ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಸಮಾಜಕ್ಕೆ ತೃಪ್ತಿಪಡಿಸಬೇಕಾದ ಅನುಯಾಯಿಗಳಿಲ್ಲದ. ಸಂರಕ್ಷಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ಲದ. ಘನತೆ ಗೌರವಗಳಿಗೆ ಬೆಲೆ ಕೊಡದ. ಭ್ರಮನಿರಸನಗೊಳಿಸುವಂತಹ 'ಸತ್ಯ'ಗಳನ್ನು ಹೇಳುವ ಇಂಥವರಿಂದ ಕಿರಿಕಿರಿಯಾಗುವುದು ಸಹಜ.

ಯು.ಜಿ. 'ಮುಕ್ತ'ನಾದ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಅವರ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ

ಜೀವನ ಒಂದು ಕ್ರಿಯೆ. ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸಲಾಗದ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಯೇ ನೀತಿ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸುವುದೆಂದರೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದ ಅಭಿವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನೇ ನಾಶಮಾಡಿದಂತೆ.

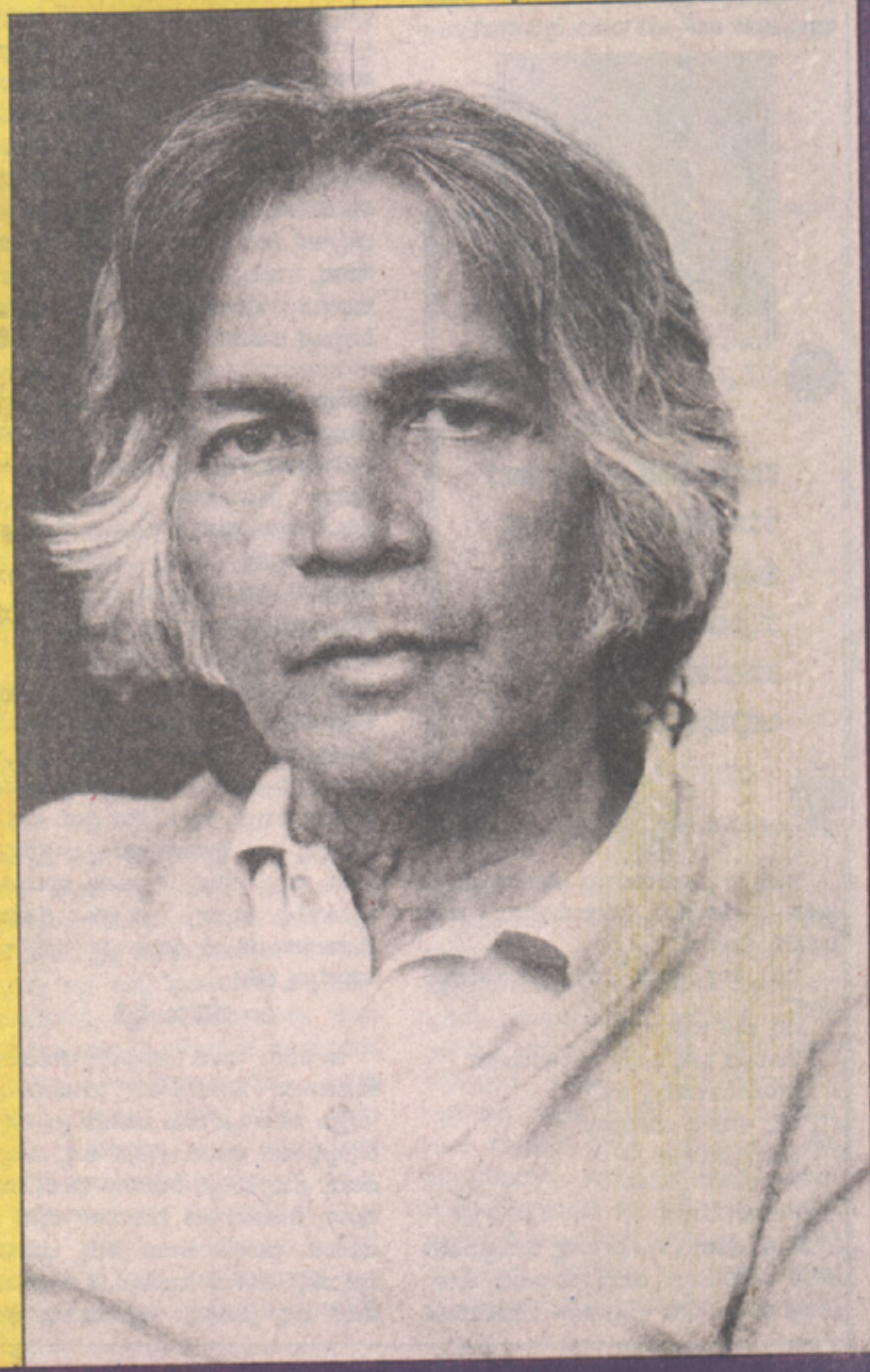
ಯಾವುದೇ ಹುಡುಕಾಟ ಇಲ್ಲ; ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಯಾವ ಭವಿಷ್ಯವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಈಗ ಅವರ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಉಳಿದಿರುವುದು ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಸಂಬಂಧವಿಲ್ಲದ ಕೆಲವು ಘಟನೆಗಳಷ್ಟೆ. ಅವರ ಬದುಕಿಗೆ ಯಾವುದೇ ಕೇಂದ್ರವಿಲ್ಲ– ಯಾರೂ ಅವರ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು 'ನಡೆಸು'ತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ; ಯಾವುದೇ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಶಕ್ತಿಯೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಇರುವುದು ತುಂಬ ಪ್ರಶಾಂತವಾದ. ಸುಗಮವಾಗಿ ಕಾರ್ಯ ನಿರ್ವಹಿಸುವ. ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಚುರುಕು ಬುದ್ಧಿಯ ಜೈವಿಕ ಯಂತ್ರ ಮಾತ್ರ. ಅವರೊಳಗೆ ಆತ್ಮವನ್ನೋ ಚೈತನ್ಯವನ್ನೋ ಅಹಂ ಅನ್ನೋ ಅರಸುವವರು ಯಶಸ್ಸುಗಳಿಸಲಾರರು. ಇಂಥ 'ಮುಕ್ತ' ಮನಷ್ಯ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ. ಧರ್ಮ. ರಾಜಕೀಯ. ತತ್ತ್ವಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ಕಡೆಗಣಿಸಿ. ತುಂಬು ಎದೆಗಾರಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಎಲ್ಲ ವಸ್ತು-ವಿಷಯಗಳ ಆಳಕ್ಕಿಳಿದು ತಮ್ಮ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯಗಳನ್ನು ನೇರವಾಗಿ

ಯು.ಜಿ.

'ಗುರು' ಅಲ್ಲದ ಗುರುಜಿ

● ಎಸ್. ದಿವಾಕರ್

ಈಚೆಗೆ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಾದ್ಯಂತ
ಕೇಳಿಬರುತ್ತಿರುವ ವಿಸ್ಮಯಕಾರಿ
ಹೆಸರು ಯು.ಜಿ. ಬಹುಜನರ
ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರೊಬ್ಬ
ಮಹಾಪುರುಷ, ದ್ರಷ್ಟಾರ, ಪ್ರವಾದಿ.
ಆದರೆ ವಾಸ್ತವವಾಗಿ ಅವರು
ಇದಾವುದೂ ಆಗಿಲ್ಲ, ಯಾವುದೇ
ಹೊಸ ಪಂಥವನ್ನಾಗಲಿ,
ಆಶ್ರಮವನ್ನಾಗಲಿ ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸದ
ಯು.ಜಿ. ನಮ್ಮ ರೂಢಿಗತ
ಪರಂಪರೆಯನ್ನು, ನಂಬಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನು
ಧ್ವಂಸಗೊಳಿಸುವ 'ಅರಾಜಕವಾದಿ'
ಆದರೂ ಚಲನಚಿತ್ರತಾರೆ ಪರ್ವೀನ್
ಬಾಬಿಯಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು
ಇಟಾಲಿಯನ್ ಪ್ರಧಾನಿಯ
ಕಾರ್ಯದರ್ಶಿಯವರೆಗೆ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ
ಎಲ್ಲೆಡೆ ಅವರ 'ಶಿಷ್ಯ'ರಿದ್ದಾರೆಂದರೆ
ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. 'ದಿ ಮಿಸ್ಟಿಕ್
ಆಫ್ ಎನಲೈಟನ್‌ಮೆಂಟ್' ಎಂಬ
ಅವರ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆಗಳ ಸಂಗ್ರಹ
ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಅನೇಕ ಭಾಷೆಗಳಿಗೆ
ಭಾಷಾಂತರಗೊಂಡಿದೆ. 'ನಾನು
ನಿಮಗೆ ಸರಿಯಾದ ದಾರಿ
ತೋರಿಸಲಾರೆ' ಎಂದರೂ ಜನ
ಅವರಿಗೆ ಮುಗಿಬೀಳುತ್ತಾರೆ.



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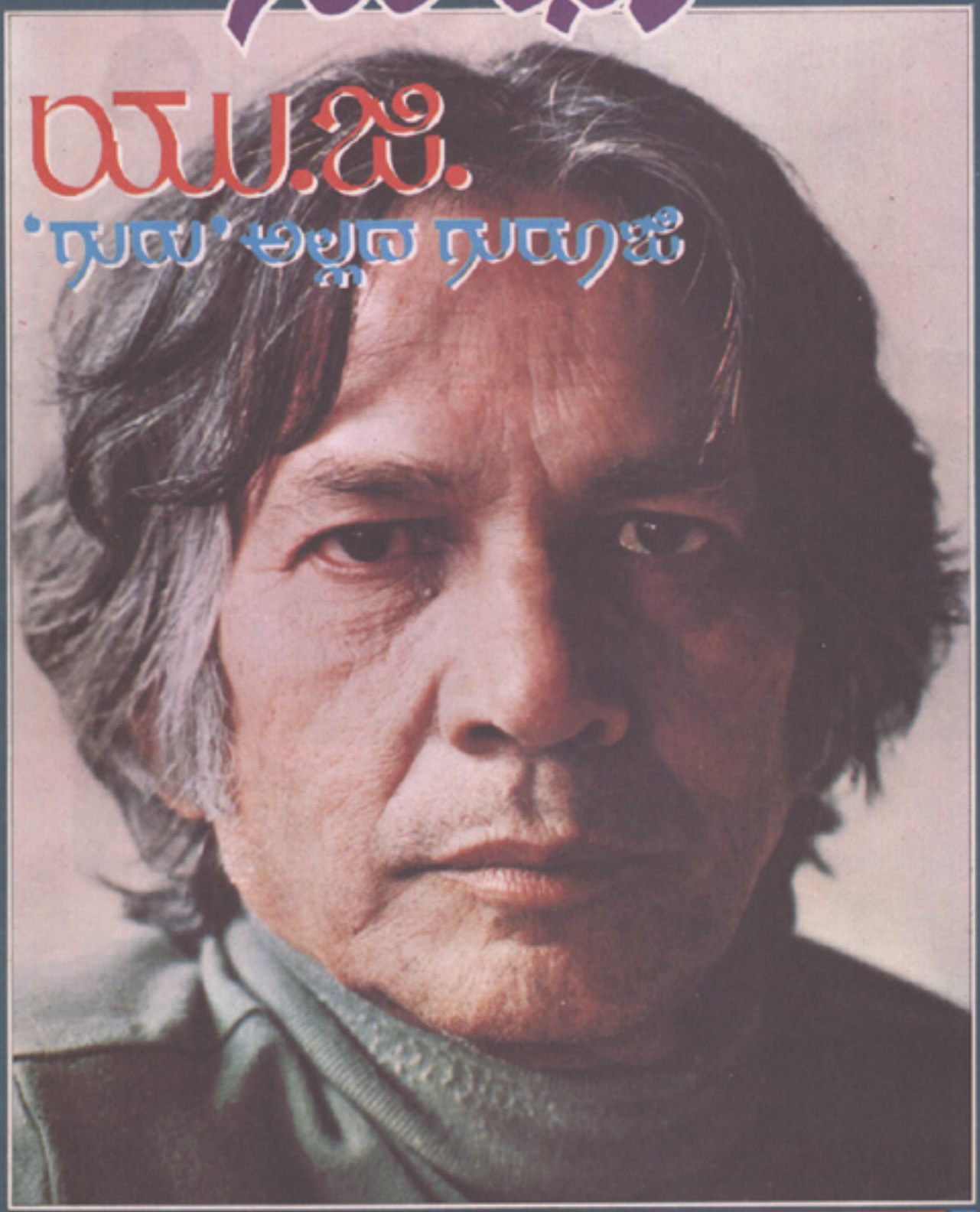
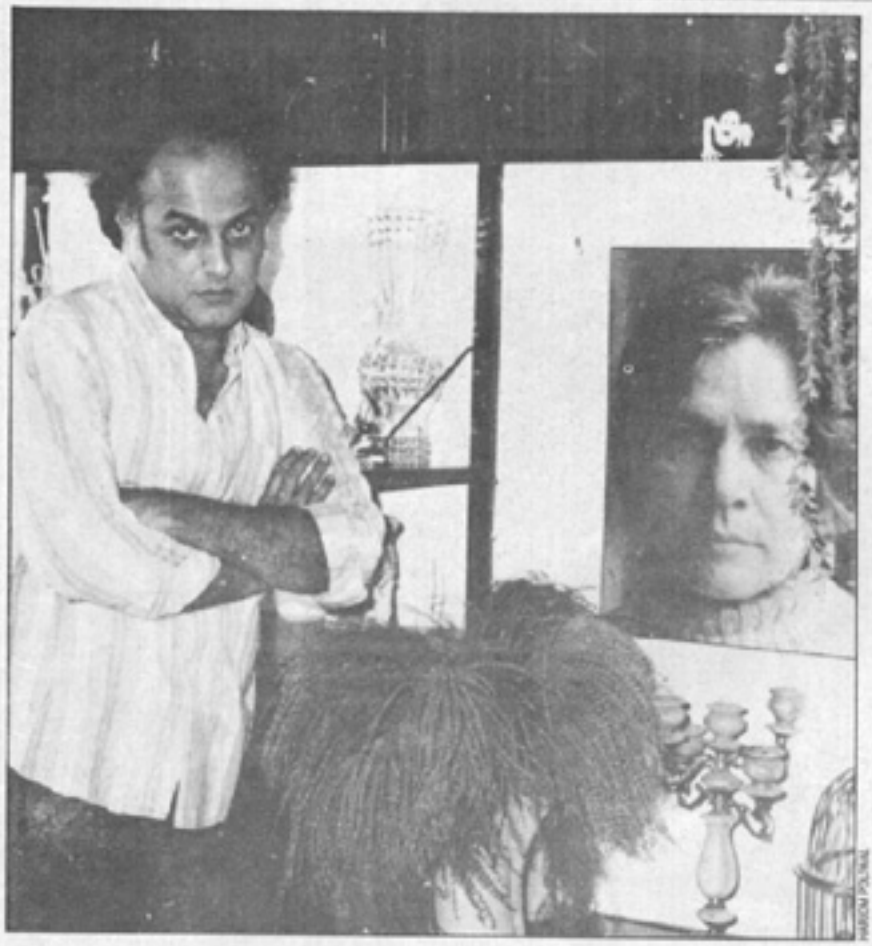


ಯು.ಜಿ.

'ಗುರು' ಅಲ್ಲದ ಗುರುಜಿ



Mahesh Bhatt—the only one directing four leading stars simultaneously

"I am not trying to introduce an element of despair into the issue but I feel that everybody connected with entertainment should be aware of the transient nature of the whole business. Fear failure and I guarantee your failure!"

Arth', 'Saaransh', 'Janam'—with each of these films Mahesh Bhatt rose to greater heights. Maybe not commercially. But in terms of sheer prestige, he is right there. On top of the charts. He has become some kind of a status symbol with the stars. Being cast in a Mahesh Bhatt film means being recognised as an artiste. From Hema Malini to Dimple Kapadia, Anupam Kher to Jackie Shroff—all of them rave about how good he is as a director. And all of them, secretly or otherwise, hope to bag a couple of awards when their films with him are released.

Bhatt is perhaps the only director who is directing four leading young men simultaneously. Nobody else could be in a better position to comment on their strengths and weaknesses as artistes. Where do they stand vis-a-vis one another?

For a long time, Gaurav was regarded as a chocolate hero with a string of flops to his credit. Very few expected him to perform. But he did just that in 'Janam'.

Sanjay Dutt was appreciated for his lithe physique and slotted in action-oriented films. He was our *desi* Rambo.

Jackie Shroff had the girls swooning over him but he was always compared unfavourably with Anil Kapoor.

And Anil, himself, was regarded as an actor whom the distributors were not over-fond of.

But ask Mahesh his opinion of these four rivals and he assesses them quite differently. In the director's own words, the following is what he thinks of each as an artiste.

KUMAR GAURAV:

Slotting Bunty into the archetypal image of an Indian hero is foolish. There is no point superimposing on him the image of hundreds of other actors who have walked down the corridors of the film industry.

Bunty is a shy, aloof person. Very guarded. He can portray hurt brilliantly! That's his asset. His reaction in 'Janam' when his father taunts him by saying he's being kept by a woman—I think in this one scene his calibre as an actor came across most effectively.

For some strange reason people have been attributing his success in 'Janam' to me. Which is not quite right. I wouldn't have taken him for the film if I didn't think he was suitable for the character. And the character itself was created by scriptwriter Suraj Sanim. It was the combined effort of Bunty, Suraj and myself that contributed to the final effect.

Bunty's weakness as an actor is that he can't portray scenes he's not convinced about. He also has a problem with the Hindi language, with its rhythm. He thinks in English and so there is an element of discomfort when he speaks in Hindi. This discomfort can be sensed by the viewer. If he's given the standard dialogues of a regular Hindi film he's awkward. But if the writer is sensitive to his problem and doesn't overburden him with lengthy dialogues then he's fine. In 'Janam' the element of hesitancy was played up, so the short sentences he had to speak were ones he was comfortable mouthing. In 'Naam', too, he has similar dialogues and I think he's done a very good job.

After 'Janam' viewers are ready to lap him up even though distributors may be unaware of this renewed interest in him. But if he is offered roles he doesn't have conviction in then he'll be back at square one.

SANJAY DUTT:

I had very little regard for him as an actor before he went for his drug cure. I had my reservations even when he returned.

But, I felt that off-screen he had a very watchable quality. A raw, animal-like quality. He's an excellent example of how beautiful a

THE DIFFERENT FILM MAGAZINE WITH OVER 18 LAKH READERS PER ISSUE

FILMFARE

Rs 5

MARCH 16-31, 1986

ENTER THE DRAGON

IS FARHA REALLY THAT TOUGH?

Anand, Mahesh Bhatt—to show off for it. And what's more, this time there's even a book churned out on him. Titled—suitably high-brow—*The Mystique of Enlightenment,* it's exactly like the *'J'* variety full of rather petulant exchanges and vitriol-laden dialogues. Characteristically U.G. has disclaimed the tome saying, "My teaching, if that is the word you want to use, has no copyright. You are free to reproduce, distribute, interpret, misinterpret, distort, garble, do what you like, even claim authorship, without my consent or permission of anybody." The publication of the book not withstanding, U.G.'s visit is not exactly a happy one. His estranged son Vasant—a brilliant copywriter credited with the Thums Up jingle *Happy Days Are Here Again* and producer of the first local pop music show on Vividh Bharati, *Thums Up Beat*—is seriously ill in a local hospital. Krishnamurthi initially refused to see his son, doling out the usual spiritual claptrap about one's inability to do anything, but was persuaded by his disciples, who call him their 'friend'.

Skirting Inflation

His colleagues must have concluded that Umakand Nanalal Parikh had gone senile but for the Western Railway accountant, it was an original method of beating inflation. A little weird though when you picture a 57-year-old father of four daughters coming to work at the Parel Workshop in embroidered crepe blouses and skirts. According to him, wearing ladies' dresses worked out cheaper and so he made the switch last August. But the railway authorities were not amused. They suspended him and took him back on work only when he reverted back to normal clothes a month later. But dressing up in ladies' garb had perhaps become a habit. For quite some time now he has abstained from work. "On sick leave," is the official explanation.

Parikh: cutting costs

Culture Vultures

Guess which is the urbs prima's new centre of cultural and intellectual activity? Celebrity watchers will find that an easy one. Max Mueller? The Jehangir Nicholson Museum of Modern Art? Hardly. The place where things really happen is the Jaico bookshop opposite the university. Poetry reading meets, rambunctious intellectual bouts, slanging matches, you name it and Jaico has it. In the five-odd years, it's been in circulation, the bookshop has built a formidable reputation among culture vultures who now consider it *de riguer* to drop in regularly and gape at the celebrities on parade. Poet and graphics supremo Arun Kolhatkar for instance drops in every morning, while Vidhiadhar Naipaul never misses it on his nebulous itinerary. But that's not the whole pedigree. Long before *Newsweek* discovered the virtues of Latin American fiction, Jaicos were plugging it on their shelves. As they did Kolhatkar's mammoth sci-fi collection recently. And to top it all, the bookshop will make a cameo appearance in Sai Paranjpye's next movie—*Katha.*

Jaico bookshop: popular

Bandhtrivia

By now, *morchas, dharnas,* and *bandhs* have become a way of life for the Bombaywalla. They may come and go, but the city goes on for ever. Nevertheless, he keeps track of all the *bandhs* and the next day at office compares notes with his colleagues. Did taxis ply in your area? How many BEST buses did you see? Were there any cases of stone throwing? Among recent *bandhs,* none attracted such diverse opinions as the one on April 19 in support of the striking textile workers. Called by the striking millworkers in support of their demands, the reactions to the 'Maharashtra Bandh' were best summed up by a newspaper cartoon showing a commoner being simultaneously congratulated by Babasaheb Bhosale and Datta Samant—by the chief minister for not participating in the *bandh* and by the trade union leader for making it a success by staying at home. Hectic preparations had gone in mobilising public support. On the previous evening, volunteers had entered local trains distributing leaflets. Slogans of 'Help us by supporting the prolonged bandh' becoming unbearable. Elsewhere, methods were more direct. In the suburbs, they moved around carrying flags and knocking on doors for 'donations'.

Weird Hard-sell

For Hindi film-makers and publicists, nothing seems to be more original than linking their films' names with that of some Hollywood production. Thus, *Parichay* came to be better-known as the Hindi version of *The Sound of Music; Khoon Khoon* was not only touted as the Hindi *Dirty Harry* but was a frame by frame lift from it. Ditto for *Insaf Ka Tarazu* and *Lipstick.* Now the forthcoming Dharam-Hema starrer *Astank* is being advertised as our *desi* adaption of *Jaws.* Hence it comes as a pleasant surprise to find the tables turned, for once. Recent press campaigns of *Walking Tall,* the controversial English movie featuring Joe Don Baker catch the eye as this movie is linked with another controversial hit Hindi film. The ad line announces the Hollywood movie and describes it as the 'Bold original version of *Meri Aawaz Suno'.* Now we can expect other publicists of foreign films to follow suit.

Grub Shrub

Now that the Tulsi has opened at Nariman Point, housing the country's highest concentration of offices, the white collars can go back to eating the familiar *alu palak* and *shahi biryani.* One only hopes that Tulsi does not go the way of Front Page, Tandoor or Thacker's Tavern. Before Tulsi opened, people at Nariman Point had the unattractive option of either walking all the way to Churchgate or eating at the expensive Taj-run Rangoli. Other options, if space permitted, were the Victory Stall or Woodlands. This Victory Stall is really something. It's probably the only eatery which re-creates that part of in-flight service executives are accustomed to: the cutlery is drawn from the cupboards of Lufthansa, Air-India, Air France. As an airline ad says, "It's just like coming home".

Good-will Hoarding

Public indifference and reluctance to act on matters of common concern stem mainly from lack of knowledge of the person or the office responsible for taking action. For hypothesis sake there is a heap of garbage lying right in front of your treasured mansion. You want to get it removed, but how? Ego and prestige might come in the way of your doing the job or it could be simply that the pile is too big to handle. You do not know who is responsible for cleaning it. Someone says that the Bombay Municipal Corporation (BMC) is. Look up the directory and there are a thousand and one telephone numbers under BMC. So where do you go from here?

Lintas India, one of the country's leading ad agencies has come out with a novel scheme to provide information on who to contact, with phone numbers. In the tradition of many unusual hoardings in the city that they have come up with, this one reads: "Uncleared Garbage? Contact: Director—Solid Waste Department, Phone: 268801."

About 200 people from a wide cross-section were polled by their own research wing. Pathfinders to find out the things Bombaywallas have always wanted to know about but didn't know whom to ask. Apparently, the subjects of burning importance are garbage disposal, water shortage, telephone malfunctioning, electricity breakdown, medical help in case of road accidents, the steps to be taken after you see a dead body on the streets, cheating by traders, overcharging and other problems relating to taxi trade, cancer check-up and blood donation. So week by week Lintas will provide the information through their hoardings. Alyque Padamsee, the chairman, says the agency does not want any credit for this public service of theirs. "It is a small effort in educating the public on things of which they lack knowledge. It is the accountability of these public service organisations that we are interested in."

The hoarding is at an obscure location—under a road underbridge at Marine Lines. Padamsee hopes to secure a better location next time. What he really wants is a hoarding-owner who would paint this information when he has a hoarding to spare. So here is your chance hoarding-owners to show your public spirit. Act now.

The hoarding on Marine Drive: public spirited advertising

Strange Tricks

Jabbar Patel has not exactly endeared himself to the Marathi film industry the way he has cut through rules to win an award for his new Marathi film, *Umbartha* (Threshold). The rules demand that a film should be officially released, so as to be eligible for the state awards, something that Patel managed adroitly by organising just one official show at the Shanmukhananda Hall, thereby securing eligibility, not only for the state, but for the Filmfare awards as well. The inclusion of two of Patel's films—*Simhasan* and *Umbartha*—for the fifty years of Marathi cinema retrospective in the state has also raised a hornet's nest especially when titans like V. Shantaram and Balaji Pendharkar do not find a place. One film director who refused to enter the sweepstakes is that scintillating star, Dada Kondke, who says that he would rather take his own junket abroad than be party to the machinations prevalent in the Marathi film industry.

Sterling Example

Missed *Nine to Five?* With black market rate swelling in direct proportion to Dolly Parton, you can hardly be blamed. But the next time you're hell bent on seeing a movie at the Sterling, just hand over a tenner to the *durwan*. Do this with calculated discretion, like they do in the Bogart films, then whisper the magic mantra, *"Balcony ka nahi mila to stall ka la dena."* Don't except balcony tickets; that's asking for too much. But before you can say, "Lily Tomlin hates her boss" the *durwan* will get you the stall tickets. The change, of course, the *durwan* will keep as service charge. Now that's what we call personalised service.

At the Liberty, there's an even better system. It follows the famous 'money back guarantee' pattern. Sidle up to the doorman, whisper things like, "Is it house full?" If he remains unmoved, try, "Extra?" If that also fails, "Nowadays even if you have the money, you can't get tickets." This will make the doorman's eyes twitch with expectation. Soon you'll be led into the theatre and seated. All you have to do is pay him a rupee or two more than the usual rates. What the doorman does in collusion with the usher is locate a seat which is not occupied. Should the person who has actually reserved the seat turn up, the usher makes some polite noises and finds you another place. In case that is not possible, a complete remmittance is made on the spot.

The Peerless Seer

Prophet U.G. Krishnamurthi—fire-spewing seer—is in town. Krishnamurthi, whose reputation has zoomed since he salvaged Parveen Babi from near doom has successfully replaced Rajneesh as the living guru of the film industry. With a growing list of *chelas*—Babi, Vijay

MAY 7–21, 1982 Rs. 3.00

Bombay

THE CITY MAGAZINE

GIRISH KARNAD:
THE PLAY'S THE THING

MAUREEN WADIA, PARMESHWAR GODREJ:
THE HIGH FLYERS

RAVISSANT:
ENTER HAUTE COUTURE

THE ASTROLOGY OF THE SEERS (A guide to Vedic/ Hindu astrology): by Dr. David Frawley. Pub: Passage Press, PO Box 21713, Utah 84121-0713. pp.322+21, $18.95.

Having studied Western Astrology and read David Frawley's "From the River of Heaven" (reviewed in the MP, '91 Aradhana Issue) I was excited to plunge into "The Astrology of the Seers". However, I found it surprisingly heavy going: Dr. Frawley, a Vedāchārya, obviously has so much information at his finger-tips. *The Seers* is packed with knowledge -- extremely well written and well researched, yet not easy to consume. In my experience, whether one uses Western Astrology or Vedic Astrology is irrelevant to the quality of the interpretation. It is the depth and understanding of the reader that is the most important factor -- not the system used. Frawley himself points this out when he calls out for astrologers who have 'both intelligence and intuition'.

The combination of Vedic knowledge with astrological interpretations has a divine potential. However for the lay person interested in a basic layout of Indian Astrology, there are easier books to read, though one must admit, not as rich as this one.

This is a beautiful book of many compacted treasures for the indefatigable initiate, and a *vade mecum* for those well on the way. Anyone coming across this system for the first time ought to read Frawley's "From the River of Heaven" before delving into this one.

-- *Heather Bache*

THOUGHT IS YOUR ENEMY: ed. by Antony Paul & Frank Noronha. Pub: Sowmya Publishers, 31 Ahmed Sait Rd., Fraser Town, Bangalore 560005. pp.107, Rs.88. THE SAGE AND THE HOUSEWIFE: by Shanta Kelker. Pub: as above. pp.118, Rs.98.

"If you think that you can read and understand this book, you can be quite off the mark", I was warned, yet in reviewing these two books I feel obliged to attempt some sense of understanding, at least for the benefit of the would-be reader. Treacherous territory right from the start, *Thought is Your Enemy* has been my first encounter with UG, and initially I reacted strongly to his apparent delight in controversy for controversy's sake, in the contradiction between his claims to be teaching nothing, his disdain for the idea of gurus and philosophy, while spending his life journeying around the world discoursing, and allowing himself to perform the role of guru to so many. By the time I'd waded through the two books (barely 100 pages each, so the struggle indicated the degree of my resistance), my negativity had at last been moderated to ambivalence. The man stirs up the cobwebs of dogma-and-doctrinaire rigidity; he forces his audience to question the foundation of fondly cherished beliefs and opinion.

The 'natural state' supposedly attained by UG when he experienced his 'calamity' is far from convincing; while claiming that thought is the enemy, he constantly intellectualizes and rationalizes for the sake of convincing his audience, suggesting at the very least that thought is still his own enemy. Silence would seem to be the most appropriate vehicle for his point of view. Thought Is Your Enemy is a theme central to his philosophy (anti-philosophy would be more accurate), reflecting the belief that 'human thinking is destructive', being 'born out of some sort of neurological defect in the human body'. This point of view is explored by the questioners from different perspectives, each roundly debunked by UG, who while claiming utter disinterest in convincing his audience, pays no credence to any ideas but his own.

The interviews touch on mind, soul, spirituality, experience, love, death, sex and Nature, with UG's responses to the subjects ranging between brilliantly lucid ('all understanding is merely interpretive, based on memories of personal experience, semantics and desire to reinforce existing prejudice'), and barely intelligible ('the whole foundation of culture is built on the foundation to kill and be killed'). One could generously presume that his more outrageous statements are deliberately served up to shock and stimulate close assessment of personal belief systems.

Some subjects he might best leave well alone: Nature and ecology spring to mind in this category. He suggests that animals have no thoughts, that humans are 'probably far more evolved than other animals', that thought can't help our ecological problems. UG should perhaps confine himself to philosophical perspectives.

"The Sage and the Housewife" is a collection of reminiscences and anecdotes presented by one of his admiring devotees, the 'housewife' of the title. The format is chronological, almost in the form of a diary, and as such follows the waxing and waning of the author's attitude towards UG through his treatment of herself and a diverse selection of visitors seeking UG's wisdom for varying reasons. Her affection for him often borders on adoration, which is hardly endearing to an objective reader, yet the anecdotes expose a gentle and sensitive aspect of UG which renders him more likeable than that obtained in the question-answer format of "Thought is your Enemy". This more homely presentation also affords the reader a different perspective on the man in the context of an ambience established by the intimacy of the author's presence. All wisdom is said to be more effectively appreciated through direct experience of the Guru, and this book achieves a reasonable bridging of the sense of distance I felt from the first book.

Both books will be thoroughly appreciated by those already convinced by UG's irreverent philosophy, and offer a stimulating, though not necessarily persuasive, introduction to the uninitiated.

-- *John Button*

The Mountain Path

JAYANTHI ISSUE

1991

all its inventions. "The menu without the meal." Thought is constantly propelled beyond physical survival needs to give continuity to the separative self. It is a sign of neurosis to talk of controlling thoughts or of living in the present when all that exists is the past. Any means, adopted for effecting any transformation can only be from the past and hence only guarantees further lease for the search. The body by itself is peaceful. Wanting to impose a fictitious, uninterrupted state of happiness on it (which can only destroy it as it is not designed for it) is a serious neurological problem of thought trying to give itself continuity. U.G. talks of the falsity of the demand to change the self and the world. "Anything you do to try to bring about peace and harmony .... is like using war to create peace in a peaceful world. Peace is something that cannot be practised or taught." (p. 142)

In U.G.'s world, "after the continuity of thought is blown away ... you find an extraordinary sensitivity of the senses. There is simply no isolated, separate existence of its own here, only the throb of life." And life for U.G. is no more than "eating, sleeping and breathing. That is all that is there" (p. 39). The U.G. organism goes through a near clinical death several times a day. Ordinary breathing stops. A state of near death sets in with coldness and stiffness. Just before the point of no return, somehow the body begins to 'come back'. (Sri Ramana himself underwent similar non-volitional death experiences during his years in Virupaksha cave, one of which was in the presence of Vasudeva Sastri.) U.G. finds this process very intriguing: "It just happens out of nowhere. Even the thought of self or ego has been annihilated. Still there is *something* there experiencing this death, otherwise I would not be able to describe it here." (p. 146) The *something* and the *I* that he admits to above are obviously identical with the Silence that he refuses to call Self, and even denies in conversation.

Elsewhere (p. 84) U.G. challenges a questioner that, not he but, only a Gaudapada could demolish U.G.'s nihilism.

These two instances point to an unsaid, positive element in U.G.'s message. Beatitude is finally a question of balance. As the Isa Upanishad says, "Those who fumble in ignorance enter the great Darkness. But those who remain thrilled with the search for knowledge enter a greater Darkness."

There must come a stage even in honest striving, when the presumption of a goal itself becomes the bluff. This is the point of surrender, of throwing to the winds the worthy too. Taken in the right spirit, U.G.'s message, a poison in itself, can be the specific for the delirium which shadows the fever of spiritual searching.

Denouncers of tradition and teaching often plan lecture tours and publications, and organise to protect the 'purity' of their teaching. U.G. "has no following, gives no public talks, writes no strictures. .. and offers no solutions to man's mounting problems. He is a private citizen living in a house by the side of the road, talking informally with those who appear at his door. No one is asked to come and no one is asked to leave." U.G., says of this book, "My teaching, if that is the word you want to use, has no copyright. You are free to reproduce, interpret, misinterpret, distort, do what you like, even claim authorship, without my consent or the permission of anybody." A book of vibrant talks with a babe bellicose in its innocence. A standpoint which has still to include rejection itself in its ambit of sweeping rejection, in order to be indistinguishable from sweeping acceptance. And so, a half-baked *Ribhu-Gita*. But still a full-fledged knock-out.

— *J. Jayaraman.*

DRAVIDIAN THEORIES: By R. Swaminatha Aiyar. Motilal Banarasidas, Delhi. Pp. 546 + 29, Rs. 150.

R. Swaminatha Aiyar was an amateur linguist. He was a Professor of Mathematics for sometime and later worked in the Revenue Department of the Board of Revenue of Madras Presidency.

This book deals with different aspects of Dravidian languages. It contains articles on the Tamil alphabet, Dravidian suffixes, Tamil dialects, Telugu dialects, Aryan present participle suffixes, causal formation, etc. This scholarly book containing a wealth of information will be of great use to linguists and of interest to the general reader. This is a rare scholarly work that can be understood by the layperson also. It is marked by simplicity, clarity and precision. Most linguists these days are inoculated against clarity and simplicity.

— *Dr. K. Subrahmanian.*

BOOKS RECEIVED:

TRADITIONS IN SADHANA: By M.P. Pandit; Pub.: Sterling Publishers, New Delhi-110 016; Pp. 289; Rs. 175/- (Reviewed in July 1967 under original title SHINING HARVEST).

STUDIES IN THE TANTRAS AND THE VEDA: By M.P. Pandit; Pub.: Sterling Publishers, New Delhi - 110 016. Pp. 168, Rs. 100. (Reviewed in April 1965).

THE QUINTESSENCE OF YOGA VASISHTHA: By Prof. B. Kuppuswamy; Pub.: Satsangha Seva Samiti, Gandhi Bazaar, Bangalore-4; Pp. 174, Rs. 15 $3. (Reviewed in April 1979).

SAT-DARSHANAM (Spanish): Pub. Editorial Sirio, S.a. — Malaga 29005, Spain.

THE SPIRITUAL TEACHINGS OF RAMANA MAHARSHI (Spanish): Pub.: Editorial Kairos, Numancia, Barcelona 08029, Spain.

CORRIGENDUM (p. 186 of July'88): The third para of the review of TALKS ON UPADESA SARAM, Should read:"The Foreword.," and not as wrongly printed.

"Dear friend, don't you see
The man of satori
Has closed his book
And is still.
He does not try to push away illusion
He does not try to ferret out the truth."

At the time of his death in Paris in 1982, Taisen Deshimaru had published some fifteen books and gathered a following of many thousands from all over the world.

This book, the result of selection from his various manuscripts, talks and magazine articles, has many an insight into Buddhist thought and Zazen.

— *G. Narayan.*

THE I CHING AND YOU: By Diana Farington Hook. Pub.: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4P 4EE; Pp. 149, £3.95.

The I CHING is not merely a book of divination, but is rightly called a book of wisdom. Based on the truth that change is the eternal law the I CHING through its counsel in meeting every possible situation or eventuality, develops in the enquirer the qualities of the superior man. Patience, freedom from desires, enthusiasm under all circumstances, indomitable courage, humility and alertness are the means to meet destiny and thus further one's progress towards sagehood, or intuitive harmony with life.

The book under review is a guide book to the I CHING both for the beginner as well as for one well on the way. (It is therefore necessary to have a copy of the I CHING alongside). First published in 1973, this book is now available as an ARKANA Paperback. Keeping track of all the correspondences and affinities, between the lines of the hexagram, or between the two trigrams that constitute each hexagram, or even between the hexagrams — moving, unmoving and nuclear — can all be very trying for anyone groping for the symbolism that underlies the cast hexagrams while consulting the I CHING. The mass of this data has been compiled from the distributed references in the monumental Wilhelm/Baynes translation as well as a few other translations of the I CHING, and made available here. Of particular use is the section on the symbolism of the eight trigrams arranged under categories like Family Relationship, Weather, Points of the Compass, Time of Day, Animals, Health, Parts of the Body, Signs of the Zodiac, Animals, Farming and Gardening; Building, Machinery and Repairs; Psychology and Mysticism. There is an interesting table of a sixty-year cycle relating sixty of the sixty-four hexagrams. There is also a useful table linking each hexagram with three others, by transposing each hexagram from the King Wen diagram to the Fu Hsi diagram and repeating this process to its cyclic end. Altogether a very useful guide to meaningful I CHING interpretation.

— *J. Jayaraman.*

MIND IS A MYTH: Disquieting Conversations with the Man called U.G. Pub. Dinesh Publications. Post Betim (Volant) Goa-403 101; Pp. 159; Rs. 60/

"Look, I tried everything to find an answer to my burning obsession: 'Is there such a thing as enlightenment at all or have we all been fooled by abstractions? That utter frustration and complete failure to answer that question created an intensity. The first third of my life was spent in India around all the associations that could benefit one interested in spiritual matters. I found out for myself that it was all bogus, nothing to it at all. Totally disillusioned with the whole religious tradition of both east and west, I plunged myself into modern psychology, science, and whatever the material world could give me. I found out for myself that the whole idea of spirit and psyche was false. When I experimented with and studied the material world I was surprised to find that there was no such thing as matter at all. Denying the spiritual and material basis of things, I was left with nowhere to turn. I began drifting on my own, unable to find an answer from any source. Then one day the futility of what I was doing dawned upon me, and the question which had obsessed me for almost my entire life got burned, then disappeared. After that there were no more questions. The thirst burnt itself out without ever satisfying itself. Not answers, but the ending of questions is the important thing. Even though everything got burnt there, still embers remain to express themselves in a natural rhythm. What impact this expression may have on the society around me is not my concern." (p. 152).

Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti is a remarkable entity — or shall we say non-entity? — "with the heart of a butcher", towards the "hypocrisy of the holy business". By the age of 21, a quasi-atheist, he visited Ramana Maharshi in 1939 and put him three questions:

"Is there," asked U.G., "anything like enlightenment?"

"Yes, there is," replied the master.

"Are there any levels to it?"

Bhagavan replied, "No, no levels are possible, it is all one thing. Either you are there or not there at all."

Finally U.G. asked, "This thing called enlightenment, can you give it to me?"

Looking the serious man in the eyes, he replied, "Yes, . . *but can you take it?*"

U.G. says that this encounter changed the course of his life and "put me right back on the track".

To U.G., who flaunts his allergy to the holy Quest, the body is the greater reality, harmonious in itself, and extraordinarily intelligent, and quite capable of meeting its survival needs. Thoughts hooked up one to the other create a false continuity. It is *this* continuity that is the problem. This I-virus hijacks the harmonious, glandular, biological system to further its own ends, its own contunity at all costs. Awareness choiceless or otherwise, Mano-nasa and Moksha, are

THE MOUNTAIN PATH

"Arunachala! Thou dost root out the ego of those who meditate on Thee in the heart, Oh Arunachala!"

— *The Marital Garland of Letters, verse* 1

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THE MOUNTAIN PATH

Aradhana
Issue

1989

ROUTINE interviews are old hat. So we decided to just drop in on the stars and fire a few trendy and somewhat nasty questions giving them no time to prepare the right answers. We dropped in on six stars and this is how they reacted.

Dharam looked like a lama who's at peace with the world.

Parveen surprisingly welcomed me into her boudoir and answered questions without a fuss, but with a little philosophical touch acquired from her association with U.G.

Shatru heard out the questions, shook his head and said, "hmmm!"

It was a sadder, but wiser Reena that I confronted—she groaned, "Whatever I say is misunderstood!"

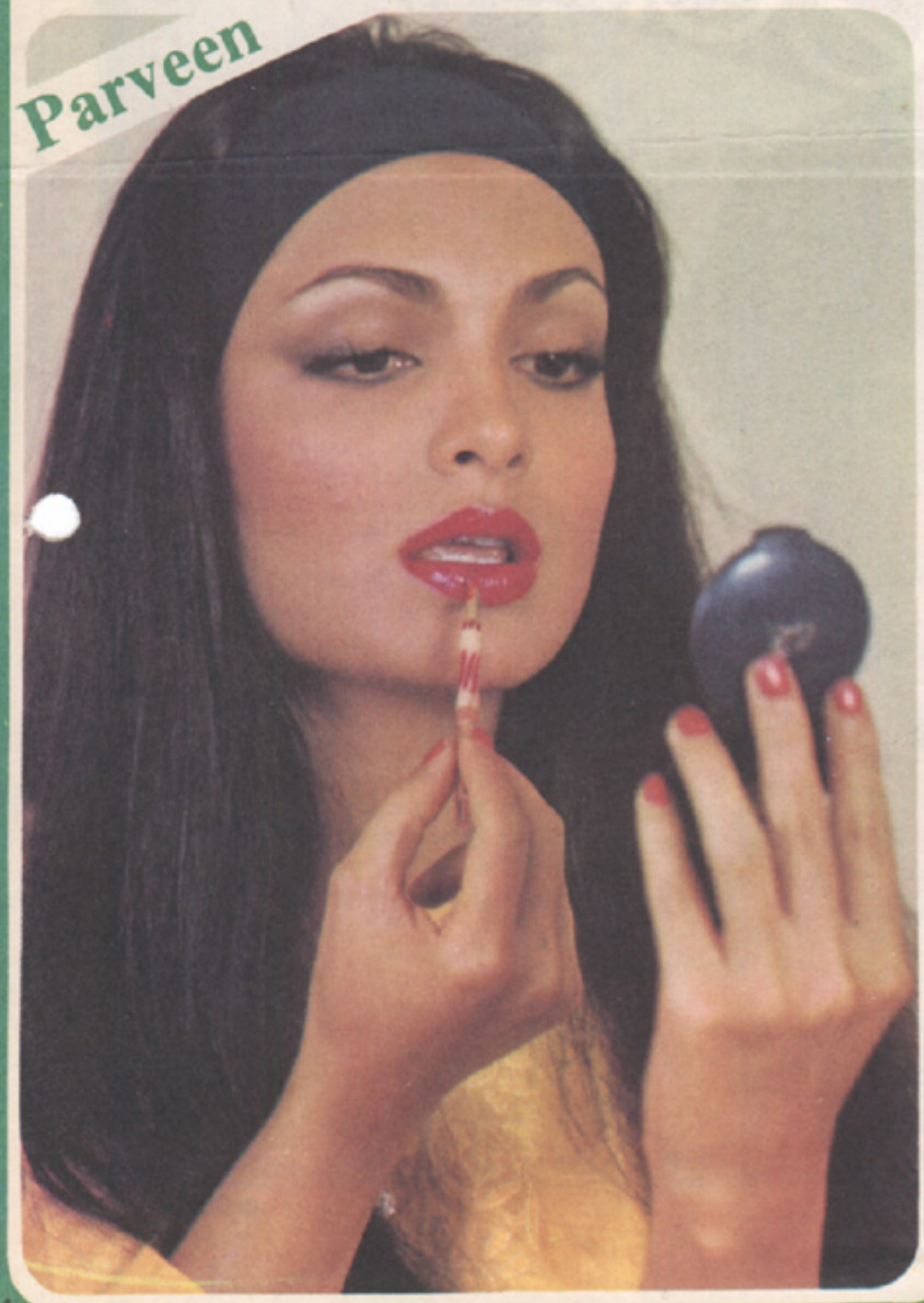
Tina laughed hysterically when I sprung a nasty one at her about Sunjay Dutt. In self defence she went into a trance and kept saying, "I love Sunju, he loves me..." until the object of her affection walked in.

When Shabana was told she can answer catty questions cattily, she was immensely delighted and proceeded to do just that.

We got our seventh star by chance. Rajesh Khanna, who had been out of town telephoned us in his ever charming manner and as this was a random five minute interview, he answered the questions in his inimitable manner over the telephone.

5 minute interviews

Pix : Jagdish Mali



Q. How did you take the news of your disappointment in Silsila? We heard you shed a lot of tears over this. How important was it to you?

A. There were no tears. It was as important as any good film can be to a sincere artist.

Q. What is your biggest fear today?

A. That of losing the only person I depend on and love the most—my mother.

Q. Is your relationship with Mahesh Bhatt completely finished? He left you under conditions of stress, but still cared for you.

A. Yes, he left me under acute conditions, but I think he cared.

Q. How do you feel about Prakash Mehra suing you for 18 lakhs?

A. Prakash Mehra is too magnanimous and soft-hearted a person to stoop to the level of destroying anybody. The misunderstandings have been sorted out, there is no case anymore.

Q. Why are you always attracted to attached men?

A. I was attracted to human beings, their individuality, their personality and the affection and love they offered me. I was too much in need of them to refuse them.

Q. We heard you've left U.G. Krishnamurthy. Why?

A. U.G. helped me tremendously during the time of my illness. He was the only person I trusted. Once I regained my balance, I had the strength to embrace life in its entirety. So naturally, from being the centre point of my existence, U.G. became a part of my life that I cherish dearly.

Jan 1981 ~~1980~~

Why Parveen Babi .....

(contd from pg 13)

following one's conscience."

So one day some months ago, Parveen went to the temple at the Arya Samaj (the only social body that allows conversion to Hinduism) in Khar, a suburb of Bombay, and converted formally to Hinduism. "I sat in front of the *havan kund* while the Gayatri mantra was being chanted by the priest. The whole ceremony took only half an hour, at the end of which I was given a certificate that I was now a Hindu." She chose Bharathi as her new name because, "That's UG's daughter's name and a name that signifies national integration." Parveen's mother was wonderful about the whole thing because she strongly believes that her daughter has the right to take all the important decisions about her life on her own. Besides, she also believes that all religions essentially teach the same truths.

But Parveen resents the fact that just because she has returned to her Indian roots she should conform to tradition. She says, "We Indians have to move with the times and cannot dwell only on our past glory." Parveen also has no time for the so-called godmen who she alleges are really businessmen who are exploiting religion to make money.

What does Parveen feel about the rise of religious fundamentalism? "It is a great political manipulation and individuals should rebel against it. They must realise that a handful of people with vested interests are propagating and provoking extremism. We will end up butchering one another, while these people will be laughing at us."

In the charged religious atmosphere prevailing in the country today, wouldn't her conversion be used as a weapon by some political parties? "Look, I want to make it clear that I have no interest in politics or in being used as a tool by these politicians," she asserts categorically. "My conversion was something very personal. I haven't really severed my links with my Islamic heritage. I can't. After all, my parents, my grandparents, were all Muslims. On a very personal level, that of religious identity, I'm a Hindu. But in my day-to-day life I'm a humanist who believes in treating other human beings with respect and in letting them function as they are."

What are her views on the vexatious Ram Janmabhoomi issue? "I must confess that I've read about it only in the newspapers and magazines and don't know enough about it. But assuming that it's the birthplace of lord Rama, I feel that the Muslims should be gracious enough to give it to the Hindus as the place would be as sacred to the Hindus as the Kaaba is to the Muslims."

— **LAKSHMI NARAYAN**

To have and to hold

(contd from pg 24)

were joint tennis coaching classes for boys and girls in Cubbon Park, Esmie started playing tennis.

But apart from the exchange of pleasantries during the coaching period, when her heart would beat like a trip-hammer, nothing came of her secret passion. As a consequence, when Esmie passed out of Bishop Cotton's she had no sexual experience to speak of, excluding a not entirely unpleasant encounter she had experienced in Bombay at the age of 13.

Captain Ranjit Kumar had dropped in one late summer evening to call on the Menezes family, who had gone to the club. A group of children, including Esmie, had been playing hide-and-seek in the big and lonely bungalow allotted to Captain Menezes. At the insistence of the younger children, uncle Ranjit had joined in for a little while, and by accident rather than design Esmie found herself sharing a hiding place behind the door of an upstairs bathroom in the two-storey house with him.

With most of the children hiding in the garden and downstairs, and the servants in their quarters, it was very quiet upstairs. The chances of their being discovered being remote, there was a discernible excitement in uncle Ranjit's voice when he said, "They'll never find us here, " and squeezed her hand. His excitement had communicated itself to her. "Yes, especially Minnie, she's quite stupid, " she replied, laughing.

Gradually, she became aware of a pressure against her which had not been there before. "Come closer so we can really fit in behind the door," he said, putting his arm around her and drawing her backward, his lips touching her ear as he spoke. It sent a tingling sensation right through her body, making her cheeks flush.

Soon the hand encircling her waist had moved up against her budding breasts and was fondling them. "Oh, you are such a good girl, " uncle Ranjit kept saying as he moved up and down against her.

By then Esmie knew she was committing a sin, the one which her teachers were always alluding to. But she knew that she had not allowed uncle Ranjit to kiss her on the lips, so she was convinced that she had committed a very small sin that god wouldn't mind. Soon uncle Ranjit had taken her hand and put it on a large piece of hard flesh which seemed to have an electric current running through it.

Soon his hand and his fingers were gently brushing her, and she was rooted to the spot as delicious sensations flowed through her entire body. After a while, she discovered his humming energy lodged hard against her, and running along her inner thigh. Finally abandoning all resistance to temptation, she ran her hand up and down his powerhouse. With a cry, he seemed to shudder, and she could feel a hot lava burn her leg and soil her knickers.

Not quite aware of what was happening, she decided to remain quite still, until somewhat to her disappointment, she could feel him retreating from her. "My god, Esmie, I got completely carried away. I'm so sorry. Please forgive me." Captain Ranjit Kumar's eyes were brimming with tears.

"We didn't kiss on the lips and commit a big sin and you didn't hurt me, just like you promised. So I forgive you," she said.

Why Parveen Babi has become Bharathi

In an exclusive interview, the former star explains why she has embraced Hinduism.

"I have great respect for all the religions of the world," begins Parveen Babi, "but to me, Hinduism is the most evolved, the ultimate religion. You test the validity of a religion by using the yardstick of morality. By this I don't mean narrow sexual morality. I mean the morality of right action ... respecting other people's rights and fulfilling one's duties. That's dharma to me, as defined by Hinduism. If you translate this concept into everyday life, it would mean a harmonious relationship between one human being and another, between husband and wife. Even democracy in its purest form is all about respecting other people's rights and fulfilling one's duties. Isn't this the essence of Krishna's teachings in the *Bhagavad Gita*?"

When Parveen returned to India a couple of years ago after seven long years in the United States, finding her own identity and being a responsible Indian was of importance to her. One way of doing that was to understand the Indian heritage, and Babi says that Hinduism is one of India's greatest treasures, and must be understood by every one of us. Many people feel that Hinduism is just a way of life, not a religion. But Babi counters this with, "To me Hinduism is the *Puranas*, the *Vedas*, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. They contain the essence of morality which we can apply to everyday life."

How did this journey of discovery begin for Babi? She was born in Junagadh, a former princely state in Gujarat. Parveen's father, a cousin of the nawab, was at one time the collector of Junagadh. Parveen recalls that he had a fine legal mind, but otherwise her memories are hazy as he was ailing with cancer and bedridden even when she was a child. Babi's mother was not very educated. Yet, for their only child, the parents saw only a progressive future. Her mother, in her own way, had struck against orthodoxy by discarding the purdah early in life. After passing out of high school in Junagadh at the tender age of 15 ("I was one of those whiz kids who got several double promotions," laughs Parveen) Babi went to St Xavier's college in Ahmedabad and at 19, graduated in English literature and psychology.

"Since I fundamentally and totally believe in the precepts of Hinduism I thought, why not formalise it? However, I don't believe in blind tradition. Nor do I have a special mantra that I chant every day."

Then came the call to tinseltown. Babi's rapid rise to stardom in Hindi films, her cover photograph in *Time* magazine, and her subsequent mental breakdown are too well known to be chronicled here. But in those turbulent days, only one person made sense to her. This was UG Krishnamurthy, the modern sage who has made his home in Switzerland. After she came in contact with him, in her own words, "I had certain miraculous experiences which convinced me that enlightenment does exist. UG did not ask me to convert to Hinduism but in a way he did lead me towards that religion. I began to feel that those who wrote the *Vedas* and the *Puranas* knew what they were talking about."

When asked whether there is any need to formally convert to Hinduism, as the religion doesn't make any such demands on the believer, Parveen argues that "since I fundamentally and totally believe in the precepts of Hinduism, I thought, why not formalise it and state it in official forms and documents that I'm a Hindu? The difference between Hinduism and other religions is that they were a social response to the situation at that time, like the Prophet Mohammad allowing men to have more than one wife. But Hinduism is not about one holy book or one prophet. Its scriptures have been written by a body of men and women over a long period of time. Therefore it is the most evolved religion. However, I don't believe in blind tradition. Nor do I have a special mantra that I chant every day. In practice I'm a humanist who believes that one should live one's life by

(contd on pg 88)

After the shot was over she drove back to the hotel to change as she was going straight to see the preview of "Arth". She picked two lovely roses from the room for none other than U. G. Krishnamoorthy. U.G. is quite lucky to live amongst roses. When he is not presenting ladies like Parveen with roses he happens to be at the receiving end! Smita seems to be the kind who believes in the motto, one rose deserves two.

She insisted that I see "Arth" with her. But when I refused she turned round and asked, "Why can't you see the film with me today? If Shabana's journalist friend can, why can't you?"

We called it a day at that and she went to see "Arth" smiling at the two roses in her hand.

Smita Patil, after the crash of "Tajurba" and "Dil-e-Nadaan" has opted for hair. She and her hairdresser insist on trimming and shaping the hair of **U.G. Krishnamurthy** (ex-**Parveen Babi.**)

Smita even sings for Krishnamurthy. Thank God, U. G. has thick opulent hair,

Smita Patil: After "Tajurba's" crash she's opted for hair styling instead.

and washes stars out of his hair like they were made of surf. U.G. is fast gaining lost ground in filmdom.

With main rival superstar **Rajneesh** safely tucked away across the Atlantic, U.G. has gathered quite a star cast from old hand Goldie to Smita Patil, who is an upstart at Ashram rituals.

* * *

START STYLE
DATED FEB 19, '82

A Point Of No Return?

report for shooting, as after all I had waited for so long, one day more would hardly make any difference. I certainly don't think there is anything drastically wrong with Vinod.

"True Vinod might be emotionally upset, because he doesn't have his kids around him all the time. But that is not reason enough for anyone to have a nervous breakdown. But I must admit he was feeling low" Sandeep admitted reluctantly.

This could explain the reason perhaps for his seeking out U. G. Krishnamurthy, who had helped Parveen Babi through her personal trauma. When contacted, Mr. U. G. Krishnamurthy said, "I will not deny that Vinod Khanna has been visiting me, but he has certainly not become my disciple. I am no God-man, as many people seem to think.

"I am just an ordinary man like the rest of you. I don't know why people have this faith in me, and think I can clear their emotional disturbances. Parveen came to me for help. I told her I was no doctor to cure her mental malady, but she had immense faith in me and just my talking to her seemed to help.

"I am not even connected with the film industry in any way. It just happens that Vijay Anand and Mahesh Bhatt, both of whom are film directors, are my friends.

"When Vinod came to me, I welcomed him. I could see that he was mentally disturbed. He showed signs of cracking up. This sort of thing is bound to happen.

"All these years Vinod has been totally dependent on his guru, and he still feels the need for his guru's attention. Rajneesh has left the country and Vinod is unable to take a decision on his own. And this is probably why he is looking for another guru to provide him with spiritual solace.

"I clearly told Vinod that if he has any mental disturbances he should go to the right man, a psychiatrist. I am in no position to help him. If it is a guru he is looking for, he should go to the market place and find the first available guru to take him under his wing.

"I do not wish to comment on how bad a shape Vinod is in. Maybe his illness is temporary. He might get back to work, he might not, I do not know."

Vinod has, in all likelihood taken this advice, and it is said, that he has sought professional help and is taking anti-depression medication.

Taking into account the jet-set existence of these film folk, who live fast and furiously, it is not very surprising or unexpected that the strain begins to tell on some of them. It is known for a fact that many of the film folk like Mahesh Bhatt, Vijay Anand, Rishi Kapoor have sought psychiatric help at some stage of their careers. This just goes to prove that it is a normal phenomenon.

Today while all the hitherto 'wounded soldiers' like Mahesh, Goldie and Rishi are positively flourishing and in fact driving quite a few round the bend, there is no reason why Vinod Khanna shouldn't bounce back hale and hearty again.

— Meena Iyer

"True, Vinod might be emotionally upset because he doesn't have his kids around, but that is not reason enough for anyone to have a nervous breakdown"

— Sandeep Sethi

Has Vinod Khanna Reached

"I certainly don't think anything is seriously wrong with Vinod"

Sandeep Sethi

Vinod Khanna's comeback to films, though received with much scepticism, was a very welcome one. However the re-entry doesn't seem to have been very easy on him because Vinod today finds himself totally rudderless and painfully alienated. Is this just a lean phase or is there more to it than meets the eye?

BARELY has the applause heralding the return of Vinod Khanna died down and a shocking rumour is gaining momentum. If all that is said is to be believed, none of us at Star & Style, is happy to hear it. Vinod Khanna is reportedly heading for a nervous breakdown. Unfortunately these reports cannot be ignored as malicious rumours or baseless allegations as even now his very close friends are wondering worriedly as to how to pull him out of the red.

As usual there has been a lot of speculation on the why's and whereofs and innumerable reasons have been put up as the cause. They have talked of his being starved emotionally, of his being depressed for not being able to spend enough time with his children, that after the initial enthusiasm, he has not exactly been flooded with offers and of course the fact that his bank balance in the U.S. has dwindled to its last few dollars. But the sad fact remains that he is coming apart, for whatever reason.

17th February was the day where amidst a lot of fanfare Vinod shot his first ever scene after his comeback. Almost everyone who was someone in the industry had turned up for what seemed to be the event of the year.

But another thing also happened that day which very few people know of. It was that very day, that Rajneesh, Vinod's mentor, friend, guide and philosopher had flown off to Greece suddenly. Probably all the reasons given for his depression must have already been working on him and his guru's leaving him in the lurch perhaps proved to be the last straw. Immediately after the first day's shooting of "Shatruta", Vinod is said to have gone into deep depression. And after that Vinod wouldn't or couldn't report for shooting and the sets of "Shatruta" had to be dismantled.

Quite naturally, the producer of the film Sandeep Sethi, denied all allegations. He would after having brought his film out of cold storage after four long years. That is ever since Vinod had renounced everything and flown off to 'Rancho Rajneesh'. Sandeep of late has been feeling fairly happy that things were working out again and it was his film that Vinod was working on first. If he lent any credibility to the rumours his film would be doomed.

"I do not wish to comment on how bad a shape Vinod is in. Maybe his illness is temporary. He might get back to work, he might not"

— U.G. Krishnamurthy

TONGUE IN CHEEK

Lost and found

It is now three years since Parveen Babi renounced the glamour world of films and flew westwards. Yet neither the film folks nor her fans have forgotten this sexy actress.

Since it was said that she lived for eight months in Switzerland in her guru U. G. Krishnamurthy's company, U.G.'s annual visit to India has now become an event of national interest. For people in this country rightly believe that U.G. is the only man who can tell them about Parveen's whereabouts. U.G. is in town presently. When asked where Parveen was, all he would say was, "Parveen is somewhere in the United States. I cannot reveal the name of the place. Because Parveen does not want anyone to know where she is.

In fact I have been refusing to meet Parveen's mother also because I am unable to tell the lady her daughter's whereabouts. This again at Parveen's insistence. One thing is that wherever she is, she is happy. She is not working as a waitress nor has she been caught for drug trafficking. It is also untrue that she was imprisoned, as some magazines wrote."

Though one still feels that U.G. is being unfair by not revealing the place of Parveen's residence, especially to her aging mother, we are at least thankful to him for letting us know that Parveen is safe and sound.

A small problem

Sunju Dutt is really endearing as a brand new uncle. When asked recently about his little niece, he smiled shyly, "She is lovely and fascinating to watch."

This admiration is only at arms length. Sunju said he was quite petrified about carrying anywhere within niece. As he says "She is so tiny yaar, I am afraid I'll drop her."

Naturally, since all he has been used to handling are our 'big' heroines!

A FILM FORTNIGHTLY MARCH 14 — 27, 1986 Rs. 5

Macho Jackie On The Gatefold

star & style

Exploding A Myth Called Rekha

The new intellectual pose is only a sham, reveal the three men who have known her closely.

Dear Vinod, Take Care!

The Inside Story About Vinod Khanna's Uncertain Health

pajama-clad U. G. – who's nearly twice Mahesh's age – tackles the small, cranky, troublesome aspects of being alive these days and, with a few nudges here and there, muscles up newly 'profound' insights – actually, he's a reasonable explicator of that often confusing body of knowledge we glibly call common sense.

U. G. gives the feeling that he's passed life by. And that, if people didn't ask him about the 'purpose of life', he'd much rather travel around the world, stay with friends, cook exotic dishes and come up with ironical asides in his hybridised South Indian-burra saab-Yankee twang. Like: *"God-men chappies serve the social need, sir."* Pause. *"So do prostitutes!"*

It is this same laid-back attitude that allows him to reduce the Mahesh-Parveen contretemps, in which he played a prominent part, to 'ex'-s and 'present'-s. Friendship is measured in commonplace terms. U. G. drawls,

"Why click him only eating idlis? You should've caught him clearing the table. It's something he's taken to doing only after meeting me. Like he's learnt to make tea. Or take walks..."

Mahesh cackles, *"Yeah, and he learnt to see films...otherwise, he'd only freak out over mythologicals, flying Hanumans..."*

U. G.: *"I've only seen four films, sir, since I met you..."*

Mahesh: *"Four-and-a-half..."*

U. G.: *"Oh, yes, I walked out midway through your* Lahu Ke Do Rang . *It was atrocious. And I sat through 'Arth' only because Smita was sitting next to me. Mahesh made me see films but the one time I could have been part of his film, he cut me out!"*

Mahesh: *"I shot 'Arth' at home, and I have U.G.'s photograph in my drawing room. I merely removed it for the shooting."*

U.G.: *"He treated me like a Lizard on the Wall – shooing me away when he didn't want me. Otherwise, barely tolerating me. He's not my friend. He's my enemy!"*

Mahesh: *"But, sir, you've always said my friendship is a form of revenge..."*

U. G.: *"Most certainly! You must hate me – otherwise, you wouldn't have done what you did to me. You left Rajneesh because of me – and so many others followed. D'you know, Rajneesh devoted five lectures to cursing me?"*

Mahesh: *"Yeah, four in English, one in Hindi."*

U. G.: *"I remember the way you met me...in saffron robes, with a lot of malas..."*

Mahesh: *"Destiny, sir, destiny. I'd gone to meet Vinod Khanna who was shooting at some bungalow. The owner of the place, Pratap, asked me if I'd like to meet a Krishnamurti – - not the well-known J., but an U.G. I said, why not. One day, the 'phone rang...and I went to meet this U. G. I talked to him for two hours flat. He was mind-blowing!"*

U. G.: *"And he came back the next day with Goldie, another Rajneesh bhakt. Both soon walked out of the Pune ashram. But the way Mahesh renounced sanyas was dramatic."*

Mahesh: *"It happened in Mahabaleshwar. Satyadev Dubey and I had sat up all night, when suddenly he said, 'This U. G. of yours. He said we could drop in any time, right? Let's take him up on his word.' So we went right up to U.G.'s room..."*

U. G.: *"At 5 a.m.! And drunk! Dead drunk!"*

Mahesh: *"And he met us without a flicker of irritation. I tore the Rajneesh mala from my neck and flushed it down the toilet."*

U. G.: *"Even though everyone cautioned you that the Bhagwan would curse you and evil would befall you."*

Mahesh: *"Wasn't meeting you evil enough? And, remember, I had to shell out a hundred bucks to clear the drains. It was all destiny, sir. If you hadn't welcomed us that morning with open arms...know what Dubey and I had discussed all night? Love!"*

People have so many problems with 'friendship', 'love', 'relationship', always looking for someone to be their Rock of Gibraltar, their souffle that can't fall. There should be a course in KG on the three. (And Lesson No. 1 from the Mahesh-U. G. text-book on 'friendship': never grow up!).

But then, maybe it works out just as well because if you really knew the whole story on relationships, you wouldn't have anything to think about for the rest of your life, and you might go crazy, having nothing to think about. And, anyway, 'relationships' in the film industry are merely business.

Filmi friends: bodies encased in frills, the desperate smiles, the wretched couple frozen in a gibber of happiness. A kind of orderliness you see in machines or corpses.

But the arranging of bones into patterns is useless. Anarchy is more like it. Anarchy, bangs, cocked revolvers, hatred...

"Love," murmurs U. G. *"Remember, sir, you brought Kabir and Parveen to meet me? They, too, talked of love, love, love...but I could see it was all made up. I told them so. They didn't believe me then, but within the week, they had broken up. Which left Parveen free..."*

Silence.

U. G. continues, *"And then, of course, you..."*

Silence.

Still. Continuing. Hesitantly: *"You must hate me, Mahesh!"*

Silence.

It's such a secret place, that land of tears, as the 'Little Prince' says.

Only friends know the way.

B. R. SHARAN

Friends

Bang!

That's what their conversations go off with.

"Actually, that's how he starts off every time he meets me – he points his finger at me like a revolver barrel and goes 'bang!'" says the silver-maned U. G., rolling his eyes.

"Oh, no," Mahesh bursts out, *"I don't. I sprawl on my back, look up at him and say, 'U.G., may I ask you a question?'* And he says, *'Yes, Mahesh.'* And I ask, *'What is...'"*

"'...the purpose of life?'" U. G. completes.

"He always completes the question that way! Always! Always!" Mahesh chortles, pleased as a kid who's pulled off Jack-and-Jill for a visiting Uncle.

It's a wonder that these friends – Mahesh Bhatt and U. G. Krishnamurti – use their tongues at all. Their minds leap over shared experiences of joy, pain and flights of philosophical fancy

...and in the present, over unsaid words, so that each knows exactly what the other is thinking. They're always cutting in, completing sentences, insulting each other with teenage abandon, chuckling – invariably chuckling – over private jokes...

"We can't do this photo-session at Goldie's place, Mahesh – too many memories of your 'ex', sir!"

"Yes, sir, my 'ex' and your 'present'!"

For all their shared 'past' and 'present', there can't be two more dis-similar friends. Talking to Mahesh is a bit like wrestling in a huge box of feathers. The talk is ticklish, all fluffed-up with amateurish intensity, but the weight is there alright.

As U.G. says, *"When he's on his back and talking, he isn't actually addressing me. He doesn't need me around to tell him the 'purpose of life'. He's talking to himself."*

Mahesh: *"You mean, I'm mad?"*

U.G.: *"Borderline, sir, borderline. All those you collect around you are half-gone. Your place is a Funny Farm. Loonies! Don't you realise, instead of beating your brains to come up with The Solution To Life, your whole purpose in life could be to take your new-born son, Sonny Mahomet, for a walk?"*

Yelling *'Sonny Mahomet!', 'Sonny Mahomet!',* Mahesh bounds out of the room, his pouchy gut trembling at the kangaroo-hop.

Contrasting with the jeans-clad Madcap Mahesh, the kurta

Photographs: Lui Godinho

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Rati Agnihotri...

THE FACE OF TOMORROW

IBH

PARVEEN QUITS U.G!

Will there be dancing in the streets, will producers strew roses roses roses, now that Parveen Babi is coming back?

Parveen may have plenty of wise-girl things to say about her passively dumb behaviour; in a slow, measured tone, she now admits — very intelligently, too: "Yes, I had gone mad!" But has she really learned anything from her myriad misadventures?

Because she has just shucked the one anchor in her life — U.G.Krishnamurthy.

And Mahesh Bhatt, always ready with the dry handkerchiefs, says, "U.G. has given up on her. He wrote to me, saying that the way Parveen's going, she's bound to go mad. If she's in India, she'll go mad here. If she's with him, she'll still go mad. So, better she goes mad in India, is his opinion.

"In a way, he's right. She's so undecided — it's a sympton of her disease. When she's in Frankfurt with him, she wants to be back in India. And when she's out here, she yearns to be back there with him. What does one do?

"Though, I can't understand, why she want to come back. Her career's finished here. Kaput. I told her that. I asked her not to come back. But there are her *chamchas* out here, who keep telling her she's got a good chance to make it again. Even her secretary says the same. What else can the poor girl think, but that she has a chance ...?

"Yes, of course, I will take care of her. I'll look to her needs, feed her, clothe her — even sleep with her. Whatever! But I don't think I can move in with her — not permanently. It's not that I don't want to move in with her because it's a pain ... but because, if we see too much of each other, our needs will become the same. We'll feel, we'll think the same. *I* may go mad!

"Parveen was expected back in August, but she's coming back by the end of June.

"I can't say why. Why?"

Parveen's 'mind' now seems to vibrate between the down but not out and the out but not over. She's trapped in an endless battle long after the war is lost.

And the white handkerchiefs of truce are disappearing one by one.

IS PARVEEN BABI DEAD?

U. G. KRISHNAMURTY ACQUITS HIMSELF OF ANY BLAME!

When the doctors failed, U.G. Krishnamurty healed. Or so Parveen Babi and her family and friends had insisted, when she got back to work after her first mental breakdown. A couple of years later, the very same people pointed an accusing finger at the God-man (he hates to be called that), when the Babi, after her second mental illness, disappeared from his fold, never to return.

'Stardust' met U.G. Krishnamurty at Goldie Anand's apartment recently. "Why do I have to talk to film magazines?" he asked curtly. "I don't even see Hindi movies!" However, when he heard the various allegations that the film industry and Parveen's mother and secretary were making about him, U.G. consented to clarify.

Rumours circulating in the industry insist that Parveen Babi is dead. Is it true? If not, where is she?

These rumours are not true. The death of any person in America, especially when she happens to be a celebrity, cannot go unnoticed. You'll be surprised to know that when she had disappeared from London and surfaced in New York, all the Indian doctors recognised her. When we went to the Indian Consulate and Embassy, everybody there seemed to know her as well. Parveen is a big star and she is very much alive. I know where she is. She is very well. But I'm not interested in satisfying the curiosity of the people and am much less interested in providing information to film magazines to fill their pages. If she's interested in getting touch with her mother or secretary, she will certainly do so. As far as I know, she's not interested in coming back to India.

Why won't you say where she is?

Why should I? She doesn't want you to know. She has made up her mind (I had nothing to do with it) on quitting movies for good. She is far away from India and by telling you where she is, I'll be encroaching on her privacy. Like I said, if she wants to get in touch with anyone of you, she'll do so herself. So please leave her alone.

Not only the film industry, even her mother blames you for Parveen's disappearance. Why are you refusing to meet the Babi's mother?

Let people blame me. What can I do about it? When somebody comes to me seeking help, especially when she's crazy, I can't throw her out. The only thing I got out of this, was blame, blame and more blame from every possible source. Yes, it's true I don't want to meet Parveen's mother. I don't want any emotional scenes. I hate them. Besides, Parveen herself does not want to get in touch with her. She refuses to even write to her. Again that's between the mother and daughter and I have nothing to do with it.

Why did you terminate the help you gave her initially? It's said that you were rude to her, threw her out, which in turn was responsible for her disappearance and insanity.

The day she arrived in Switzerland, I told her that I was sorry that I wouldn't be of much help to her. Well, I was rude to her, but I have been rude to her hundreds of times before and she hasn't run away because of that. 'Throwing her out,' is a very harsh thing to say. The very idea of her wish to live with me on some sort of a permanent basis, was not good for her. She was using me as a valium, as a crutch and that is why I pushed her to a brink—she didn't want to come back to India and she realised she couldn't stay with me permanently. She didn't know what to do.

At least on human grounds, didn't you think it was rather cruel of you not to allow her to use you as a crutch for the rest of her life?

Give me one good reason why I should bother about her, I am not interested in institutionalising the help I give to someone who needs it. I'm not running a mental hospital. If you need help, contact a therapist. I got her the best of psychiatrists and doctors. A lot of people, doctors included, were petrified when she disappeared. I was the only one who had the confidence in her. She may be crazy, but Parveen isn't dumb. I knew she would be able to take care of herself.

When 'Stardust' spoke to Parveen in London, she had insisted that she had been mentally disturbed ever since she saw Mahesh Bhatt's 'Arth'. Mahesh stubbornly states that she never did see the film, what is the truth?

She gives different explanations for her mental disturbance depending upon the various situations she finds herself in. She did not see 'Arth'. In fact, when she was in London, I asked her to get the video cassette of the film and see it, but she did not want to.

Haven't you used Parveen Babi to get maximum publicity for yourself? Even the chapter from her autobiography that was published in the 'Illustrated Weekly' was said to be written by you—especially because most of it was on you.

I am an illiterate man. You can be rest assured that I cannot write such articles. Parveen is a very good writer. In fact, when we were discussing alternate vocations for her, all of us came to the conclusion that she would prosper better as a writer than she did in the movie industry. When we showed her manuscript to some of my journalist friends and asked them to correct it, they were amazed. Except for crossing the 't's and dotting the 'i's, they didn't make any changes. The only thing that I advised her was that though she was bitter about her boyfriends, she should not cast aspersions on them. Parveen has completed her autobiography and has left the manuscript with me. And what publicity are you talking about? As you yourself have said, all that I got from all this was blame. Do you call that publicity? And tell me, have I at any time used this so-called publicity that I get in film magazines for any purpose? I am not in the holy business, you know!

ARE DEV AND HIS GIRLS LOSING THEIR CHARISMA?

Rs. 6.00

DECEMBER 1984

STARDUST

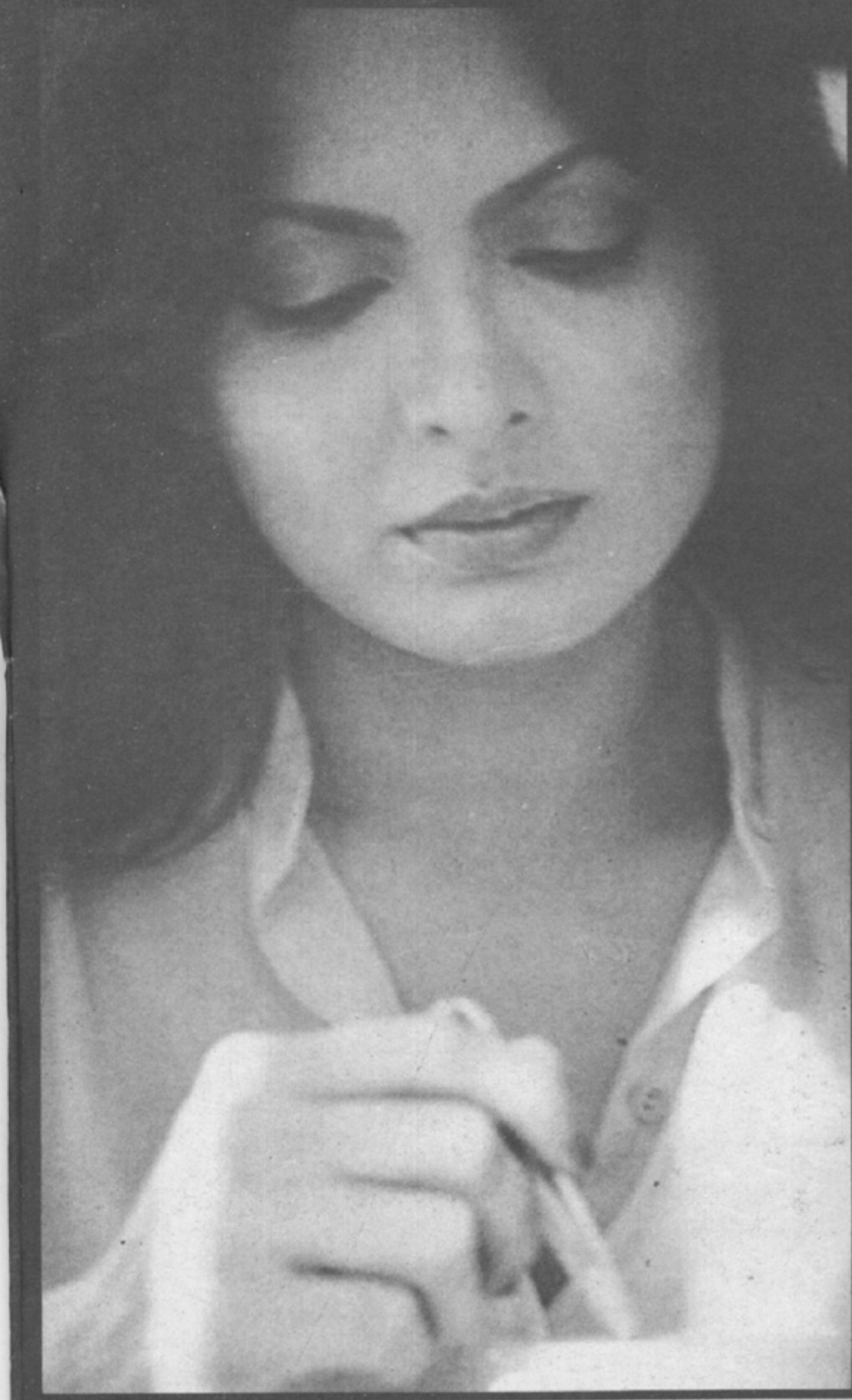
EXCLUSIVE!
"I WANT TO BEAR HIS CHILDREN!" ZEENAT BREAKS HER SILENCE ON FRANK!

HEMA TALKS ABOUT SUNNY'S ROLE IN HER RELATIONSHIP WITH DHARAM!

WHY TINA WON'T TIE THE KNOT WITH RAJESH!

MITHUN'S MARRIAGE MANIA! WHY HE WANTS A THIRD WIFE?

U.G. who was planning his trip to Europe was slightly reluctant to get involved in Parveen's life all over again. Besides, his travelling companion Valentine was getting older and finding it very difficult, inconvenient and expensive to chase the Babi all over the globe. U.G. called up Mahesh again. Both the Bhatt as well as U.G.'s other disciple who was once connected with an asylum in Leicestershire (he repairs medical equipment) and who has been a great help to U.G. where Parveen is concerned, urged U.G. to go to New York and bring the Babi back.



Before he left for New York, U.G. called up a mutual friend called Kim, and asked him to go and see Parveen at the hospital. The star is said to have refused to meet him. However, it was revealed that Parveen had bought herself a London-New York-Texas ticket and if it hadn't been for the scene at the airport or the Indian doctor who recognised her, nobody would have known where Parveen was.

When U.G. landed in New York, he found Parveen in the general ward with thirty other mentally disturbed patients. The Indian consulate general who had been informed of the unfortunate incident, had personally come to visit Parveen at the hospital. The Babi was smiling and chatting with him as though nothing had happened.

In his letter dated April 12, 1984, U.G. wrote to one of his followers from New York, explaining in detail what exactly the Babi and he were going through. "Parveen has been discharged from the general hospital this morning but she needs and must have medical attention for a few weeks. Would you believe it? Her article in the 'Illustrated Weekly'—it has been studied carefully by the whole panel of psychiatrists who studied her case—helped the doctors very much, and they have concluded that her case is one of mis-diagnosis. Sometimes, it is difficult to distinguish between scizo and manic depression. They are going to put her on a drug for manics. There is no need for her to be in a clinic. They have made all the necessary tests and she has already been put on this drug. The doctors say that my presence will facilitate them to handle her case easily.

"Well, I cannot let her down at this stage. The doctor who is going to treat her privately, says that her condition will be stabilized within six weeks, but

U.G. & Mahesh

Parveen & U.G.

it will take at least five to seven years, if not longer, to cure her completely but assuredly she can and will be a normal person.

"What a harrowing experience it has been to her! Four police carried her bodily, hand-cuffed to the hospital, but she was not arrested, and the hospital discharged her after a week. But she was put in a general ward with thirty loonies and no visitors were allowed...."

Parveen Babi who had refused medication initially, was actually responding to the drug and was going rather fine, when she disappeared again. This time she wasn't found.

In his final letter to Mahesh Bhatt, dated 25th April, 1984, from the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel, New York, U.G. wrote: "The situation here is basically and insanely comical. I don't like waiting here for the Babi girl to turn up, so we are quitting this Deluxe Apartment Hotel tomorrow and heading towards Washington D.C. by car. Kim will join us a week later—just in case Parveen shows up in New York. Sooner or later some information as to her whereabouts would turn up definitely when she runs out of funds. I don't want the police to be drawn into this. Even when a missing person is reported, nothing much happens in this country. The police have higher priorities. It is a big country and it would be difficult to trace her. There would be lots of interviews and lots of forms to fill out.

"If she is trying to avoid medication and if this is the way to stay away from India, she is making a pretty good try. But my fear is that she might run into awkward situations. I hope not. She may not be all right in her head, but she can't be described as a dumb, runaway girl. But in her present state of mind there is always the danger of getting into trouble again.

"Believe it or not, four husky cops, not one, two, or three, but four, couldn't handle that pretty little 'ex' of yours. She was taken to the hospital hand-cuffed and ankles too and she still has that bloody ring around her wrist.

"Well, I am afraid my usefulness has come to an end. Everytime she reached out for help, I found it hard to let her down. My determination to prevent her from ending up in mental hospital worked. I couldn't let this happen to her. Now she is spiralling towards disaster. This seems to be the final breakdown. She is plunging herself into her final manic depression. She is doing things which I thought she never would do. I am afraid she will completely and totally fall apart with no hope of ever putting herself together without medical care."

BOMBAY, 9th May, 1984: At the time of going to press, Parveen Babi is still missing. Nobody knows where she is. While some presume that she maybe in Texas, U.G. himself is very doubtful. "She doesn't know a soul there," he said. Some of Parveen's friends in Bombay are extremely worried about her. "There are very few Indians in Texas and no one will recognise her there," they unanimously voiced their anxiety. "We only hope she is not raped or robbed or killed. After all, she is not mentally stable. Oh God, we hope she surfaces and comes back home."

When 'Stardust' contacted a top-notch psychiatrist to find out what exactly manic depression was and whether there was a cure for it, Dr. Rajesh Parikh, resident psychiatrist K.E.M. hospital, Bombay, revealed that manic depression was a mental disorder of mood. "There are two phases—the manic phase, when the patient is happy, excited, talkative, works better than usual and is generally very euphorbic," he stated and continued, "The manic state is always followed by the depressive state where the patient becomes melancholic, is filled with negative thoughts and generally runs away from people. In some cases, the patient also has suicidal tendencies." However he insisted, that there was a definite cure for this mental disorder. "A drug called 'lithium' is prescribed for such patients. Considered to be a mood stabilizer, it keeps the patient's moods at a certain level."

The doctor's diagnosis is full of hope for Parveen Babi. And yet isn't it both ironical as well as tragic, that now that they've found the drug to cure her, the patient herself is missing?

—Prochi Badshah

NEW YORK, 7th April, 1984: A disturbed and distraught Parveen Babi, landed at the New York International Airport. She was asked to show her identification papers by the airport authorities and something in her snapped. She is said to have acted difficult and was immediately hand-cuffed. When she put up a frantic struggle, the actress was also ankle-cuffed and carried by four policemen to a general hospital. An Indian doctor recognised the star and immediately rushed to her aid He got U.G.'s telephone number and address from Parveen and called him up to inform him of her whereabouts.

BI

U.G.'S LETTERS REVEAL ALL !

STARDUST'S DETAILED INVESTIGATION!

Nobody knows where Parveen Babi is. Not even U.G. Krishnamurty who has been the star's constant friend, philosopher and guide, for the past eight months. That is, ever since she landed at the London airport after her last breakdown and handed herself in U.G.'s care, till early April 1984. After which, there has been no trace of the Babi.

Parveen Babi's story is more sad than dramatic. The only Bombay star to appear on the cover of 'Time' magazine, Parveen who was one of the few top heroines of the Indian film industry, is today said to be insanely and aimlessly roaming some street in America. And the saddest part of it all is, that nobody cares.....

Her old mother who is tucked away in Junagadh, is unaware of her daughter's disappearance or at least doesn't know the complete story. Her mentor U.G. who has his own life to lead and cannot possibly be her keeper forever, has washed his hands off her. Her secretary Ved Sharma is now looking after the affairs and careers of less complicated heroines, making more money, and has neither the time nor the inclination to go hunting for his lost 'madam'. Her ex-boyfriend Mahesh Bhatt though in constant touch with U.G., has showed his total helplessness in this matter. Parveen Babi has been left to fight her fate and insanity alone.

THE STORY.

LONDON, 4th April, 1984:
It all happened on Parveen's birthday, this year. The Babi suddenly disappeared from U.G.'s house in London. A frantic U.G. immediately booked a long distance call to Bombay and broke the news to Mahesh Bhatt. "She could be flying down to India," he informed Mahesh and asked him to keep a vigil at the Bombay Airport. Mahesh is said to have immediately contacted Parveen's ex-secretary Ved Sharma and passed on the news to him. For two whole days, there was no news about the Babi.

In a letter dated April 4, 1984, written from London, U.G. explained to Mahesh Bhatt how and why Parveen ran away from home. "As I told you, Parveen's present condition has been a great drain on my time, patience and energy, ever since we left California. I have been making it crystal clear to her for some days that her idea of digging in her heels here and wanting to be with me forever is very unrealisitic and that it is time that she started living her own life. She is such a sweet girl. We loved having her with us all these eight months. She has looked after Valentine so well that she is already missing her. Isn't it an eternal shame that she can't make anything of her talent and her life now? What lies ahead of her can never be clearly signposted by anybody.

"Babi girl's exit is as sudden and as theatrical like last time. She just got up from her chair and said, "I don't want to be a burden on you. I am going to India right now." She left all her things here and walked out. But I gave her some money to take care of her tickets, etc. For aught I know, she may still be somewhere in London. Maybe she is already there in India."

MISSING: PARVEEN BABI

PARVEEN BABI MISSING! U.G. HELPLESS!

JUNE 1984
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STARDUST

THE GIRL WHO HAS GIVEN RATI A COMPLEX!

"My wife is a flirt!"
AN HONEST INTERVIEW WITH MOON MOON SEN'S HUSBAND!

THE INSULTS AND HUMILIATIONS THAT MITHUN CANNOT FORGET!

Prakash Mehra

Mahesh Bhatt

He insisted that he himself had warned Parveen not to see 'Arth' when he had impulsively called her up before the film's release. "My wife and I were having an argument one day," he explained, "when she turned around and asked me where would I have been without Parveen and her. She was generous enough to indude Parveen, and I admired her for it. Well, I was slightly high and I felt a genuine fondness for Parveen. So on an impulse, I called up Parveen at the 'Sea Rock' hotel where she was shooting and thanked her for everything. She wished me luck for 'Arth' and I told her, 'Don't see the film. It's not good for you'.

"Later, when I called up U.G. in Gstaad (I keep in touch with him regularly)," Mahesh continued, "he revealed that Parveen had spoken to him too. She had told him that I had called her up and made friendly overtures, and that I wanted to go back to her. She even told him that I was only waiting for U.G.'s permission to start it all over again. I said that was not true at all....."

A month later Mahesh got a call from U.G. "I was surprised because I am the one who calls him up, he doesn't book a call," the director declared. "I was half expecting the news when he said that Parveen had spoken to him from the London airport and begged him to be with her in spirit. U.G. didn't want to get involved a second time. At least, not after the way he had been treated by her after she came back to Bombay (after her previous recovery). In fact, the reason why I ended my relationship with her was only because she had turned completely against U.G. and had asked me to choose between her and him. I chose him. Poor U.G. He is in it again. Like he himself said, he had no choice.

"I had predicted this breakdown the day she started working all over again after her second collapse," Mahesh Bhatt pointed out sadly. "So did U.G. In fact, even Parveen knew about it." Mahesh then pulled out some letters that U.G. had written to him at the time of Parveen's first breakdown. "Read this, and you'll know I am not lying," he said, handing over the entire correspondence.

EXTRACTS FROM U.G.'s LETTERS TO MAHESH

Gstaad, Switzerland,
June 6, 1980.

.....I cannot say that Parveen is really enjoying her stay here. She gives me the feeling that she is kind of bored, listless and lonesome, like waiting for something to happen. If it were not for one dark pit of fear of the possibility of a crack-up again, she would certainly have gone back to her old way of life....

.....Lately I have been asking myself the obvious question. Is it really worth all the effort that is being put in by me – she has been the centre of my attention for the past nine months – to prevent her from ending up as a certifiable fruitcake (slang for a nut case)? And yet I cannot tell her, "Go and be damned". What makes the situation more difficult for me to be of any further help is that she never gives straight, frank, candid, forthright and unreserved answers to my probing questions. I certainly don't know what will happen to her .....

U.G.'S PATRONESS AND CO-TRAVELLER, VALENTINE'S LETTER TO MAHESH

Gstaad, Switzerland,
June, 12,1980.

.....U.G. is definitely distancing himself from Parveen.....there hasn't been much change in her and she is just the way she was ... Everytime U.G. asks her what she is going to do with herself, she says laconically, "If I stay here, I go mad. If I return to Bombay, I will get mad there also. I don't know what to do." To which U.G. said last night, "Better go to Bombay and get mad there ....."

.....The picture U.G. gave me of her future as he sees it, no matter what she does, isn't much of a bright kind. The ideas she has just wouldn't work and will make her life a mess ...I was so shocked to hear U.G. say that the kind of life she is envisaging – if she is envisaging one, I don't think she is, except in vague terms – that she can go around with any man she takes a fancy to and mess up her life again. In that case, U.G. says, she might as well go back to her old way of life in India. U.G. is very cruel, isn't he? But he is a realist of a rare kind. U.G. told me last night that the only thing that will keep her sane is something she cannot do, that is, live the life of a sort of nun. Otherwise she is doomed. That is his final verdict after observing her these forty days and forty nights since we left India. I really feel that if she can do that, she will really be a marvellous person, that is for sure.

U.G.'s LETTERS
Gstaad, Switzerland,
June 15,1980

.....There is nothing that I can do for her. Parveen will probably be back in Bombay before the end of this month.... It is better I step aside and let her do what she wants to do with her life.

June 17, 1980

.....There is nothing that I can do to change her fate. We have done the best that we can do.

July 19, 1980

.....I well understand the agony you are going through and any advice that is offered to you will be more than useless. Quite plainly put, I have washed my hands off the whole thing. It is over. Finished, past, over .....

.....I am not a religious man. I have never believed in the efficacy of prayer. Notwithstanding that, I should go to the village church one of these days when nobody is looking, and offer a prayer to our good Lord Jesus and ask for the well-being of Parveen Babi and turn over the wheel to her fate or whatever is the word for it. In other words, leave her to her inevitable fate, which is .....

A big question mark.

—**Prochi Badshah**

His middle-aged hero certainly didn't have any of Prakash Mehra's reservations, Mahesh Bhatt pointed out sarcastically. "No one can be blamed for Parveen's breakdowns," Mahesh conceded. "You cannot find simplistic solutions to this complex problem. But," he added firmly, "the fact remains that a lot of industrywallas took advantage of Parveen and the No. 1 hero was one of them." Without mincing his words, Mahesh hit out, "In his white *churidar-kurta* and shawl, he thinks he is some goddamn Messiah, when in actuality, he loves having an obsessed woman hovering around him. It makes him feel like God. By dragging her for his shows, he was taking advantage of a sick woman and her obsessions . . . . ." Mahesh didn't spare Jaya Bhaduri either. "Jaya is a part of the orgy," he spat out. "She is also playing the Goddess, the sufferer. The only thing she is worried about, is her position. She is not bothered what she does to anyone to keep her own status intact."

When asked how the star-couple could've been aware of the Babi's obsession, Mahesh burst out like a volcano. "Of course, they know about it," he shouted. "And I know this for sure. I am not a fool, I knew all along that Parveen was having an affair with him even when she was supposed to be in love with me. The only way I can figure out this obsession is that he spelt power and Parveen was obsessed with power. I was a nobody those days. However demeaning it may sound to my own ears, it's a fact that I was kept by her. And I am honest enough to admit that I was a part of her entourage. She had a secretary, a hairdresser, a make-up-man and a boyfriend.

"Parveen used to talk about him all the time," continued Mahesh. He remembered that once when they were in Bangalore (during the cure), Parveen had woken up in the middle of the night crying for the middle-aged hero! Seeing her obsession, Mahesh had even swallowed his pride and visited the actor's sets to have a man-to-man talk with him. "He was shooting at the Mehboob Studio for 'Dostana'," he recalled. "I still remember the humiliation I went through when I tried to explain her problem to him and begged him to be nice to her. He was very much aware of her problem and her obsession."

It infuriated Mahesh no end when after his talk, instead of sympathising, the star remained quite callous. "Once Parveen had called him up in front of my eyes," the Bhatt revealed bitterly, "and when he came on the line, she just couldn't go beyond his name. She trembled, cried and kept on muttering his name over and over again. I snatched the receiver from her hand and spoke to the man myself. I apologised for her getting hysterical and not being able to talk. And he said, 'Take care of her. She has so many films to complete!' That was all he was bothered about!"

This was four years ago. Today, the angry middle-aged hero pleads total ignorance and uninvolvement in all Parveen's affairs. When 'Stardust' tracked down U.G. Krishnamurty in London (he was on his way to the States) for a clarification, he was terribly reluctant to speak. "I don't want to get involved in all this again," he said. "The last time she had a breakdown, unfortunately, I was given the credit for her cure. But Parveen is not ill. She is not mad either. She called me up in Gstaad and said she was tired and needed a break. She also said that she had seen 'Arth' and was mentally disturbed by it. She wanted to stay with us in Switzerland, but since we were on our way to the States , she came with us to London." U.G. explained that Parveen had already called up her producers in Bombay and informed them that she would be coming back by the middle of September. "I am going to New York," he said, and when asked if Parveen would be accompanying him, he whispered, "Hope not." But after a slight pause, he shot back, "You see, I cannot send her back. She needs me and I have no choice."

Realising that he had contradicted himself (if she wasn't ill, why did she need him?), U.G. admitted that Parveen had been a bundle of nerves and without her clothes, visa or money, when she was picked up at the London airport by their mutual friend John Allen. "It's true," U.G.sighed, and suddenly blurted out, "Parveen is here, would you like to talk to her?"

Parveen Babi came on the line and parroted U.G.'s lines. "Please don't involve U.G.," she begged. "He is a friend. He didn't invite me, nor did he call me here. I was tired and needed a break, and he welcomed me. It's true that I saw 'Arth' and was upset. First, I didn't think Mahesh would make a film like this. And second, it wasn't in the right perspective. I am here only for a few days. I am coming back."

"She is not coming back," Mahesh Bhatt snapped when 'Stardust' repeated the conversation to him. "At least I don't think she will. I just spoke to U.G. the other day and I know for sure that Parveen is suffering from a breakdown. I don't know why both of them are talking like this, but the last time I spoke to U.G., i.e, after you spoke to him, he told me that I shouldn't feel guilty because Parveen hasn't seen 'Arth'!"

Not that Mahesh Bhatt was feeling guilty, anyway. "Everybody says that I have exploited my wife and Parveen, but I have exploited myself too," he said defiantly. "I have no false hangups. I am the first one to admit that I am like a roadside leper selling his wounds. I make money from my humiliations."

U.G. to the rescue!

Why Is Everyone Covering Up For The 'Asli' Guilty?

EXPOSED! A COMMON FACTOR IN THE BABI'S THREE BREAKDOWNS!

STAR DUST — OCT 1983

Why is everyone blaming Mahesh Bhatt's 'Arth' for Parveen Babi's third breakdown? Have they forgotten that during her last major battle with mental disorder four years ago, her doctors had clearly diagnosed her case as paranoiac schizophrenia, and related its cause to heredity more than circumstances or people .....? Moreover just recently, a couple of Kabir Bedi's friends let out that Parveen had shown signs of imbalance even during her affair with Kabir, which had eventually frightened the man to break off with her. The first breakdown had followed not long after .....

Yet, when the news of the Babi's latest collapse in Europe reached back home, the fingers were promptly pointed at Mahesh and his movie. Two months ago, when Parveen had trunk-called her old saviour U.G. Krishnamurty in Gstaad, Switzerland, from the London airport,and begged him to be with her "in spirit" like he had been four years ago, the man immediately sensed that she was on the brink of another breakdown. He immediately called a friend in London (John Allen), who rushed across to Heathrow airport and found Parveen waiting anxiously, without her visa, luggage or money. He put her on the first flight to Switzerland. U.G. then called Mahesh, his friend in Bombay, to warn him of what was brewing ... and before the director could digest what he'd heard, the repercussions hit him in the face. 'Arth' was responsible, the film industry tut-tutted in false sympathy for the suffering Babi!

The accusation threw Mahesh into alternating throes of fury and depression. He'd been out of Parveen's life for the past two years, had hardly met or spoken to her a couple of times. He felt that the industry was just passing the buck .....and perhaps he had a point. For, another man had been very closely in contact with Parveen right till the moment before her recent break, and yet nobody had even mentioned him. ..... What added weight to the latter premise was that this same man had also been on the scene just before the previous disaster....

In fact, according to insiders, he had sparked it off! If you take your memories five-six years back, you'll recall that that was the time of the Babi's first successful come-back after the industry had forgiven her for running away with Kabir. In her desperation to re-establish her career, Parveen had been playing up to all her producers, directors and heroes. Prominent amongst them was the middle-aged No. 1, and there were endless rumours about her replacing Rekha as his "other woman" .....

It is said that the collapse, as it had happened with Kabir Bedi,came at the fag end of the affair. One day, the Babi had frantically called up her man and begged him to come over and see her. He refused and cut the line dead. Immediately afterwards, the other residents of her building watched horrified as Parveen ran down the stairs and into the streets, screaming hysterically. What followed was a total breakdown, and it took U.G. Krishnamurty nine months to get Parveen ticking correctly again.

This time too, the Babi was with *him*. She was a part of his star troupe, for his variety entertainment shows all over the continent. The tour rounded up in London, and when the rest of the gang got ready to return to Bombay, Parveen asked to stay back for a few days of unscheduled holiday. They left her behind without a question, and soon U.G. Krishnamurty received the frantic S.O.S. in Switzerland.

So, if one really wants to pin the blame, doesn't the angry middle-aged hero seem as guilty as Mahesh Bhatt? If not more so ...

Prakash Mehra who considers himself one of the No.1 hero's chosen friends, vehemently denied the allegation. "How can you blame him?" the director demanded defensively, and pointed out, "The last time Parveen got a breakdown, I was blamed. Everybody said that she was petrified of me. The mention of my name made her shiver! I don't know how far it is true, but I don't think it's fair to blame anybody for her mental disorder. I know people are trying to blame Mahesh's 'Arth' for Parveen's madness, but it's not fair. The boy has made a brilliant film and I don't think it could have affected Parveen in such a way that she lost total control of herself. I don't know what's wrong with her and I have never tried to go deep into her personal problems. But I know one thing for sure and that is that my hero is not emotionally involved with Parveen. If Parveen was obsessed with him and if he didn't play back to her, it doesn't mean that she has to go bonkers. There are so many heroines in this industry who are obsessed with my hero, but have you heard of anybody flipping their lids because their interest is not reciprocated? This is a silly argument."

Prakash Mehra also insisted that from what he'd heard, the Babi had been in perfect shape throughout the European tour. "She was taken in the capacity of a star, not a girlfriend," P.M. emphasized. "So many other professionals had accompanied them. Reena Roy was also there. When I talked this over with my hero, he said that Parveen was absolutely normal. After the shows were over, I believe, she wanted to stay back in London and nobody asked her why. Why should they? So, they left her behind and came back home."

However, Prakash Mehra confessed that he himself had not found the actress absolutely normal during the making of 'Namak Halal', when Parveen was said to have been completely cured from her second mental breakdown. "I used to find her very abnormal," he stated matter-of-factly. "She used to go blank all of a sudden and nothing made sense to her then. It was as if she neither heard us nor saw us." He recalled how she'd put the panic into him when she called him into her make-up room one day, and started bawling. "You are not happy with my work," she'd cried hysterically. "I asked her who had been telling her this," the director explained wearily, "and she said that she herself felt it. I fired her and warned her not to repeat the 'Jwalamukhi' performance again with me. I didn't want her to stop working in my film because of some silly phobias and imaginary fears about me. Of course, I spoke to her very gently too and she pulled herself together in time." But till the completion of 'Namak Halal', Prakash Mehra had his heart in his mouth.

"I had a very bad experience with her in 'Jwalamukhi'," he explained. "I had to scrap my complete film only because she refused to give me dates and work with me," he said. "Parveen behaved very badly with me, and I had made up my mind never to work with her again. But a couple of months later, she came to me and begged me to give her a chance to make up for my past losses. She was even ready to sign a blank agreement and work for me in as many films as I wanted her to, free of charge. Parveen should never forget how I forgave her. No other producer in my place would have done that. I not only paid her her price, but even refused to take advantage of her vulnerablity."

SEPT 1980 — STARDUST

ON HER ILLNESS: "It wasn't a breakdown nor was it total madness. It was something in between. I did not tear up my clothes nor did I go running and screaming into the streets. I suffered from overriding fears and I myself did not know about it, till it was all over. It was not a memory lapse for I remember each and everything clearly. Why it happened and why it had to happen to me, is something I still can't understand. It is a mystery. The only reason that I can think of is overwork. I had been working round the clock, but then, there are other people who work equally hard or perhaps harder and nothing happens to them. I can't think of any other plausible reason for this breakdown. I did not have any unbearable problem that I could not solve, there was no similar case history in the family. Neither my mother nor my father had ever suffered from a breakdown. But this was the time when I really wished I had a large family or at least a father or a brother who could have taken over my personal as well as my business affairs when I could not function normally. Physically it was impossible for me to handle things. I was and still am a one-woman show. Psychologically though, no one could help me. There was just one person who I felt was trying hard to pull me out of this mess—U.G."

ON U.G.: "U.G. has been a true friend. He helped me out of the greatest crisis in my life in spite of getting the brunt of it all. Everyone has someone or something to fall back on—a *mandir*, a man, a Godman, etc. I had a friend and that was U.G. I flew to Bangalore because I wanted to get out of Bombay and also because U.G. was there. I trusted him and had faith in him. I followed him wherever he went—from Bangalore to Ooty to Kodaikanal, etc. He looked after me and took me completely under his wing. But the most incredible news that I've never read so far was that I had *married* U. G. Krishnamurthy. I bet the people who wrote it didn't believe it themselves. I followed U.G. abroad because I wanted to cut off all my ties here. I needed not only physical rest but even mental rest. I wanted to be left alone. But I could not follow U.G. forever. I have to live my life myself. U.G. cannot live my life for me just the way I cannot live his life. And now that I'm back I miss him, but I am not lost without him."

ON THE INDUSTRY: "There was true concern for me personally. People showed it as much as they were capable of showing. But of course, it's different where business is concerned. I don't blame the industry for treating me the way they did. I don't think they have been unfair to me. They did the right thing when they replaced me in their films. They could not possibly wait forever. After all, big money was involved in all their projects and I was in no state to work. I have no complaints. I understand. I was the one who told my producers that I could not work according to their rhythm because they worked round the clock. It had to be according to my way. The ones who were in a hurry to complete their films, replaced me. The ones who wanted to wait for me agreed with me. In the beginning, I could not shoot at a stretch. My doctors had warned me not to plunge headlong into it all over again. I was ordered six more months of rest, but the set for 'Shaan' was already ready and I had to disobey my doctors' orders. That's the reason why I shot in March, went off in April to Bali, came back, shot for sometime and then flew off to Europe and now am back again, feeling much better and perfectly normal. I am fit to work without a break now. I have already completed quite a few of my films and am ready to shoot for the rest."

***"I don't blame the industry for treating me the way they did."*—Parveen (with Ramesh Sippy)**

ON PRAKASH MEHRA: "I don't really want to comment on Prakash Mehra. As far as I have known him, he is not a vindictive man. I don't blame him for lashing out at me. He was looking after his own interests. The problem is that the industry has not yet understood the nature of my illness and what I went through. Such an ailment is not very common and perhaps that's the reason why they, particularly P.M., felt that I was feigning to be sick and that it was like the time I ran away with Kabir. It wasn't that. I have not tried to victimise anyone. I have nothing against P. M. and I wish he'd try to understand!"

ON THE PRESS: "I have no desire to call a press conference to announce that I am back. I have no earth shattering news to give. Trying to sort out this sort of a mess would only mean creating a bigger and a fresher one. It is best left to be forgotten. It's better to let things lie as they are."

ON THE FUTURE: "Now that I'm much better, I don't know whether I want to get back. I'll have to start shooting and working now. Let's see how it goes. In a way, it's good that this happened to me. Now I know my limitations. I know that I should not go beyond a certain limit. I am not aware of what and how much my body and mind can take. At first, the sky was the limit for me. It's not so now. And now that I am normal, people might not believe me. I might be scrutinised through a microscope. Every action of mine might be interpreted differently by different people. If I am quiet, it will be commented upon. If I smile, laugh, talk, walk, everything about me will become a controversy. But I don't think this will make me self-conscious. I am used to people watching me. Perhaps this time the reason will be different. I don't know, whether even if I want to get back, the industry will accept me. They might still have the doubts about my sanity, but tell me, can anyone blame me personally for what has happened?"

And now that Parveen is back, I wish the industry would be kind to her. For in this country, where even a criminal is given a second chance, surely Parveen can be given a third!?

—Prochi Ragina

BACK TO NORMAL! "I'm fit to work without a break now!"–Parveen

Parveen Babi is back from her trip to Europe, U.G. and insanity. Traces of her traumatic experience, on her face or her behaviour are invisible. She no longer plays hide-n-seek with the industry or the press. She does not stare vacantly into space when you ask her a question or answer monosyllabically without listening as she used to during her illness. Now her eyes are full of life, her smile warm and friendly and everything about her right from her 'luvs' and 'darlings' to her informal lifestyle only go to show that Parveen is back to normal.

I don't know why, but ever since the battle between the Babi and the industry commenced, I have been on the Babi's side. It wasn't because I was a great Parveen fan or that she was my friend, only because I seemed to understand her controversial ailment, even if I lacked the depth and intellect of professional psychiatrists. I realised that what Parveen Babi needed was not lip sympathy or pity and certainly not the harshness that the industry inflicted on her, but a lot of genuine understanding. And so, when I heard that Parveen was back, I lost no time to be at her doorstep with lots of understanding and warmth to greet her.

"I'm so happy to know that *someone* still cares," said Parveen emotionally as she saw me seated comfortably on the settee. She looked stunning in her jeans and T-shirt. She had just come out of her bath and was having her breakfast—a glass of *nimbu pani*. "I had put on such a lot of weight," she explained. "All because the drugs I was prescribed used to make me feel so hungry and they also contained a lot of fluid." She had lost the extra pounds and looked quiet slim and fit. We chatted. It was not to be a formal interview. "I don't want to get back to playing old games," laughed Parveen. "I don't want to plan interviews and all that." What follows therefore, is an informal tete-a-tete with Parveen Babi.

KHUSHWANT SINGH

The other Krishnamurti

Not Jiddu Krishnamurti but Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti, known to his friends and admirers as UG. Besides having the same surname there are other things about UG that make you think of Jiddu. He is handsome, into discourses and dialogues, writes books and has a philosophy to propound. He is not as well known as Jiddu, hence a short biographical sketch may be useful.

U.G. Krishnamurti was born in Masulipatam on 9 July, 1918, the first and only child of his mother, who died of puerperal fever a week after giving birth to him. His father remarried and went out of his life. He was brought up by his maternal grand-parents both of whom were ardent theosophists, knew Annie Besant and Jiddu Krishnamurti. UG spent his childhood years around Adyar, the centre of theosophy. He also travelled all over India and spent seven years in the Himalayas studying yoga under Swami Sivananda. He rejected yoga and asceticism and in his mid-twenties took a wife. Although he felt that marriage had been "the biggest mistake" of his life, he remained married for 17 years and sired four children. He migrated to the United States, found a job for his wife and then abandoned his family. He eked out a miserable living giving lectures on theosophy and Indian cooking. From the States he went to London, then Paris and ultimately to Geneva to have himself repatriated to India. He had no money to pay for his passage. At the consulate where he narrated his dismal tale of failure, the lady secretary who was translating his narration was fascinated by his life-story and offered to house him. The lady, Valentine deKerven, was in her early sixties. UG was 17 years her junior. They have lived together ever since and have travelled extensively over the world. She is now in her eighties; he is 70.

It had been predicted in his horoscope that his 49th birthday would be a crucial turning point. It was on that day he heard Jiddu Krishnamurti speak at the Swiss village Saanen where Valentine and he had bought a chalet. On his way back from the lecture he sat by a stream and pondered. He came to the conclusion that : "There is no such thing as spiritual or psychological enlightenment because there is no such thing as spirit or psyche at all. I have been a damn fool all my life, searching for something which does not exist. My search is at an end."

The change in outlook was accompanied by a change in his physiognomy. "The hands and forearms changed their structure, so that now his hands face backward instead of to the sides. His body is now hermaphroditic, a perfect union of animus-anima, and enjoys a sexuality the likes of which we can only guess. His right side responds to women, his left more to men." UG, whose teaching was described as destructive as Siva in his role of a destroyer, became veritably an *ardhanari*.

U.G. Krishnamurti

In the compilation of his interviews, Terry Newland gives a summary of the many things UG stands for: "Making love is war; there is no freedom in America; Buddha was a crackpot..."

I am not sure if I have caught his message right. In the compilation of his interviews entitled *Mind is a Myth: Disquieting Conversations with the Man called UG* (Dinesh Vaghela, Goa) Terry Newland gives a summary of the many things UG stands for:

> "Making love is war; cause and effect is the shibboleth of confused minds; yoga and health foods destroy the body; the body and not the soul is immortal; there is no Communism in Russia, no freedom in America, and no spirituality in India; service to mankind is utter selfishness; Jesus was another misguided Jew and the Buddha was a crackpot; mutual terror, not love, will save mankind; attending church and going to the bar for a drink are identical; there is nothing inside you but fear; communication is impossible between human beings; God, love, happiness, the unconscious, death, reincarnation and the soul are non-existent figments of our rich imagination; Freud is the fraud of the 20th century, while J. Krishnamurti is its greatest phoney."

VIVE LE SPORT!

A minister of government was the chief guest at the finals of a football tournament. After giving away the prizes, he was requested to say a few words. He said, "It pains me to learn that this year only two teams could make it to the finals. When we have hundreds of football clubs in the country, we should endeavour to see that many more teams reach the finals next year."

(Contributed by J.P. Singh Kaka, New Delhi)

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

My friend Onkar Singh who returned from Ahmedabad last week posed a question which I could not answer. "How is it that in Gujarat where every man is a *bhai* and every woman a *ben* the population keeps on increasing?"

J.P. Singh Kaka has drawn my attention to the same kind of confusion that exists in the minds of some people. A bachelor on the look-out for a wife was advised by a friend to put in an ad in the matrimonial columns. He took the advice. A few weeks later his friends asked him if he had any luck. "Yes," replied the bachelor and added naively, "*kaee bahnon kay to khat bhee aaye hain*—many sisters have written to me."

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COME FROM THE SHADOWS: THE RETURN OF R.K. DHAWAN

SUNDAY

BEHIND THE VEIL

EXCLUSIVE

An interview with Pakistan's Benazir Bhutto

RAJIV

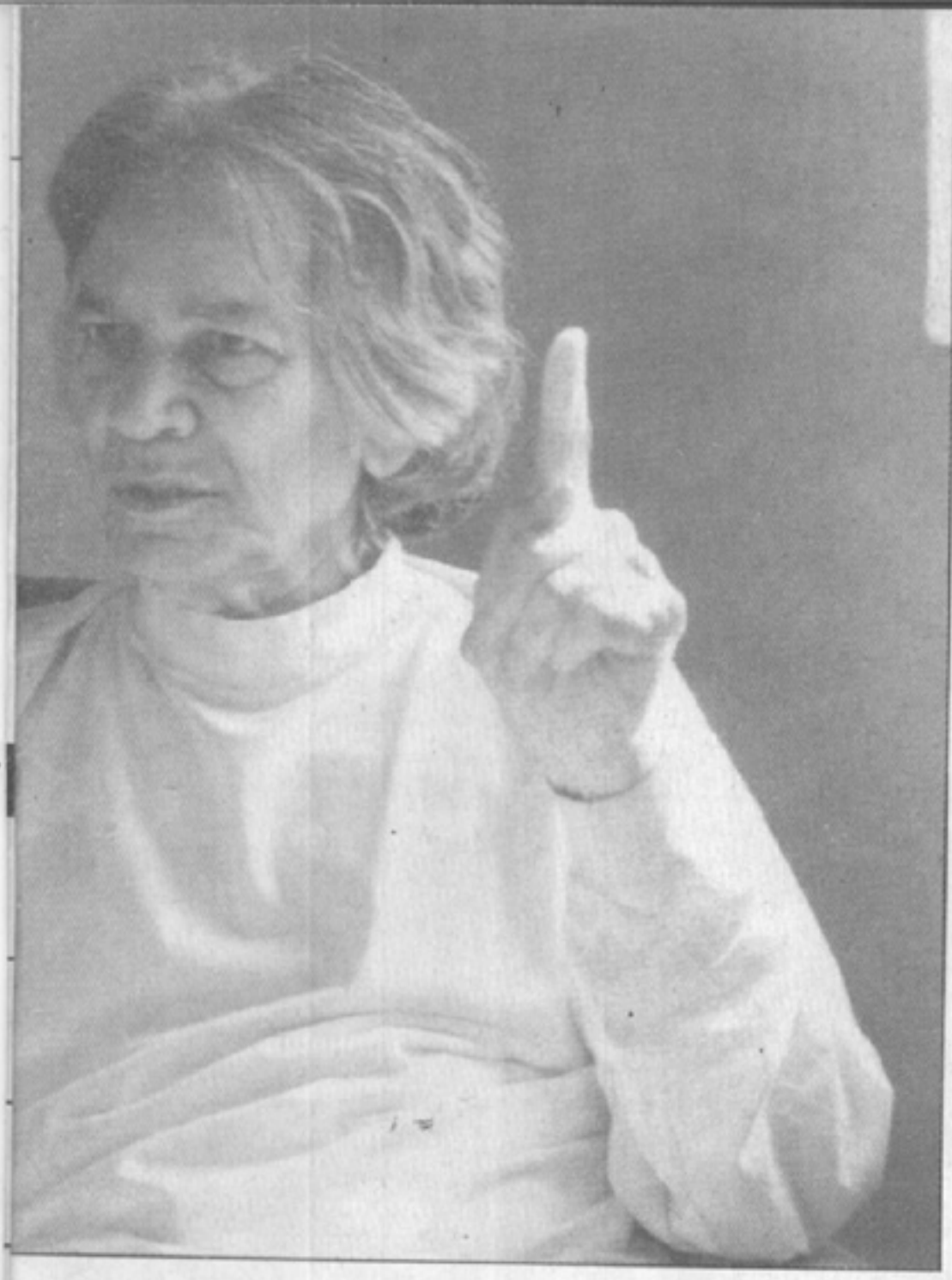
Press reports did not do him justice

MORARJI

Zia was indebted to him

PUNJAB

We do not believe in interfering



OP!

It is not known whether UG has picked up these sane, modern findings from others or realised them after his calamity. That there is no mind is also a tenet of Zen Buddhism, a non-traditional path of liberation. How the I, self, became an ontological entity, has been explained by some linguists like Benjamin Whorf and Alfred Korzybsky. Sentences are so structured in most modern languages that a subject has to precede the predicate. "The lightening flashes," we say. But in some ancient languages like Hopi, they only say "lightening". Indeed, there are only processes no perpetrators. There is only thinking, no thinker.

Even *Tao Te Ching*, an ancient Chinese text, blames it all on language. *Unnamed are Heaven and Earth, naming is the mother of ten thousand things.*" We separate experiences, name them, we pluck one part of the continuum in nature, name it, thus separating it from others. From words which have referents in reality, we go into progressively abstract words and get embroiled in concepts like war, peace, State, Marxism and make a mess of things.

Remarks UG: "The root of the problem facing man is the false desires and goals set by culture. It could be enlightenment, peace of mind, progress, need to change the world." So all our lives, we are endeavouring, seeking, searching. UG echoes what Herman Hesse said in conclusion in *Siddhartha,* "Stop searching, just be." Buddha's life bears it out—he had to relinquish the 'path'. So does UG Krishnamurti's

Born in a Theosophist family, UG grew up in Adyar in Madras, where the atmosphere was soaked in spirtuality. He did Yoga with Swami Sivananda for many years, even met Ramana Maharishi, but there was a rankling that something was wrong in all the traditional explanations and paths. Meanwhile, he got married, "because sex continued to trouble me", and went to live in America and lectured on Theosophy. Soon, he lost his interest in the struggle to be somebody in the world, and started to wander meaninglessly. On his 49th birthday started an experience, which he explains purely in physiological terms, "It had no spiritual import," he insists.

"I did not find the answers," he now says, "but the hunger to find the answers burnt itself out." He calls the episode a calamity, because both the experiencer and experiencing died. "There are no thoughts now, they arise as a response to some everyday need."

In the natural state he refers to, one is back in the primeval without the primitive and without volition. Then would he agree that the tribals enjoy this natural state? "No," he points out, "the caveman also had the desire to understand and control nature. He was also violent. There is no difference between his axe and the nuclear bomb of our age."

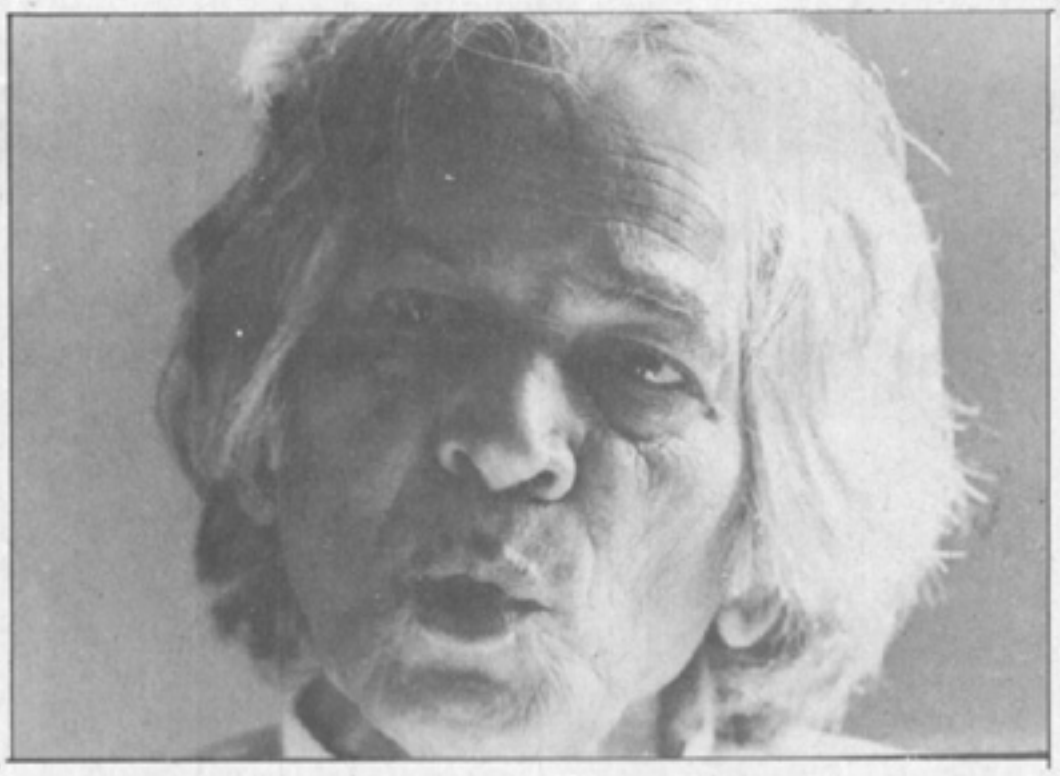
"What must precede the natural state," UG says, "is the bonfire inside, of all that mankind has learnt, understood and experienced." All that may be gets transmitted through collective unconscious or the genetic pool or language. Moreover, the control of the body through thought has to stop— ody is naturally peaceful. The natural state is not blissful, he cautions. "The body cannot take an uninterrupted sensation. Thus, all mediations, *sadhna* is inflicting violence and pain on the body. What the body wants to retain is not this or that sensation, but sensitivity, perfect functioning of the nervous sytem."

All this sounds fine, but UG has no guidelines on how to achieve it. He himself only stumbled upon the natural state not because of but in spite of his background. He may be wrong in debunking techniques and gurus. Alan Watts, a free-wheeling East-West philosopher, believed that the enlightened teachers, even in traditional disciplines, do knew that concepts like re-incarnation, soul and enlightenment are humbug (even Rajneesh is credited with the statement: Enlightenment is to know that there is no enlightenment). All that they teach or do is just a trick necessary to snap the follower out of his illusions, delusions and cultural conditioning and into freedom.

So to sum up, all one should do is, according to UG (borrowing a Zen statement): "When hungry eat, when tired, sleep. Aboveall, don't wobble." The first part is easy enough. The rider is in the second sentence.

Parveen Chopra

PERSONALITY



U.G. KRISHNAMURTI

ST

Uppuluri Gopalakrishnamurti, known as UG, debunks all religions, gurus, teachings, and yet he confesses he is media crazy and predicts that in ten years time he will be on every TV talk show in the world. His biographies highlight the 'calamity' (akin to enlightenment?) that struck him at the age of 49, but he, now 72, denies that that experience is duplicable or communicable. Yet he has been incessantly talking to people all over the world.

We meet him at a house in Delhi's Lodhi Colony. It belongs to a person on the PM's PR staff, who has graduated to UG from late Jiddu Krishnamurti. UG is known in India mostly as the guru of film people like Parveen Babi and Mahesh Bhatt. Asked about Babi's insanity, he claims he hasn't seen her now for five years. Finding an opportunity to fire another barb against Rajneesh, he asks, "This poor girl is called mad because she's accused Amitabh Bachchan of poisoning her food. What about Rajneesh who has also been accusing Reagan and the US administration of trying to poison him."

UG is a short, frail man and has no obvious trappings of a holy man. But he has a luminosity to his visage not unlike the other Krishnamurti's. But though he himself used to go to JK's talks and has borrowed quite a bit from him, UG has not created any organisation, does not even give lectures. He spends four months each in India, Europe and California. All he does is talk to people who come to him.

"I speak and am now going public more and more to warn against the utter uselessness of this holy business. All the gurus and bhagwans have created the false demand for enlightenment, liberation, transformation. They then sell techniques, meditations. I hold that there is nothing like mind, psyche or soul, so there is no question of transforming it. That is why I offer no teaching either—teaching assumes the possibility for a change," he says very animatedly. Although he proclaims that he has not taken upon himself the task of saving mankind from anything, he speaks with a zeal—even gets excited.

"Man is part of nature but at some point was born self-consciousness which proved to be divisive as it created the categories of self and non-self. Then, religions instilled in mankind the delusion of grandeur: that the natural order has been created for his benefit. So now we exploit nature, and are ready to destroy everything—pollution and so on," thunders UG.

All this may sound novel and radical to some, but bits and parts of it have been voiced by thinkers and scientists like Gregory Bateson (*Ecology of the Mind*), Alan Watts, John Cage. Gilbert Ryle had coined the term 'ghost in the machine' (in *The Concept of Mind*) arguing that because there is activity in the body machine, we deduce there is somebody running it. Mind, UG confirms, is merely the name given to the activity of the brain. Ego, a psychologist found out, is born in a child when he is referred to as an object by others.

U.G. Krishnamurti debunks God, religion, even culture. "There is nothing like enligtenment, so stop searching," he says recommending a natural state where the intelligence of the body takes over sans the stranglehold of thought

AGAZINE
SUNDAY MAIL
DECEMBER 24-30, 1989

PLAYING HOUSE

RUPA BASU

Jackie Shroff: Bombay's macho idol

U.G. Krishnamurti: The last of the nihilists

Why Nancy believes in astrology

Shyam Awalgaonkar

Krishnamurthy (left) and Babi: a cosmic union

Roy (left) and his actors: satirical skits for the slums

■ Fruity-lipped **Parveen Babi** is pouting no more. After a much-publicised nervous breakdown, the actress is supposed to have eloped with the elderly gent who pulled her out of the mental crisis.

Consequently, Bombay filmwallahs are clucking about the wide gap of 30 years or more between La Babi and her off-screen hero **U. G. Krishnamurthy** (no relation of philosopher **J. Krishnamurthy**). He is 62 and of dubious vocation.

This Krishnamurthy refuses to be dubbed a spiritual guru *à la* **Meher Baba** or **Rajneesh,** though he possesses all the trappings of a yogi. He wears an unconventional silver-streaked hair-do, a raw silk kurta and speaks in a lingo that includes jargon like "cosmic peace" and "beauty of the inner being".

By some accounts, Babi and her mate are currently honeymooning in the exotic Indonesian island of Bali—far away from the heartbreak and unnerving glamour of Bombay showbiz. The actress who had previous unsuccessful liaisons with actors **Danny Danzongpa** and **Kabir Bedi** is being dropped by the film nabobs who had signed her up to appear in their high-cost projects. "She has been extremely unprofessional," one of the nabobs snarled. "And we have no choice but to replace her with a more reliable and better actress."

But Babi is reportedly blasé to such mundane matters and is having the last laugh at the film industry, which once gave her a lot of money and also a lot of heartbreak.

■ Her spray of acne has vanished and so has her hang-up about hitting big time in Hindi flicks. **Mallika Sarabhai**, the poor little rich girl from Ahmedabad, is now devoting her time and rupees on regional films.

Her first production is called *Ajwaali Raat Amaasni* dealing with the spooky goings-on in a village, where a ripe young thing falls in love with and marries a ghost. Naturally, Sarabhai plays the leading role herself. Appropriately, **Kiran Kumar**, whose career in Bombay films is also finished, plays the ghost.

What makes the Gujarati potboiler decidedly different are the sizzling bedroom shenanigans between Mr and Mrs Ghost. Sarabhai is thrilled about the three smooching scenes in the film. And even if kisses aren't always good for the censors, just their suggestion is surefire material for the box-office.

■ Almost every daybreak, two million slum inhabitants of Delhi are treated to a free show by **Aloke Roy** and his troupe of pantomimers who are banded together under the name of "Jagran" (or "Awakening").

Roy, spruced up in a French goatee and khaki shorts, stands by while his performers—a bulk of them school drop-outs—act out skits on civic virtues or scathing satires on "two-faced politicians". In return they get a handful of claps and giggles from the slum children.

Roy has been at the job for 12 years, often with the financial support of international church organisations and welfare associations. The idea of the street pantomimes grew as Roy watched the famed French mime **Marcel Marceau** perform years ago and decided miming was the most effective form to get any message across.

"I am not influenced by Bombay films, Satyajit Ray, Louis Malle or Bertolt Brecht," Roy claims grandiosely. "The slum folk identify and understand the problems we speak about in our skits so simply."

At times, the police break up the performances. The troupe has only males. Chauvinistically Roy complains that there are no girls who feel motivated enough to join the programme, adding: "Some girls from the Jawaharlal Nehru University have expressed an interest. But all they want to do is talk about Marxism-Leninism, instead of actual participation."

Kiran Kumar and Sarabhai: it pays to suggest

SIGN POSTS

■ **Died:** Sahibzada Mohammed Mustahasin Farooqui, head priest, Dargah of Hazrat Sheikh Kaimullah Wali, at Delhi. He was 70.

■ **Died:** Ex-bishop Joseph Bo, a French priest who was bishop of Vishakhapatnam (Andhra Pradesh) diocese from 1947 to 1966. He was 93.

■ **Awarded:** A team of scientists led by Dr B. R. Bhumbla, former agriculture commissioner, the Guinness award for scientific achievement in the service of the community. The award is instituted by a trust in Britain.

■ **Born:** To Maneka Gandhi, wife of Sanjay Gandhi, MP, their first child (a son) at Delhi.

CELEBRITY AUTHOR: GITA MEHTA

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: THE AGA KHAN

INDIA TODAY

April 1-15, 1980

Rs 4.00

INDIANS IN THE GULF
ON THE SPOT REPORT

END OF THE BOOM

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SOUNDTRACK

We (BJP) are being used as a scarecrow.
• *L.K. ADVANI IN THE INDEPENDENT*

One paradox of politics these days is that many a politician's greatest asset turns out to be his liability.
• *ACTRESS GOLDIE HAWN IN NEWSTIME*

If Gorbachev who speaks no English can become the leader of a superpower, why can't I become the leader of India?
• *DEVI LAL QUOTED IN STATESMAN*

In nine months one can produce a baby...I will ensure a strong Indian team develops.
• *INDIAN CRICKET MANAGER BISHEN BEDI IN THE TIMES OF INDIA*

Why don't we (the Soviet Union) sell the Kurile islands to the Japanese?...The Japanese who claim they would give us billions and billions for them! That would keep us going for maybe five or ten years. Then we could sell Mongolia to China and get a few more years that way.
• *CHESS GRANDMASTER GARRY KASPAROV IN PLAYBOY*

Do you want nuns washing your underwear for the rest of your life?
• *PAPAL NUNCIO JOSE SEBASTION LABOA'S TAUNT THAT FORCED NORIEGA TO SURRENDER*

It was not the movement that led to the overthrow, but the overthrow that created the movement.
• *NEW ROMANIAN PRESIDENT ION ILIESCU IN TIME*

Love is fascist in its birth, in its content, in its essence, in its expression and in its action.
• *PHILOSOPHER U.G. KRISHNAMURTHY IN THE INDIAN POST*

OFFTRACK

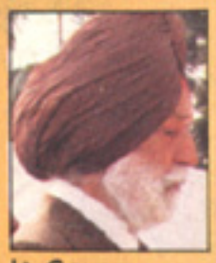
The **Drinking** *collector, Mr N. Sundaradevan, told the members of Tiruchi District (north) Development Council here today that 709 of the 3,145 villages in Tiruchi district which lacked drinking water facilities...*
• THE HINDU (MADURAI) DECEMBER 28
CONTRIBUTED BY B. SIDDARTHAN, MADRAS

Grand exhibition cum sale. **"Peoples Fats"** *at Hotel Maris...150 two-bedroom flats right abutting Trunk Road*
• ADVERTISEMENT IN THE HINDU (MADRAS), DECEMBER 17
CONTRIBUTED BY S.V. VISWANATHAN, MADRAS

■ Jan. 21, 1990 ■ Rs 5.00

THE WEEK

Missing mathematics prodigy



Lt.-Governor Arjan Singh

Delhi riots: Promising initiatives

SKIPPER FOR THE NINETIES

- Interviews with Azharuddin, Srikkanth
- Why the seniors were dropped

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SOUNDTRACK

I don't want my children to grow up in an America where prostitution, drugs and child pornography are not only legalised but prospering. I think that's as wrong as can be.

• *LT.-COL. OLIVER NORTH QUOTED IN LIFE*

Listening is not merely an act of closing the office door and letting a visitor speak without interruption. Nor is it a question of looking interested and avoiding negative gestures.

• *HARI BEDI IN ASIAWEEK*

Insulting religious beliefs of others is foolish. Murdering someone who does so is equally unwise.

• *A LETTER WRITER IN TIME*

Selling out the (Vietnamese) boat people (in Hongkong) will not strengthen Britain's bequest to its last Asian colony. It will disgrace it.

• *COMMENT IN THE ECONOMIST*

How can you call me a godman when I am saying God is irrelevant? I don't want to debase myself by accepting the label... I have no interest in saving people. Much less the world.

• *U.G. KRISHNAMURTHY IN THE SUNDAY OBSERVER*

Auctions have to be extremely selective, in which the artists, too, have to offer their best works, not unsold leftovers from the godowns.

• *M.F. HUSSAIN IN THE TIMES OF INDIA*

Buffaloes are the most tragic animals in India...No goddess has ever demanded blood and pain—specially not that of (such a) mute, clumsy, defenceless beast.

• *MANEKA GANDHI IN THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA*

OFFTRACK

The massiveness of the construction task will be understood by the need to excavate 36 tunnels..., 82 major bridges and 365 minor **brides...**

•REPORT IN THE HINDU, MARCH 3
CONTRIBUTED BY T.R. SUDHARSHAN, MADRAS

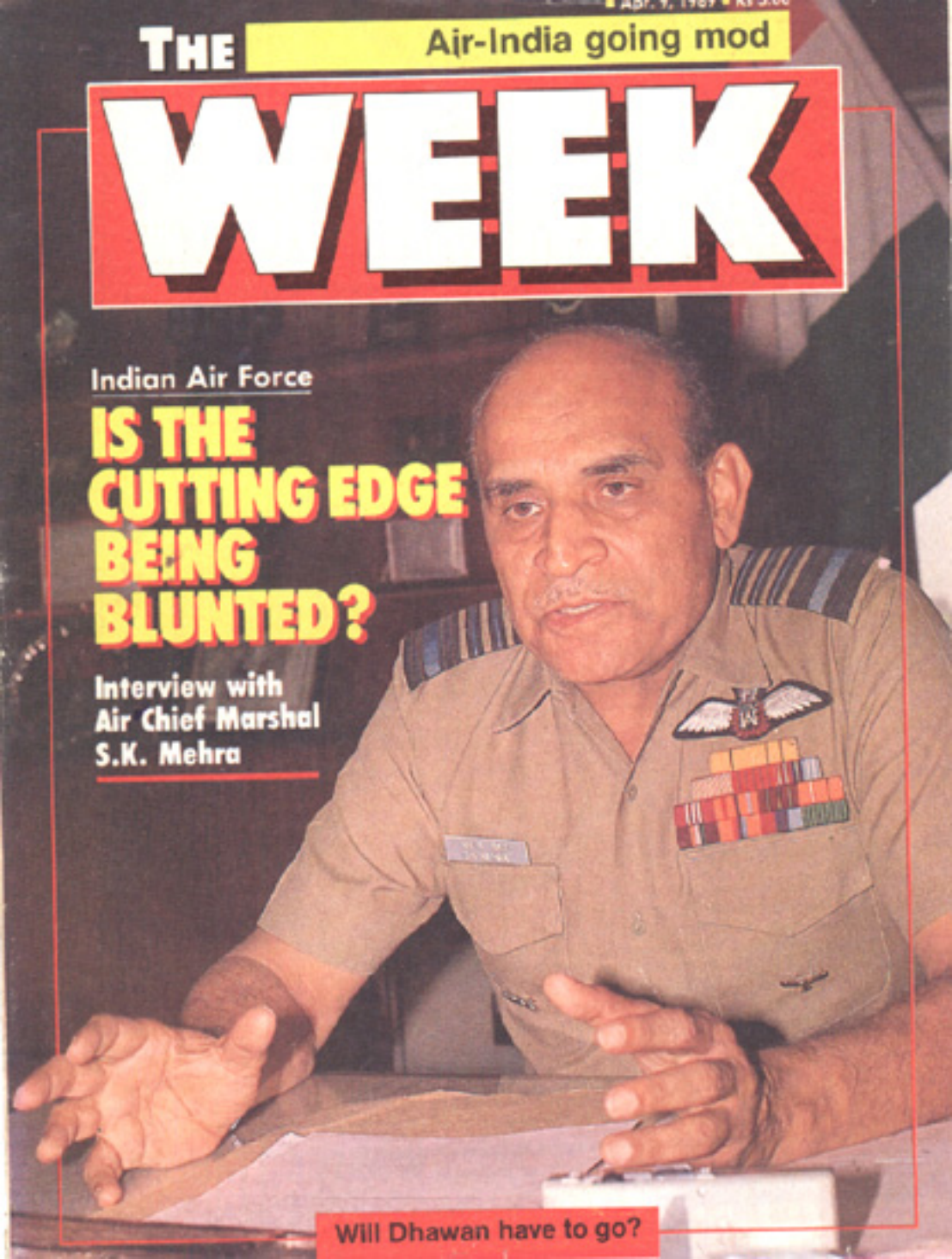
The Central Institute of Indian Languages has **confessed** *the First Grade Book Award on Mr Bolwar Mohammed Kunhi's 'Ankas'...*

• REPORT IN THE DECCAN HERALD, MARCH 17
CONTRIBUTED BY B.B. MAJUMDAR, BELGAUM

Apr. 9, 1989 • Rs 5.00

Air-India going mod

THE WEEK

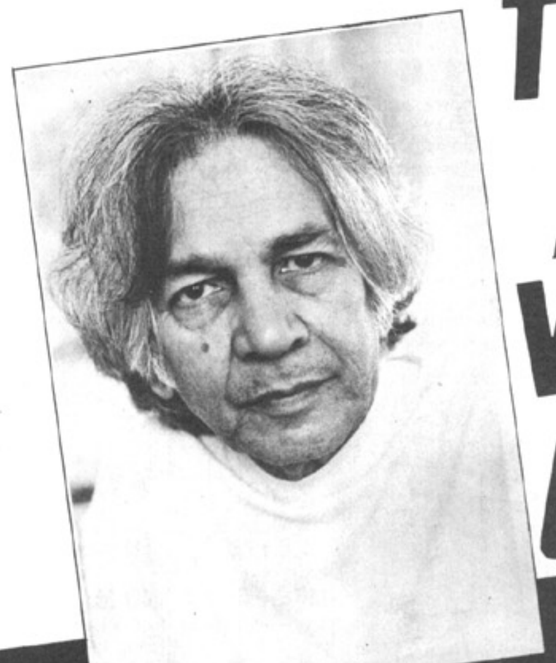


Indian Air Force

IS THE CUTTING EDGE BEING BLUNTED?

Interview with Air Chief Marshal S.K. Mehra

Will Dhawan have to go?



U.G. Krishnamurti

TO HELL WITH GURUS

Society makes a fresh dig into the enigma that is U.G. Krishnamurti — and finds him still the same: a 'not-guru' who has no message for you and no answers to your questions

Buddha was a crackpot. Jesus was another misguided Jew. Freud was the biggest fraud of the 20th century, and J. Krishnamurthi is its greatest phoney," UG tells a group of people eagerly looking at him in the hope of hearing a message that will change their lives.

"If this country is broken into different states, what's wrong? What's common between me and my best friend Mahesh Bhatt? Nothing. He's from Gujarat and I'm from Andhra. What he eats, I don't like, and he detests my kind of food. I can't stand north Indian music and when you play south Indian music he runs away," he says, pointing to Mahesh Bhatt who has come to Bangalore just to be with him.

"Meditation is a self-centered activity. Health food and yoga destroy the body. For a vegetarian I don't eat fruit or vegetables. Instead, I drink two pints of double-cream everyday. What I eat is no better than sawdust. What's wrong with me?" he asks of a man sitting next to him.

"Do I have a message? Yes, I do; I say, get lost and stay lost," he tells a young boy.

"There's no way we can reverse all this. We are doomed. Any time, anyone says I'm the avataar, kick the bastard and throw him down the drain. He creates another temple, another organisation and adds to the mess. Don't ask me what's the answer. I don't know," he tells me when I ask him if something can be done to alleviate the human condition.

So what's new about U.G. Krishnamurti, the messiah without a message, the guru who doesn't want to save the world since it's doomed anyway?

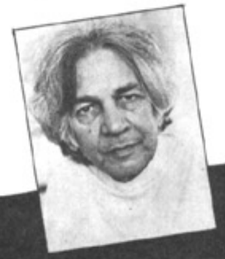
He's older now, but wears his 72 years lightly; a few wrinkles line his face, but his hair has gone all grey. He may not be the balm for troubled minds looking for a *mantra* to chant, but his legion of admirers is growing as he seduces minds with the sonorous cadences of his voice. "Even if you don't always understand what he is saying, just listening to his voice is calming," says an admirer.

Claiming to have no institutions, organisations or disciples, UG still goes around the world twice-over every year, talking to those who come to him, answering those who put questions to him, at times shocking, sometimes remaining silent, but most of the time being cryptic. *Omni* magazine, he says, had done an interview with him recently, but the editor was not happy with the 10 drafts the journalist had prepared of the interview. "She's now working on the 11th draft," UG says gleefully, implying that journalists can make what they want of him. "You write whatever you feel, you can make up the whole interview, it really doesn't matter to me," he says.

'UG' as he is called by those around him, from Mahesh Bhatt to his own daughters, talks in contradictions and riddles, often leaving you wondering whether he is deliberately being shocking. For instance one thought he was being merely shocking when he said he drinks two pints of cream everyday, but his host in Bangalore, Chandrasekhar, confirms UG does indeed drink two pints of cream everyday when abroad.

"Nobody has so far succeeded in putting me into a slot. It's not that I feel superior to all those people who have been categorised and put into a slot. But there's no way you can put me into any framework, for the reason that whatever I'm saying is destroying the reference points you have. What you are left with you have to figure out yourself," he says.

He refuses to be slotted as a guru. "You can make up the whole interview. But for heaven's sake don't portray me as a guru," he pleads. If he is not a teacher or a disciple, then what is he? "I don't know how to describe myself. But teacher I'm not. Teaching implies there is something that you impart to bring about a change in you and around the world. I emphasise that there is nothing to be changed in you or around the world. What's wrong with the world? What's there to be changed here within? Because there is no soul here, or enlightenment, that has to be realised."



'There's no way we can reverse all this. We are doomed. Any time, anyone says I'm the avataar, kick the bastard and throw him down the drain'

Mahesh Bhatt, Chandrasekar and UG in Bangalore

If he has no message to communicate or no philosophy of life to enunciate, then why does he even talk to those around him, I ask him warily, remembering that on occasion he has thrown out journalists who have come to him only to argue and prove a point. "But that's another religious idea, that if you don't have anything to say you should remain silent," he says angrily. "Why shouldn't I talk? I'm part of this world. I never invite anyone to come and see me. Why did you come? Did I ask you to come?"

UG is a free spirit, living from moment to moment, going from place to place, belonging everywhere, but to no one place in particular. He is like the Zen masters who try to break the spirit of a questioner by asking questions like "Do you know what the sound of one hand clapping is?" Only with UG there are no longer any questions, either for himself or for those around him. When unhappy men and women ask him for solutions to their problems, he tells them, simply, "Don't ask me, I don't know."

According to UG there is no enlightenment, salvation or after-life and there is nothing we have to strive for. If anything, he believes it is the questions: 'Is there salvation,' or 'Is there after-life', that are driving us neurotic. Since his 49th year, when UG went through a physical transformation — some call it "enlightenment" — which he simply describes as a "physical calamity", there have been no more questions for him. Only basic questions interest him now: "Are my tickets ready?", or "How do I go to Geneva?" The search is over, he says, because ultimately there was nothing to search for.

For UG life is now a series of disconnected events which have no connection to what he has done before or will do in the future. Instead of building a cult or performing miracles, UG simply eats, sleeps and shops. "Why should you think there is some higher purpose to life than what you are doing? The moment you think there is something more to life than eating and procreating, boredom sets in," he says.

What may seem mundane activities to us, don't bore UG. Julie Thayer, the American photographer who is currently video-taping his travels, says, "At airports when I want to hurry up the visa formalities, he says, 'Julie what is the hurry?' At that moment standing in the line and watching people assumes importance to him."

In Bangalore it is not only spiritual seekers who come to him seeking answers, but also friends and relatives

August 1990
Rs 10

Society

The eighth Nizam of Hyderabad breaks a six-year silence to talk of the death of his wife from AIDS

Maneka Gandhi and her green brigade

U.G. Krishnamurti: The irrepressible pop guru

Top to toe fashions

Georges Vesselle: The champagne pope

Shobha Dé and Zeenat Aman on men, sexuality, and how to face the 40s fabulously

FEMME FATALES FOREVER

gazpacho

Vilayat Khan and Bismillah Khan playing together after ages, Zakir was nowhere to be seen except about half an hour before the concert began. There was no announcement why the artiste wasn't performing and nor did the organising committee apologise for it. Strange are the ways of RPG. At Rs. 250/- a ticket (the minimum was Rs. 50/-) one must admit that the crowd was rather decent not to have protested... at all!

And The Winner Is...

They were having a lot of trouble with the spelling earlier. Each issue stumbled on seqskui....or seccqui... or sexki....? Prominent on the visitor register board at the 'Timeless Art' exhibition inviting audience comments was "See you at the next sesquicentennial" — Anil Darker-or-Dhharcar-or-Dahr... what's his name? Bravo. And in the course of the inter-newspaper lightweight jibing, Mr Padgaonkar of the Times of India responded to Mr. Darker's-or-Dahrakar's-or-what's his name's.... 'Gaffe' column with a "Mama, he's teasing me!" letter, which, of course, got printed. No 'best humour' awards for The Times this year.

Hello, Is UG In?

After an impressive film on China (flash in the wok?) Mehrotra, unfortunately, chose to return to original form. Thrust, dig and slash he did but could not get past the

tangled web of words to the non-preacher preacher, U.G. Krishnamurthy, in a recent interview (actually a non-interview interview). What UG was trying to say, we thinks, was that there is nothing to say really. But since watching silent people on TV for a half hour is not much fun, old-fashioned speech had to be resorted to. Mehrotra seemed hell-bent on extracting overnight enlightenement for the general masses, but it ain't coming down the tube for sure, folks. In a recent press interview with Mahesh Bhatt, UG comes through clearer. About his own book (non-book?) 'The Mind is a myth', UG says — "He who reads or buys this book must be a damn fool," and has no intentions of saving people or the world. So what are you reading this non-gazpacho gazpacho for??!!

This Girl Is Mine...

Merci beaucoup mademoiselle, you are extremely pretty, mais..... Disappointed Shy Verma, the lady that launched a thousand lipsticks, the tall, beautiful model is back from gay Paris after a not-worth-writing-home-about attempt at a modelling career in France. With a handful of French ad-campaigns pinned proudly on her, the French have returned (unlike the British-Gimme back my Kohinoor, you!) back to India what they felt belonged here. Apparently, France has no need for Indians trying to look French, because they have enough French-looking French but maybe they could use an Indian-looking French or an Indian-looking Indian, but then maybe that hasn't occurred to any of our girls.

Bhago, Husain aaya!

Art is to see and not to hear, the crowds seemed to say, as they escaped home in their fast locals, while M.F. Hussain expounded on the do-dahs of art at the Victoria Terminus. Modern art, as a visual communication, resides on the outskirts of comprehension as far as the layman is concerned, and Hussain's discourse took it still further out (beyond Virar!) until he was sounding like a lost Chinaman in Crawford Market. Maybe the Janata would have emphathised and stayed back if the artist had kept his chappals off. But then the V.T. Station is not as clean a place as the Willingdon Club!

MTNL Philharmonic Orchestra

And while we're at it, this art business, some of the inspired 'Encounter'-ed at the Indo-French laser show came up with the idea that a smiliar light show viewed from Marine Drive could be held if the lights of the Malabar Hill residentia could be orchestrated. The idea is to have each house switch on their sea-facing lights to coordinate according to predesigned instructions. Great idea! Maybe we could do something with the telephones too. Imagine a conducted telephone-ring concert amplified over the Marine Drive. MTNL, are you listening? Hello.... hello....

The Immaterial GAL!!

Alisha is not only ambitious, but also brave, imagine being a copycat!! Alisha Madonna, when the original is still unbeatable. But hats off to Alisha, who is virtually the best one to try it, and boy, she does turn the crowd wild!! At a recent show Alisha sang a range of Hindi and English songs. The sets left a lot to be desired, the lighting... so-so. And now for the big ifs and buts. Besides the fantastic voice of Alisha, the rest was mediocre. Alisha gets poor marks for dancing — besides a routine strut back and forth on stage she did nothing else — how boring! Her accompanying dancers Amin & Karim performed reasonably well but overdid the show, putting the much — acclaimed Karla Singh's stodgy, awkward choreography to shame. The whole 'Madonna' image fell flat on its face with the atrocious costumes lacking sex-appeal and class. A long dull black jacket over a long black skirt with black boots, vague belt and a black background hardly befits the Madonna image. But despite the flaws Alisha still retains the cutest, sweetest lil' girl image and a good voice to negate the minus points of the show.

The Roaring Tiger

While the animals in the concrete Jungle of Bombay are asleep, the King of the jungle is wide awake putting his pugmarks all over the place. Some time ago a car was seen slowing down near a junction wall, some men emerged from the car and began to furiously etch out some sketches on the wall while the headlights of the car beamed the light. The next morning the symbol of the tiger loomed large for all Bombay to see. And you know what happens when the trail of the tiger is spotted... people shudder with fear. In case you don't know whom we are talking about it is the Shiv-Sena who is on a feverish campaign to oust the poachers, who have encroached on Tiger territory!!! They have inscribed the writing on the wall for those who can read between the lines....

April 1989
Rs. 10.00

Flavour Of The Month:
Vanilla
Vadilal!

Society

OUTRAGEOUSLY
ANU!
WHY SHE REFUSES
TO MAKE IT

MYSTERIOUSLY
ANU!
?

IN PRAISE OF THE GOOD-LOOKING MAN!

Zubin Mehta's eyebrows are classically arched.

It's possible that history would've been different without Castro's beard.

Strictly speaking, he may be rubber-lipped, dopey-eyed, curly-haired. But....

Roger Moore, alias James Bond, portrays the man who has everything. Has he?

Young fogey, Prince Charles.

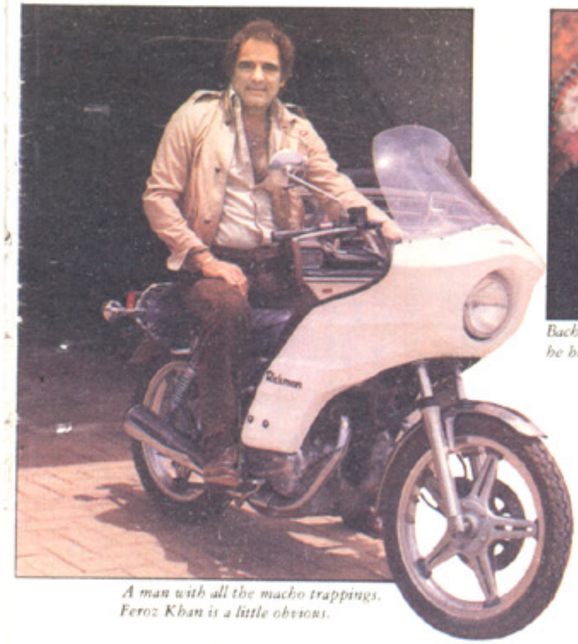
You wonder why Keats chose a Grecian urn to glace in his ode, when the voluptuous clay pot could also stir the febrile mind; both born of the earth, fired by Prometheus' flames, both caressed erotically in the full cupping of hands, as they rose and fell in the throes of creation. On the Potter's wheel.

But Keats had the fatal blessing, a hapless worship of beauty, which kills the prosaic mind to resurrect the poet within. So the Grecian Urn.

Each one of us too suffers from Keats' malaise but death comes to so few of us! And how can death come when that hapless worship has no deity? Why is He, the Potter, so busy fashioning clay pots? Because he never expected our FP programmes to be so success-proof. Poor man, continued the female sage, he was caught unawares and when there's so much quantity, quality control is a difficult type of clay to find.

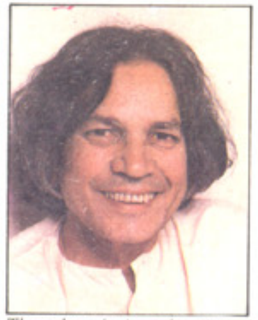
But, please, will someone tell the Potter that the mould of the Grecian Urn is still around? How about using it? How about beginning to look for it? Alas! said the sage in her sad, old, old voice, the Potter cannot hear you any longer. He has been rendered deaf by all the exploding lung power of one-minute old babies. Soon he will forget that he had ever fashioned the Urn, with its wet darkness of green, scenes of Bacchanalian revelry and hunters poised for the kill. He will only dirty his hands with ordinary clay, churning out pots that Sridevi (cast in the same mould) will dance on in a pink and green candy striped Hindi film.

So saying the female sage turned away, weighed under the burden of her own blessing, that infernal hapless worship that had found no deity all her life.



A man with all the macho trappings. Feroz Khan is a little obvious.

Bachchan is not good-looking, but he has that something. Loads of it.



The godman business doesn't need looks, but U.G. Krishnamurti has an androgynous appeal.

Ismail Merchant has the widest grin in showbiz, and he's successful.

Tall, dark and handsome. That's one way of describing Vijay Amritraj.

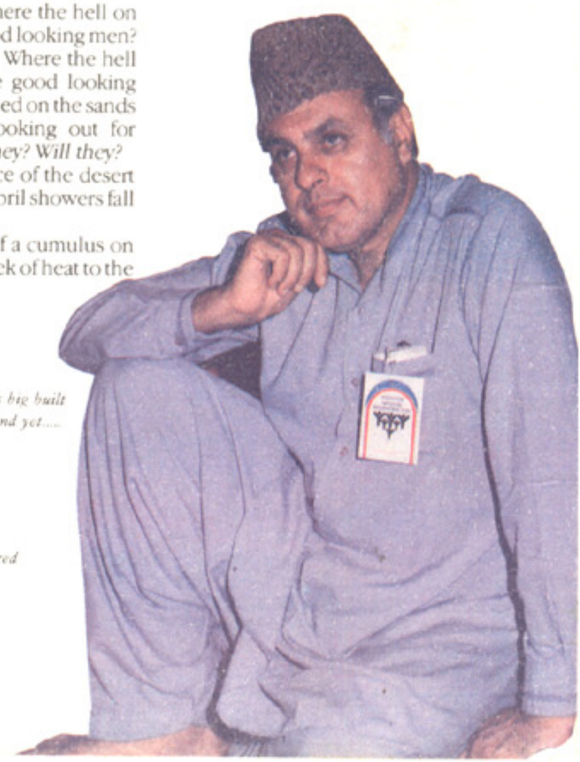
Beauty knows no racism. Typical black good looks.

The Jack style. Imran is considered among the world's most devastating...bowlers.

For crying out loud, where the hell on this earth are all the good looking men? Let's be less ambitious. Where the hell in this country are the good looking men? Why are we stranded on the sands on an effete desert looking out for flowers to burst? *Will they? Will they?*

Yes, now it's the voice of the desert skies that booms. Yes, April showers fall when they May.

There is not a wisp of a cumulus on the sky and the sands reek of heat to the



Farooq Abdulla is big built and balding and yet.....

Rs. 6.00
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Society

Why Is Everyone Bitching About Malavika Sarukkai?

Swami Chandra Maharaj Saves Liz Taylor's Life!

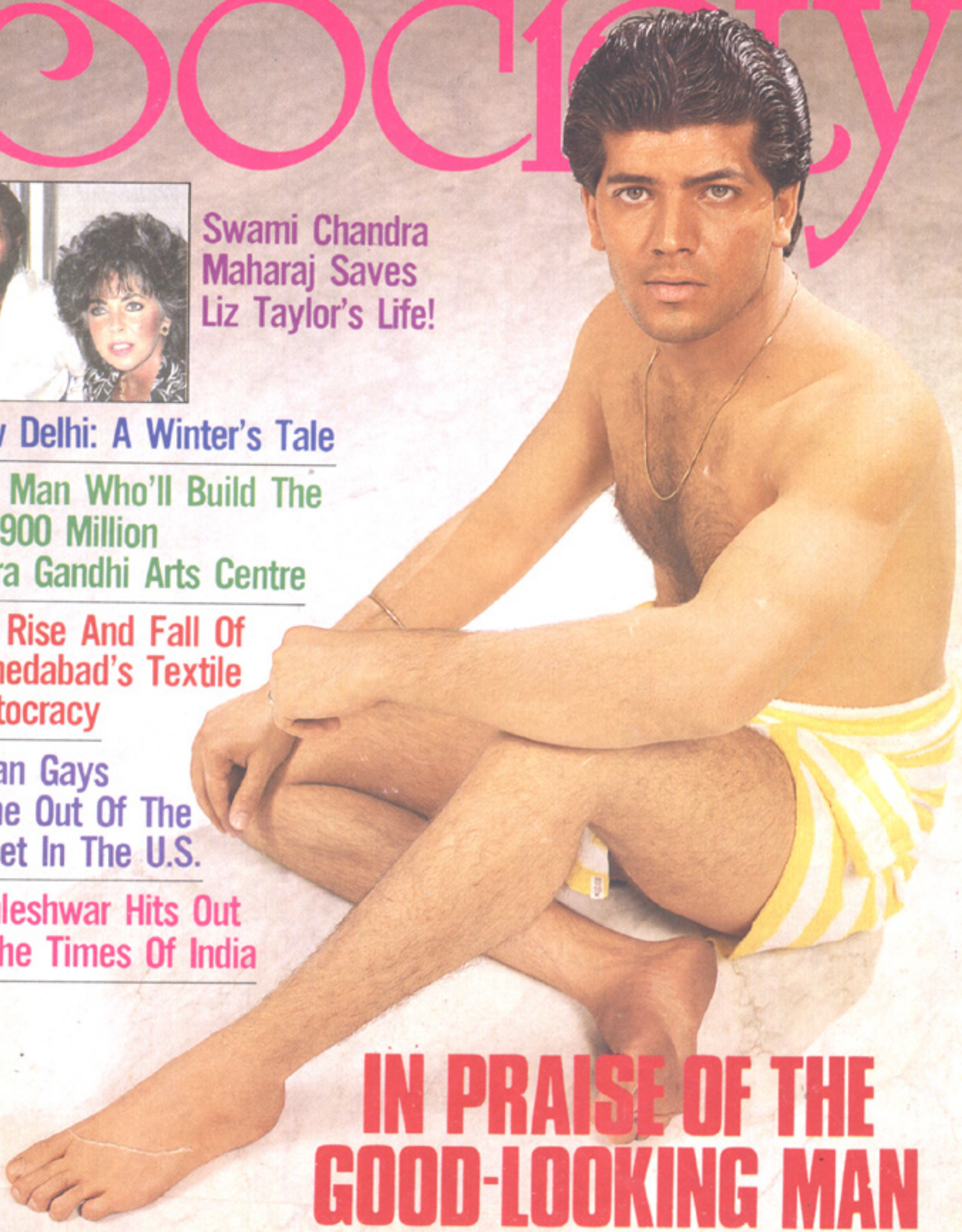
New Delhi: A Winter's Tale

The Man Who'll Build The Rs. 900 Million Indira Gandhi Arts Centre

The Rise And Fall Of Ahmedabad's Textile Aristocracy

Indian Gays Come Out Of The Closet In The U.S.

Kamleshwar Hits Out At The Times Of India



IN PRAISE OF THE GOOD-LOOKING MAN

Last Notes....

Last month Mozart came into town to give the theatre buffs a disturbing dose of genius. **Arjun Sajnani,** a professional actor who divides his time between Bangalore and Broadway brought in his home-town group for a less than grand opening of Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus* in Bombay. The play opened to a miserable 200-strong audience on the first night but picked up later. Built on the rumoured premise that Mozart's early destruction was the handiwork of a jealous court composer of his time called Salieri, the play packs in so many punches that you come away slightly dazed. Even Arjun Sajnani's version."I improvised the original script slightly to suit the local conditions. In Broadway it was a very opulent production. There were 26 members in the cast. I cut it down to 14. The only thing I didn't compromise upon were the period costumes". What was lacking in the supporting cast was made up by two moving performances from **Tuffy** (Mozart) and **Edward White** (Salieri). I was amazed at these amateurs pitted in a tragi-comic battle which could give shivers to some of the most-seasoned in Bombay. Tuffy is a rebel. Born into an aristocratic Parsi family, educated in Manchester, he is now a farmer settled in Bangalore. On the other hand, White is in the plantation business in the South. Which gives me an idea. Maybe the secret of good acting is to keep away from the Prithvis of the world, at least in the off days. If you can't manage a South Sea Isle à la Brando, the least you could do is not to make theatre your bedfellow. Freshness darling, freshness!

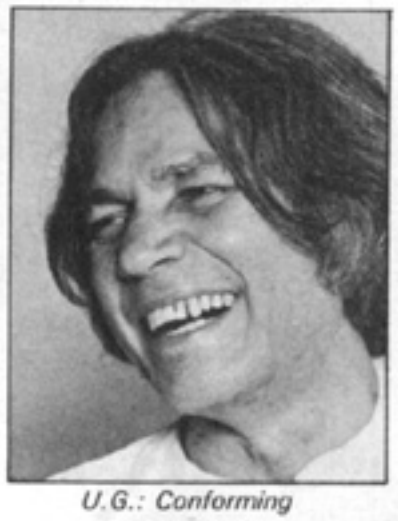
Genius Vs. Mediocrity: 'Amadeus' in act.

* * *

Every Wednesday and Friday night, whole generations step back in years to relive a lost romance vicariously via, of course, Doordarshan's Prime Programme 'Chhaya Geet'. When the Dev Anands and the Shammi Kapoors of yesteryears crinckle their eyes, jerk their bodies and sing sad songs, a whole people above thirty are thrown back on their living-room chairs, remembering those days with an unreal fascination. "Wow, how romantic were those films" they pat each other. I wonder what the not-so-innocent generation growing up on the diet of blood and gore feel about the touch-me-not era of their parents. Parents please note—wipe that soppy expression off your faces the next time. The kid is watching...you, not the tube.

* * *

U.G. Krishnamurti, the rabid anti-guru, is falling into the accepted norm. The one-time disciple of **J. Krishnamurti** (later turned arch-critic) has so far maintained a formless existence, consistent with his negative philosophy. "There is no realization, there is no self to be realized". And so U.G. never set up multi-million dollar establishments, never clothed people in spiritual uniforms, never published his works. His only written explanation so far was in the form of a brief cyclostyled note that read "My teaching, if that is the word you want to use has no copyright. You are free to reproduce, distribute, interpret, misinterpret, garble, distort do what you like, even claim authorship without my consent or the permission of anybody." However his more-loyal-than-the-king disciples wouldn't let things be. One of them, **Rodney Arms** has edited his informal talks into a volume *'The Mystique of Enlightenment: The unrational ideas of a man called U.G.'* Styled along the line of other intellectual discourses in the form of a set of questions and answers the volume is one more for the cosmic library. Enlightenment bows to what's in vogue.



U.G.: Conforming

* * *

Guess what they are calling the eminent South African surgeon **Christian Barnaard.** The broken hearts specialist. It has nothing to do with another revolutionary surgical feat. The doctor obviously has a problem at home, he can't always put his heart where his wife is. Twice divorced, the 58-year-old pioneer afflicted with arthritis is now a member of the lonely hearts gang. Recently his second marriage to a 31-year-old Johannesburg socialite ended when she landed up with a nightclub owner. The result is a book on marriage management that he is writing in collaboration with our very own expert **M.K. Rustomji.** This is one venture where the Indian end(Rustomji) will provide the credibility and the South African the immoral of the story.

Barnaard: Operation marriage

* * *

Sanjana Kapoor seems to be in. I mean the word is that Papa **Shashi Kapoor** who firmly believes in her "international class" is launching her in a film. Shashi Kapoor deserves many awards for what he has been doing for the last many years. This bold break from tradition (ask **Raj Kapoor** and you'll know what I mean) needs a special one. Sanjana was unavailable for comment. Whenever we called she was either at school (morn till noon) or at Breach Candy Swimming Pool (noon till evening). Is the story about a swimming champ who falls in love, who has a father like Shashi Kapoor...? I'm only guessing.

Sanjana Kapoor: Taking the plunge

* * *

One last question. How old is **Maneka Gandhi?** Twenty-five, right. Has everyone forgotten she is a long way from the P.M.'s throne as the law says that the candidate has to be 35 to be PM. The constitution guarantees Maneka Gandhi to stay outside the threatening limits of **Rajiv Gandhi** (37) for another ten years. This is one clause that the powers that be may not want changed in a hurry.

Maneka: The age-old question

B.T.

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Kovalam: A Jet-setters' Paradise Lost

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WHY ARE SIKHS NOT ALLOWED IN SAUDI ARABIA?

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WATCH OUT FOR THE KNOCK'EM OUT BRIGADE!

Enter Rajmata The Opposition Queen-bee

RNG: The Paper Tiger For Breakfast!

"It was U. G.'s energy that cured me"

The prolonged period of inactivity has added pounds on Babi's slender frame. In her clinging white jersey tunic and black stretch pants, the extra weight is very apparent. As it is on her face. It doesn't seem to matter too much to her. I am curious about one thing. Did she make any earth-shaking "discoveries" about herself during this difficult period? She regards me steadily, and in a very even voice she says, "Yes, I did. I discovered that nobody was interested in me .....except U.G. Everybody had their own motives. It just proved that nobody is interested in another human being. It's not as if anybody let me down or anything. It's not as dramatic or insensitive as that. But something, that was always apparent became very, very clear to me. That, during trouble or pain, you are always on your own."

This, coming from a girl to whom "pain" was an alien word not so long ago, was somewhat sad. I remember meeting Parveen on New Year's eve two years ago. She was dazzlingly beautiful that evening, wearing a shimmering Yves St. Laurent dress that Kabir had given her. She was a woman a-glow....in love and obviously happy. Did her breakdown have anything to do with Kabir? People who knew her had been surprised at her overt reaction to their break-up. She had come back from Rome and plunged into the film industry, head first. The profession, at some point, overtook the emotion, and she was never the same again. Had suppression of sorrow at that stage, anything to do with her present state?

"I'm not the kind to put up any front. I did not suppress anything. There was no unbearable unhappiness—life was not offering me anything more or less than it does to most people. Whatever it was that was responsible for my breakdown, I'll avoid it at all costs. I'm the kind who takes everything in my stride. I'll take this too.

"I'm a very intense person, and I get into things totally. I need a psychological break to get out of anything. But I will not fall back into the old rut. I'll invest the same passion.....But sensibly. If things work out, well and good. U.G. taught me a very important lesson. He said 'Life is for living . Don't kill yourself working.' I'm not signing any new films at the moment. The industry has the right to feel apprehensive. No, I'm not opting out. I can't! I have too many responsibilities to my producers. But I'm going to alter my pace. From now on, I'll go slow. The film people have been very normal with me, probably because I am being very normal. Nobody has asked impertinent questions. They're all nice people...."

Nice of her to think so, because the feedback from the film people that the girls at STARDUST gave me sounded far from nice. Most of the producers of her half-finished films were waiting tensely for her to report back to work only so that they could complete their film and say a final 'goodbye'. The others, for whom she'd shot only a couple of reels, had already replaced her with more "dependable" heroines. "God knows when she might flip again," said a producer/hero, "it's too much of a risk for any of us to take." A cruel attitude maybe, but a practical one nevertheless. Perhaps, without her realizing it, a solution is being provided for her. Though she didn't comment on it, I was told she was planning to quit anyway, after meeting all her commitments. Quit, and join U.G. in Switzerland. Their relationship is certainly a strange one. I couldn't quite figure out the equation. While Parveen stared soulfully at him, with adoration pouring out of every pore, his reaction was one of indulgent loving. Parveen coyly admitted, "He's very fond of me. I cannot describe the kind of fondness, because it's not like any other. It's every person's desire to find that **one** person who cares and can be completely trusted. I consider myself fortunate to have found U.G."

Parveen's "search" goes back a long way. Even when she first came into the industry, she was on a different trip, and stood apart from the rest of the giddy-headed, over made-up newcomers. Sure, she seemed vague and in the clouds. Sure, she seemed to be talking about things she knew nothing about. Even so there was a fey curiosity and a childlike sense of wonder in her. "I don't know why I was searching, what I was searching for. I was dissatisfied with the world as I saw it.Call it teenage disillusionment. I went to J. Krishnamurthy's lectures. He gave me hope by showing me another reality, another lifestyle. That attracted me.....till I met U.G. The first thing that hit me was when he said, there is no other kind of reality, the kind you are looking for. With U.G. my spiritual search came to an end.

"Now I'm not seeking anything at all. I just want to live. The film industry is not the entire world and the world is not the film industry. I want to be with U.G. as much as I can. There is always the temptation to make him my crutch. But that's impossible, because he doesn't want to be a crutch. On the contrary he's helping me get back on my feet and stand on my own."

She rejoined U.G. in the other room. My request for photographs together was reluctantly heeded to by her. It was only when U.G. patted the place next to him and softly commanded, "come," that she agreed. Seeing them posing together, like two prankish children, my heart went out to Parveen. Sensitive, insecure, vulnerable Parveen.

Only one thought: When *will* she stop being someone's disciple and start being herself?

Shobha Kilachand

How does one go about interviewing somebody who describes himself as a "unique animal". That's what **U.G. Krishnamurti,** the 'mindless' messiah calls himself. "U.G." uttered with such genuine admiration by his friends, is not to be confused with his better known namesake **J. Krishnamurti**. U.G. is little known, but is a firebrand, if we may be allowed to use such a term.....and Mr. George Fernandes has no objections. Sixty-two year old and small built, U.G. was born in a small town, Masulipatnam in Andhra Pradesh from where he went on to complete his post-graduation in philosophy from Madras. Soon, he was seized by the age-old urge—the 'Search for Truth'—and drifted into the Theosophical movement which was sort of fashionable those days for the intelligentsia. Consequently, he found himself in the West at an early age, and has stayed there since.

The interview took place in the suburban residence of film director **Vijay Anand.** The door was kept open and when we spoke to Vijay about interviewing his house-guest, he said, "Anybody is welcome to walk in here and talk to him." There wasn't a horde of people thronging around him. In fact, when we arrived, there were only a couple of 'friends' other than Vijay Anand, **Parveen Babi** and a 79-year-old Swiss lady who was introduced as U.G.'s caretaker-cum-God-mother. U.G. remarked candidly later, "You can say I live off her."

U.G. was dressed in a *pyjama* and a handloom *kurta,* and his face glowed with the years spent in Switzerland. He wore no *chappals,* but wore his silver-streaked hair long and well-groomed, almost like a rock-star. He sat quietly on the sofa, waiting for our questions. Though, according to him, "All questions are frivolous. There is no serious question, and serious questions get no answers at all because serious questions have no answers." And so we sort of wondered aloud about him. It was a close encounter of the mystical kind. From time to time U.G. paused and enquired patiently and politely, "Is it clear to you." Sometimes it was clear as crystal, other times a total blank. Bravely, we kept at it.

U.G. started, his voice ringing out in a clear and commanding tone, "I've no message to give to the world. Whatever happened to me is such that you can't share it with the world. It's an extraordinary experience—like the sun set, or a flower, or a mountain. And I don't like to sit in one place, surrounded by people asking set questions. That's the reason why I don't care for a platform or give any lectures. It's not that I can't give lectures, I've lectured everywhere in the world. A lot of my friends in America still press me to go there and give lectures. But I say to them that I've nothing to say. I never initiate any discussions. People come and sit around me. They can do what they like. If somebody asks me a question suddenly, I try to answer, emphasising and pointing out that there is no answer to that question. So I merely rephrase, restructure and throw the same question back at you. It's not game-playing. Because I am not interested in winning you over to my point of view. It's not a question of offering opinions. Of course, I do have my opinions on everything from disease to divinity. But they are as worthless as anybody else's."

"People call me an enlightened man. I detest that term. They can't find any other word to describe the way I am functioning. At the same time, I point out that there is no such thing as enlightenment at all. I say that because all my life I've searched, and wanted to be an enlightened man. And I discovered that there is no such thing as enlightenment at all. And so the question whether a particular person is enlightened or not doesn't arise. I don't give a hoot for a sixth century B.C. Buddha, let alone all the other claimants we have in our midst. They are a bunch of exploiters, thriving on the gullibility of the people. There is no power outside of man. Man has created God out of fear. So the problem is fear, and not God."

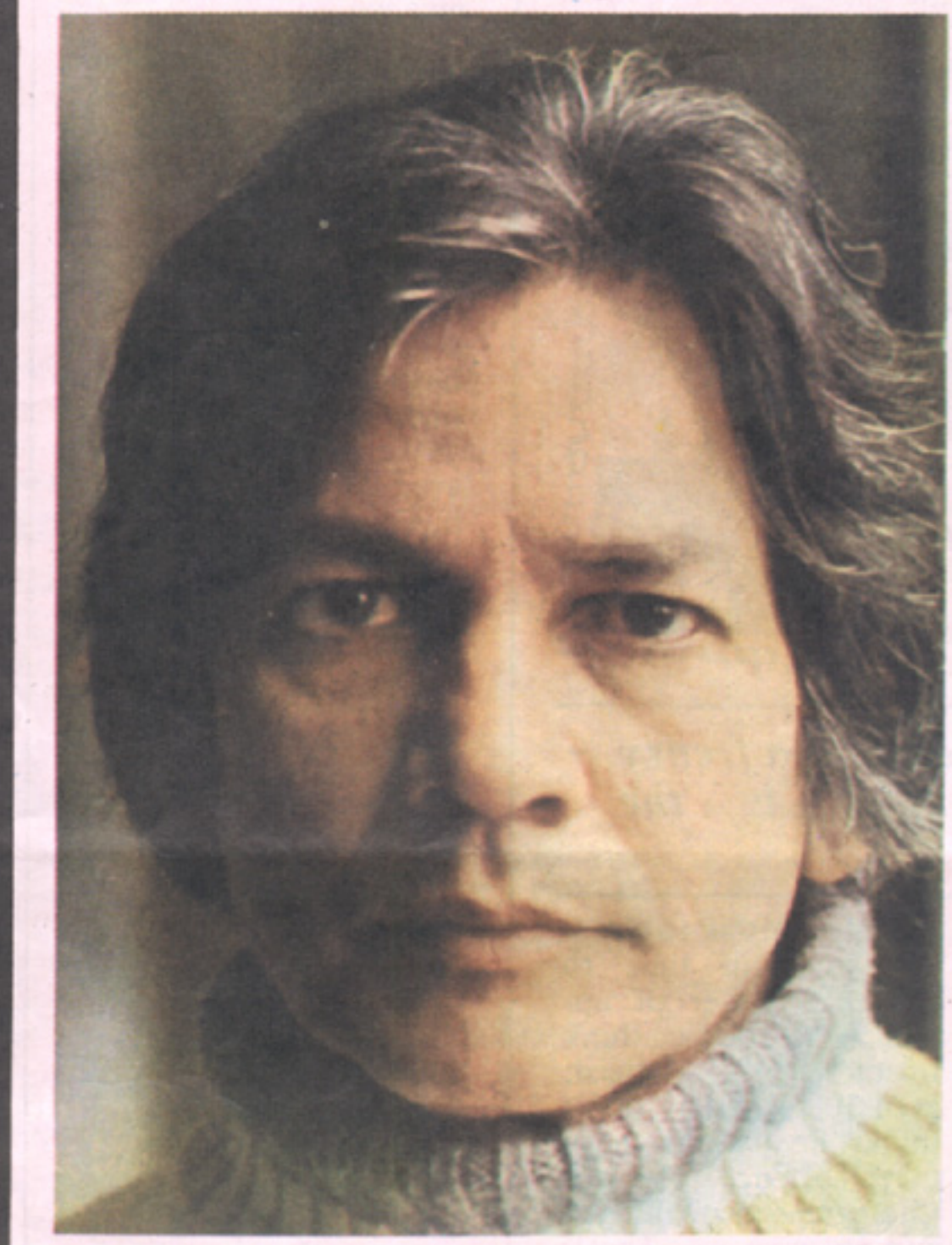
People call me an enlightened man. I detest that term.... there is no such thing as enlightenment.

"I am not a recluse. This is the only world. There is nothing I can do to run away from the world. This is the only reality and there is no other reality at all. I searched for the Ultimate Reality all my life, and discovered for myself that there is no such thing. What's necessary for man is to free himself from the entire past of mankind, not only individual past. That's to say free yourself from what every man thought, felt and experienced before you. Then only is it possible for you to be yourself. The whole purpose of my talking to people is to point out the uniqueness of every individual. Culture or civilization (or whatever you might call it) has always tried to fit us into a framework. Man is not man at all, I call him a 'unique animal'. And man will remain a unique animal as long as he's burdened by culture."

"I am not interested in changing the society. I am not an ascetic. All I need is clothes, food and shelter. The moment you need more than that you've created a problem for yourself. Once the energy that is used in chasing something that doesn't exist, is released for you, life becomes a very, very simple thing. What I am saying has absolutely no social content at all. What is wrong with this world? Why do you want to change the world? This is an extraordinarily beautiful world. You want to change this world so that you can live in a world of your own ideas. The real problem is that you want to change yourself. And you find it's impossible. And so you want to change the world so that you can fit the world into your own pattern."

"To me there is no such thing as mind. Mind is a myth. Since there is no such thing as mind, and mind is a myth, so the mutation of mind that J. Krishnamurti is talking about has no meaning. There is nothing to be transformed there—radical or otherwise. There is no self to be realized. The whole religious structure that has been built on this foundation collapses because there is nothing there to realize. To me Krishnamurti is playing exactly the same game as all those ugly saints in the market, we have in the world today. I was with Krishnamurti for seven years, that

U.G.



The 'mindless' Messiah

Tags such as the one above, don't fit him. Descriptions are always inadequate. Questions are irrelevant, and hence unanswerable. U. G. is nothing and everything. 'Nothing' according to himself, 'everything' according to his admirers. He's no preacher, no Godman, no mystic, no philosopher. Perhaps, he's an enigma, shrouded in mystery, within a secret. All that 'is' about U. G. is his existence.

FEBRUARY 1980

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Persis Khambatta

brought him back to life, he didn't know. How long it lasted, he didn't know. 'I can't say anything about that because the experiencer was finished: there was nobody to experience that death at all...'

Aftermath

UG refers to the events that happened to him during the summer of 1967 as the 'calamity':

> I call it 'calamity' because from the point of view of one who thinks this is something fantastic, blissful and full of beatitude, love, or ecstasy, this is physical torture; this is a calamity from that point of view. Not a calamity to me but a calamity to those who have an image that something marvellous is going to happen... I can never tell myself or anybody that I'm an enlightened man, a liberated man, or a free man or that I am going to liberate mankind.

On the eighth day he was sitting on the sofa and suddenly, in his words:

> There was a tremendous outburst of energy— tremendous energy shaking the whole body and along with the body, the sofa, the chalet and the whole universe— shaking, vibrating. You cannot cause that movement... Whether it was coming from outside or inside, from below or above, I didn't know— I couldn't locate the spot. It lasted for hours... There was nothing I could do to stop it; I was totally helpless. This went on for days.

Then for three days UG lay on his bed, his body contorted with pain— it was, he says, as if he felt pain in every cell of his body. Similar outbursts of energy occurred intermittently throughout the next six months, whenever he lay down or relaxed.

> It's a very painful process. It's a physical pain— it has a form, a shape of its own. It is like a river in spate. The energy that is operating there does not feel the limitations of the body; it is not interested; it has its own momentum. It is not ecstatic, blissful beatitude and all that rubbish!

UG explains that thought had controlled his body to such an extent that when that control loosened, the whole metabolism went agog. Then the movement of his hands changed. They started turning backwards. 'That is why they say my movements are *mudras* (mystical gestures).'

Certain hormonal changes started occurring in his body. Now he didn't know whether he was a man or a woman. Suddenly there was a breast growing on the left side of his chest. It took three years for this body to finally fall into a new rhythm of its own.

His friends observed swellings up and down his torso, neck and head, at those points called *chakras*. These swellings of various shapes and colours came and went at regular intervals. On his lower abdomen, the swellings were horizontal, cigar-shaped bands. Above the navel was a hard, almond-shaped swelling. A hard, blue swelling, like a large medallion, in the middle of his chest was surmounted by another smaller, brownish-red, medallion-shaped swelling at the base of his throat. These two 'medallions' were as though suspended from a varicoloured, swollen ring— blue, brownish and light yellow— around his neck, as in the pictures of some Hindu gods. There were other similarities: his throat was swollen to a shape that made his chin seem to rest on the head of a cobra, as in the traditional images of Shiva. Just above the bridge of the nose was a white lotus-shaped swelling. All over the head the small blood vessels expanded, forming patterns like the stylised lumps on the heads of some statues of the Buddha. Like the horns of Moses and the Taoist mystics, two large and hard swellings periodically appeared and disappeared. The arteries in his neck, blue and snake-like, expanded and rose into his head.

UG says that his body is affected by everything that is happening around it:

> Whatever is happening there is also happening here— there is only the physical response. This is affection. You can't prevent this, for the simple reason that the armour that you have built around yourself is destroyed; so it is very vulnerable to everything that is happening.

In his discussions with medical doctors, UG learnt that the ductless glands are located in exactly the same spots where the Hindus speculated that the *chakras* were. The thymus gland becomes dormant— at least that's what the scientists say. When this sort of an explosion takes place within the body, which the scriptures refer to as being born again, that gland is automatically activated so that all the extraordinary feelings are there again. 'Feelings are not thoughts, not emotions; you feel for somebody. If somebody hurts himself there, that hurt is felt here— not as a pain but there is a feeling. You automatically say, "Ouch!"'

There is an incident in UG's life which illustrates this. He was once staying at a coffee plantation in South India. For some reason a mother started beating her child. She was angry and she hit her child so hard that the child almost turned blue. Somebody then asked UG, 'Why did you not interfere and stop her?' UG answered, 'I was standing there. I was puzzled: "Whom should I pity, the mother or the child?" Both were in a awkward situation: the mother could not control her anger and the child was so helpless. Then I found all marks corresponding to the marks of the beatings, on my back. So I too was a victim of that beating.' UG says that this was possible because consciousness cannot be divided. 'With this affection, there is no question of your sitting in judgement on anyone.'

UG says that the 'third eye', also called the *ajna chakra*, is the pituitary gland. When once the interference of thought is gone, the function of thought is taken over by this gland: it is this gland, and not thought, that gives the instructions or orders to the body. That is why they probably call it *ajna* (command) *chakra*. UG says that there is a built-in armour created by thought, which prevents us from getting affected by things:

One of the major reasons why UG expresses the 'calamity' in pure and simple physical and physiological terms is that it has no psychological or mystical content or religious overtones. Such a thing, UG says, must have happened to many people. It is not something that one could especially be prepared for. There is no purificatory method or *sadhana* necessary for such a thing to happen.

Narayana Moorty says that if he had to reduce UG's teaching to one sentence it would be the following: 'Consciousness is so pure that whatever you are doing in the direction of purifying that consciousness is adding impurity to it.' UG says:

> Consciousness has to flush itself out: it has to purge itself of every trace of holiness and of every trace of unholiness, of everything. Even what you consider 'sacred' and 'holy' is a contamination in that consciousness. Yet it does not happen through any volition of yours. When the frontiers are broken, the floodgates are open and everything goes out.

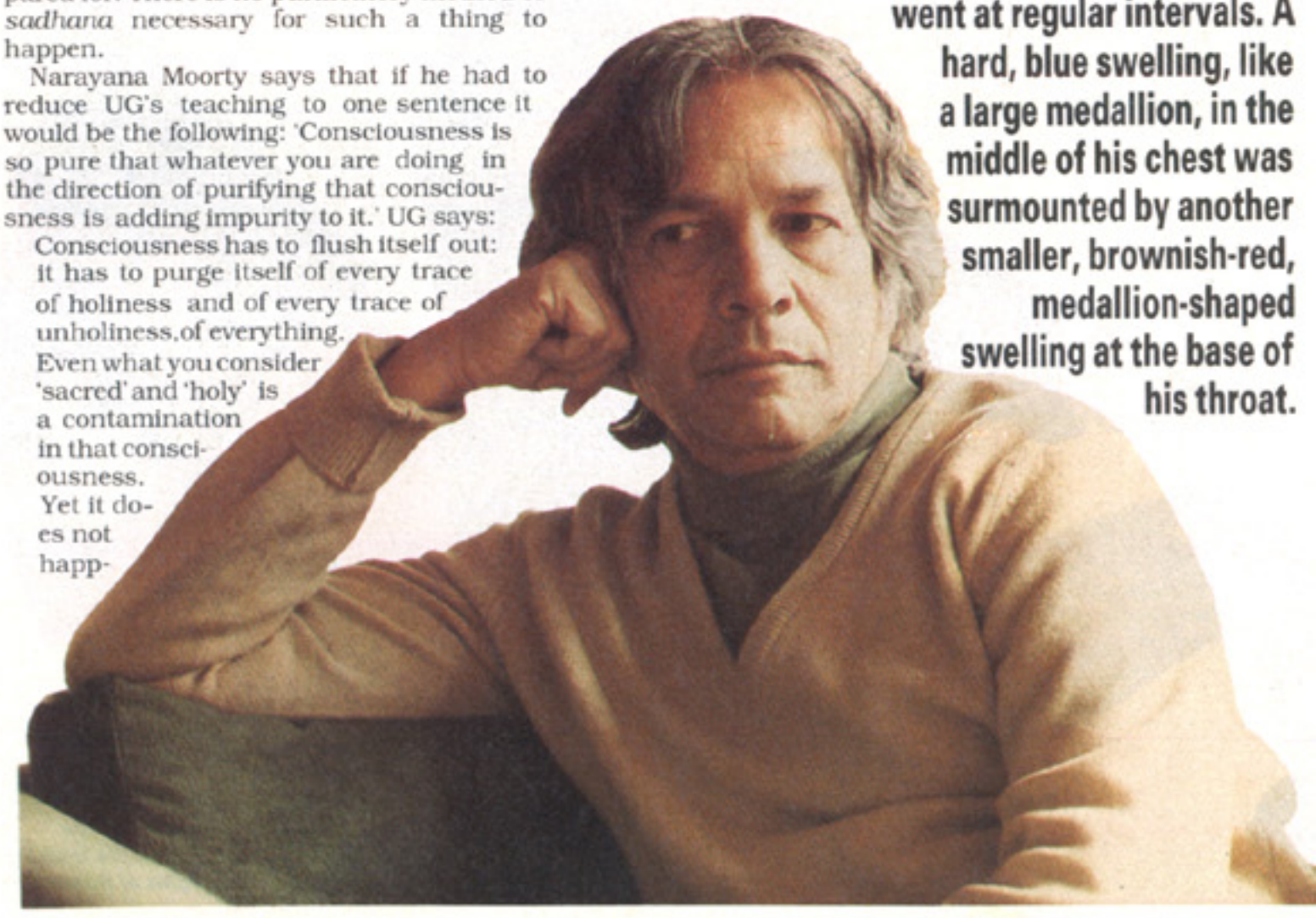
In that process of flushing out, you have all these visions. Suddenly you yourself, the whole consciousness, takes the shape of the Buddha, Jesus, Mahavira, Mohammed or Socrates— only of those who have come into this state; not of great men or leaders of mankind. One of them was a 'coloured man'. Then a naked woman with breasts and flowing hair. I was told that there were two saints here in India— Akkamahadevi and Lalleswari— they were women, naked women. Suddenly you have these two breasts and flowing hair. Even the organs change into female organs.

But still there is a division there— you, and the form that your consciousness has assumed, the form of the Buddha, say, or Jesus Christ, or God knows who. The situation there is: 'How do I know I am in that state?' But that division cannot stay long; it disappears and something else comes alone. Probably the same thing happened to so many hundreds of people. This is part of history: so many *rishis*, some Westerners— monks— and so many women. All that people have experienced before you is part of your consciousness. I use the expression, 'The saints go marching out.' they run out of your consciousness because they cannot stay there anymore because all that is impurity, a contamination there.

..This flushing out of everything good and bad, holy and unholy, sacred and profane, has got to happen. Otherwise your consciousness is still contaminated, still impure. After that you are put back into that primeval, primordial state of consciousness. Once consciousness has become pure, of and by itself, then nothing can touch it, nothing can contaminate it anymore. All the past up to that point is there but it cannot influence your actions any longer.

Excerpted from UG Krishnamurti: A Life *by Mahesh Bhatt. Published by Viking/Penguin India; price Rs 195.*

His friends observed swellings up and down his torso, neck and head, at those points called chakras. These swellings of various shapes and colours came and went at regular intervals. A hard, blue swelling, like a large medallion, in the middle of his chest was surmounted by another smaller, brownish-red, medallion-shaped swelling at the base of his throat.



more. The division (created by past impressions in the form of thought) cannot stay there. It's a physical impossibility. You don't have to do a thing about it. That is why I say that when this 'explosion' takes place (I use the word 'explosion' because it is like a nuclear explosion), it leaves behind chain reactions. Every cell in your body, the cells in the very marrow of your bones, have to undergo this 'change'— I don't want to use the word— but it is an irreversible change, an alchemy of some sort.

The after-effects of that (the 'explosion') are the way the senses are operating now without any coordinator or centre— that's all I can say. Another thing: the chemistry has changed— I can say that because unless that change in the whole chemistry takes place, there is no way of freeing this organism from thought, from the continuity of thought. So, since there is no continuity of thought, you can very easily say that something has happened but what actually has happened, I have no way of experiencing at all.

'It was a sudden "explosion" inside, blasting, as it were, every cell, every nerve and every gland in my body.' And with that explosion the illusion that there is continuity of thought, that there is a centre, an 'I' linking up thoughts, was not there any more.

UG noticed, during the week following the 'explosion', some fundamental changes in the functioning of his senses. On the last day his body went through 'a process of physical death' and the changes became permanent features.

Ending: The changes began. For seven days, every day a change occurred. UG discovered that his skin had become extremely soft, the blinking of the eyes had stopped and his senses of taste, smell and hearing had undergone a change.

On the second day he became aware for the first time that his mind was in what he calls a 'declutched state'. He was upstairs in the kitchen and Valentine had prepared some tomato soup. He looked at it and didn't know what it was. She told him it was tomato soup. He tasted it and then he recognized it: 'This is how tomato soup tastes.' He swallowed the soup and he was back to that odd frame of mind. Rather, it was a frame of 'no mind.' He asked Valentine again, 'What is that?' Again she said it was tomato soup. Again UG tasted it. Again he swallowed and forgot what it was. 'I played with this for some time. It was such a funny business— this "declutched state".'

Now that state has become normal for UG. He says he no longer spends time in reverie, worry, conceptualisation and other kinds of thinking that most people do when they are alone. His mind is only engaged when it is needed, as, for instance, when someone asks questions or when he has to fix a tape recorder. When it is not needed, there is no mind there, there is no thought. There is only life.

On the third day, some friends of UG invited themselves over for dinner. He agreed to cook for them.

> But somehow I couldn't smell or taste properly. I became gradually aware that these two senses had been transformed. Every time some odour entered my nostrils it irritated my olfactory center in just about the same way— whether it came from an expensive scent or from cow dung, it was the same irritation. And then, every time I tasted something, I tasted the dominant ingredient only— the taste of the other ingredients came slowly, later.

On the fourth day, something happened to his eyes. UG and his friend were at the Rialto restaurant in Gstaad. It was here that UG became aware of a tremendous sort of 'vista vision', like a concave mirror.

> Things were coming toward me, were moving into me, as it were. And things going away from me seemed to move out from inside of me. It was such a puzzle to me— as if my eyes were a gigantic camera, changing focus without my doing anything. Now I am used to the puzzle. Nowadays that is how I see. When you drive me around in your car, I am like a cameraman dollying along. The cars in the other direction go into me and the cars that pass us come out of me. When my eyes fix on something they do it with total attention, like a camera.

On the fifth day, UG noticed a change in his hearing. When he heard the barking of a dog, the barking seemed to originate inside him. All sounds seemed to come from within him and not from outside. They still do.

The five senses changed in five days. On the sixth day, UG was lying down on a sofa. Valentine was in the kitchen.

> And suddenly my body disappeared. There was no body there. I looked at my hand.... I looked at it— 'Is this my hand?' There was no actual question but the whole situation was somewhat like that. So I touched my body: nothing. I didn't feel there was anything there except the touch, the point of contact. Then I called Valentine and asked: 'Do you see my body on this sofa? Nothing inside of me says that this is my body.' She touched it and said, 'This is your body.' And yet that assurance didn't give me any comfort or satisfaction. I said to myself.' My body had gone away and it has never come back.

Now, as regards his body, the points of contact are all that UG has, nothing else, because the sense of vision, he says, is independent of the sense of touch. So it is not possible for him to create a complete image of his own body because, in the absence of the sensation of touch, the corresponding points are missing in his consciousness.

And finally, on the seventh day, UG was again lying on the same sofa, relaxing, enjoying the 'declutched state.' Valentine would come in and he would recognise her as Valentine. She would go out of the room. Then, finish, blank— no Valentine. He would think, 'What is this? I can't even imagine what Valentine looks like.' He would listen to the sounds coming from the kitchen and ask himself, 'What are those sounds coming from inside me?' But he could not relate to them. He had discovered that all his senses were without a coordinating mechanism inside himself; the coordinator was missing. And then...

> I felt something happening inside me: the life energy drawing to a focal point from different parts of my body. I said to myself, 'Now you have come to the end of your life. You are going to die.' Then I called Valentine and said, 'I am going to die, Valentine, and you will have to do something with this body. Hand it over to the doctors; maybe they will use it. I don't believe in burning or burial. In your own interest you have to dispose of this body. One day it will stink. So, why not give it away?' Valentine replied, 'UG, you are a foreigner. The Swiss government won't take your body. Forget about it.'

The frightening movement of UG's life force had come to a focal point. Valentine's bed was empty. He moved over and stretched out, getting ready to die. Valentine, of course, ignored what was going on. She left. But before she left she said, 'One day you say this thing has changed, another day you say that thing has changed and a third day you say something else has changed. What is all this? And now you say you are going to die. You are not going to die. You are all right, hale and healthy.' Saying this, she left the room. UG continues his account:

> Then a point arrived where it looked as if the aperture of a camera was trying to close itself. It is the only simile that I can think of. The way I am describing this is quite different from the way way things actually happened at that time, because there was nobody there thinking in such terms. All this, however, must have been part of my experience, otherwise I wouldn't be able to talk about it. So, the aperture was trying to close itself and something was there trying to keep it open. Then after a while there was no will to do anything, not even to prevent the aperture closing itself. Suddenly, as it were, it closed. I don't know what happened after that.

This process lasted for 49 minutes— this process of dying. It was like physical death. UG says that even now it happens to him:

> My hands and feet become so cold, the body becomes stiff, the heartbeat slows down, the breathing slows down and then there is a gasping for breath. Up to a point you are there, you breathe your last breath, as it were, and then you are finished. What happens after that, nobody knows.

When UG came out of this his landlady said that there was a telephone call for him. He went downstairs in a daze to answer the phone. He didn't know what had happened. He had been through physical death. What

IN HIS BIOGRAPHY OF ONE OF INDIA'S MOST ENIGMATIC THINKERS, **MAHESH BHATT** RECOUNTS UG KRISHNAMURTI'S EXPERIENCE OF THE RAREST OF ALL TRANSFORMATIONS— THE DEATH AND REBIRTH OF AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BODY

20 September 1991. Carmel, California. The time is 4.30 am. I am up and I am here at my desk, writing. This has been my work pattern for almost a fortnight now. These hours and hours of silence get into one's bones. I ask why I have sentenced myself to such isolation. Writing is indeed a lonely job. I guess anything one does deeply leads to loneliness. Every creator experiences the painful chasm between his dream and its final expression. The chasm is never completely bridged. We all have this certainty, perhaps illusory, that we have much more to say.

UG has not been feeling well. It is his usual plumbing problem (a cardio-spasm). He has not been able to keep any food or drink in his stomach. He looks emaciated. For the first time since 1939 he has lost three kilos of weight. (His weight has never fluctuated much.) There is an unspoken anxiety about his health amongst us all. But UG himself seems unaffected. He is his usual self. Narayana Moorty has been successful in making UG take some homeopathic medicine. Watching UG popping pills is a funny sight! He looks like a baby. These pills make him sleep for long hours. 'If he doesn't respond to these pills, we should ask him to see a doctor', says Moorty. 'The only time I will see a doctor is when I need the death certificate,' says UG, meaning every word of what he is saying. I am sliding into a swamp of depression.

As I sat down to write what can be termed in film jargon the climax of UG's life, the earth beneath our feet shook. It was another earthquake, 5.1 on the Richter, reported the newsreader on television.

On his forty-ninth birthday (according to the Indian moon-based calendar), the day after he walked out of J Krishnamurti's tent, UG was sitting on a bench under a tree overlooking one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world, the seven hills and seven valleys of Saanenland:

I was sitting there. Not that the question was there, the whole of my being was the question: 'How do I know that I am in that state?' I asked myself. There is some kind of peculiar division inside of me; there is somebody who knows that he is in that state. The knowledge of that state— what I have read, what I have experienced, what they have talked about— it is this knowledge that is looking at that state, so it is only this knowledge that has projected that state.'

I said to myself, 'Look here, old chap, after forty years you have not moved one step; you are still there at square one. It is the same knowledge that projected your mind there when you asked this question. You are in the same situation, asking the same question, "How do I know?" because it is this knowledge, the description of the state by those people, that has created this state for you. You are kidding yourself. You are a damned fool.' But still there was some peculiar feeling that this was the state.

UG didn't have any answer to the second question— 'How do I know that this is the state?' It was like a question in a whirlpool, it went on and on. Then suddenly the question disappeared. Nothing happened— the question just disappeared. UG didn't say to himself, 'Oh, my God! Now I have found the answer.' Even that state disappeared— the state he thought he was in, the state of the Buddha or Jesus— even that disappeared.

The disappearance of his fundamental question, on discovering that it had no answer, was a physiological phenomenon, UG says: 'It was a sudden "explosion" inside, blasting, as it were, every cell, every nerve and every gland in my body.' And with that explosion the illusion that there is continuity of thought, that there is a centre, an 'I' linking up thoughts, was not there any more. UG further says of this state:

Then thought cannot link up. The linking gets broken and once it is broken, it is finished. Then it is not once that thought explodes; every time a thought arises, it explodes. So, this continuity comes to an end and thought falls into its natural rhythm.

Since then I have no questions of any kind because the questions cannot stay there any more. The only questions I have are very simple questions like 'How do I go to Hyderabad?'— questions necessary to function in this world. And people have answers for these questions. But for those ('spiritual' or 'metaphysical') questions, nobody has any answers. So there are no questions anymore.

Everything in the head had tightened— there was no room for anything there inside my brain. For the first time I became conscious of my head with everything 'tight' inside it. These vasanas (past impressions) or whatever you call them, they do try to show their heads sometimes, but then the brain cells are so 'tight' that the vasanas have no opportunity to fool around there any

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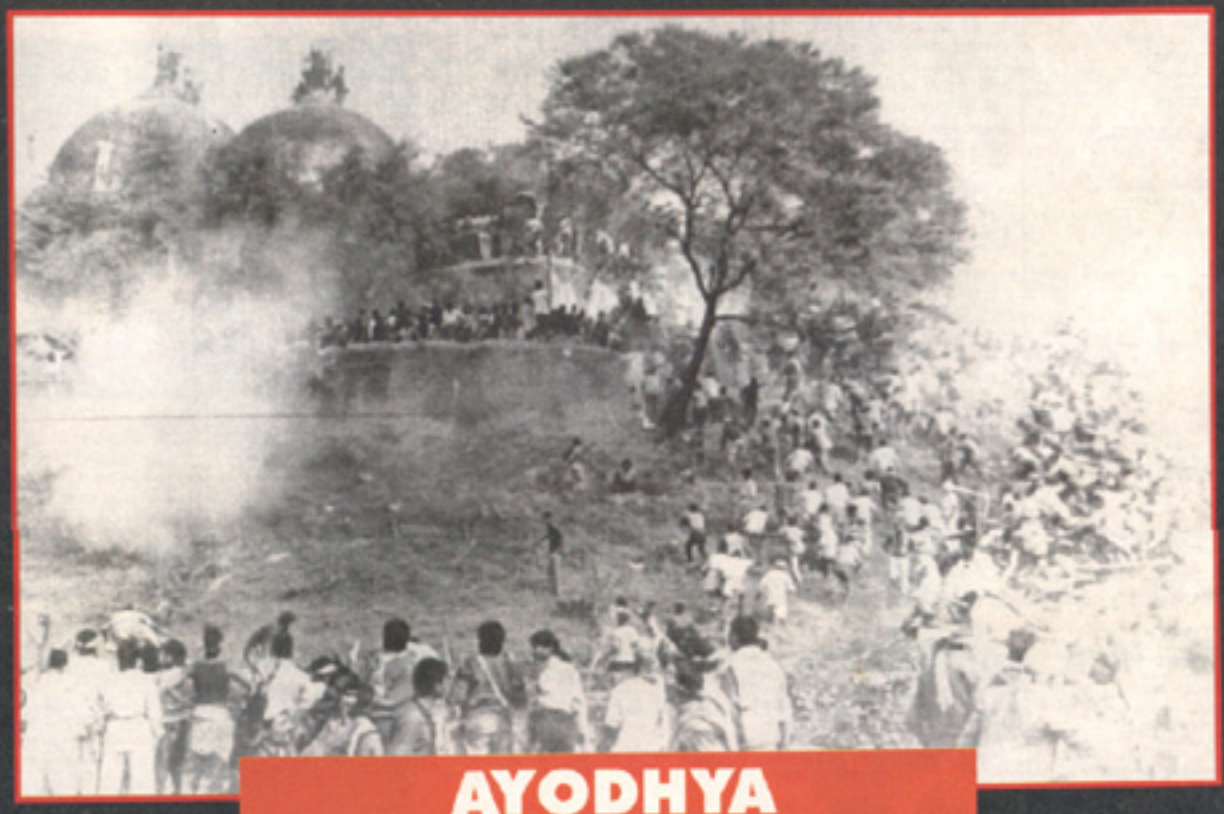


AYODHYA

HINDU TRIUMPH?

INDIAN DEFENCE IN DEEP TROUBLE ■ THE RAJ KAPOOR PAKISTAN KNEW

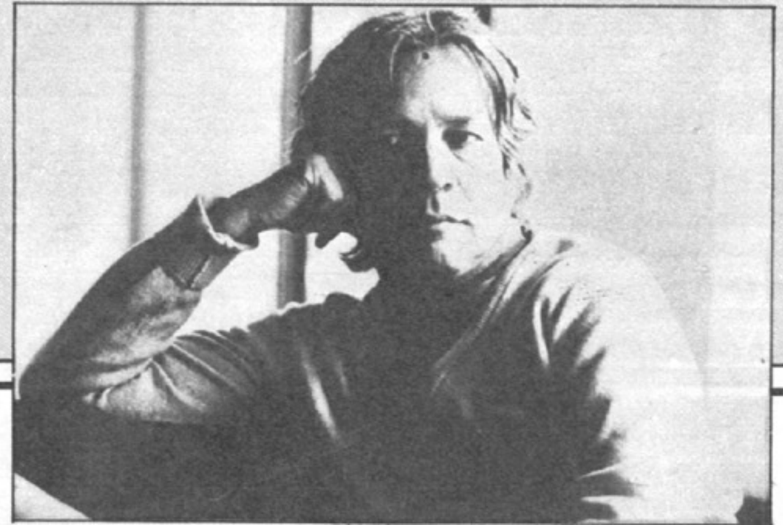
UPULLURI GOPALA KRISHNAMURTHI

Name
Upulluri Gopala Krishnamurthi

Alias
None

Age
71

Education
BA



Address
Chalet Sunbeam
Gstaad
Switzerland

Undeniably, the most revolutionary master of our times, he has rightly been described as a "cosmic Naxalite". Krishnamurthi excels in the demystification of spiritualism and philosophy. Extremely informal, he heads no organisation and does not believe in the personality cult or in a following. His approach is infectiously rationalistic and this naturally appeals to intelligent persons the world over. He is much hated by many a godman and godwoman because he has been warning the people against them. He wants mankind to be freed from its so-called saviours. He is convinced that the messiahs have created the mess that the people find themselves in. He dubs all talk of moksha, nirvana, search for the truth as pure hoax practised by spiritual conmen.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

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WITH A 20-PAGE BROADSHEET

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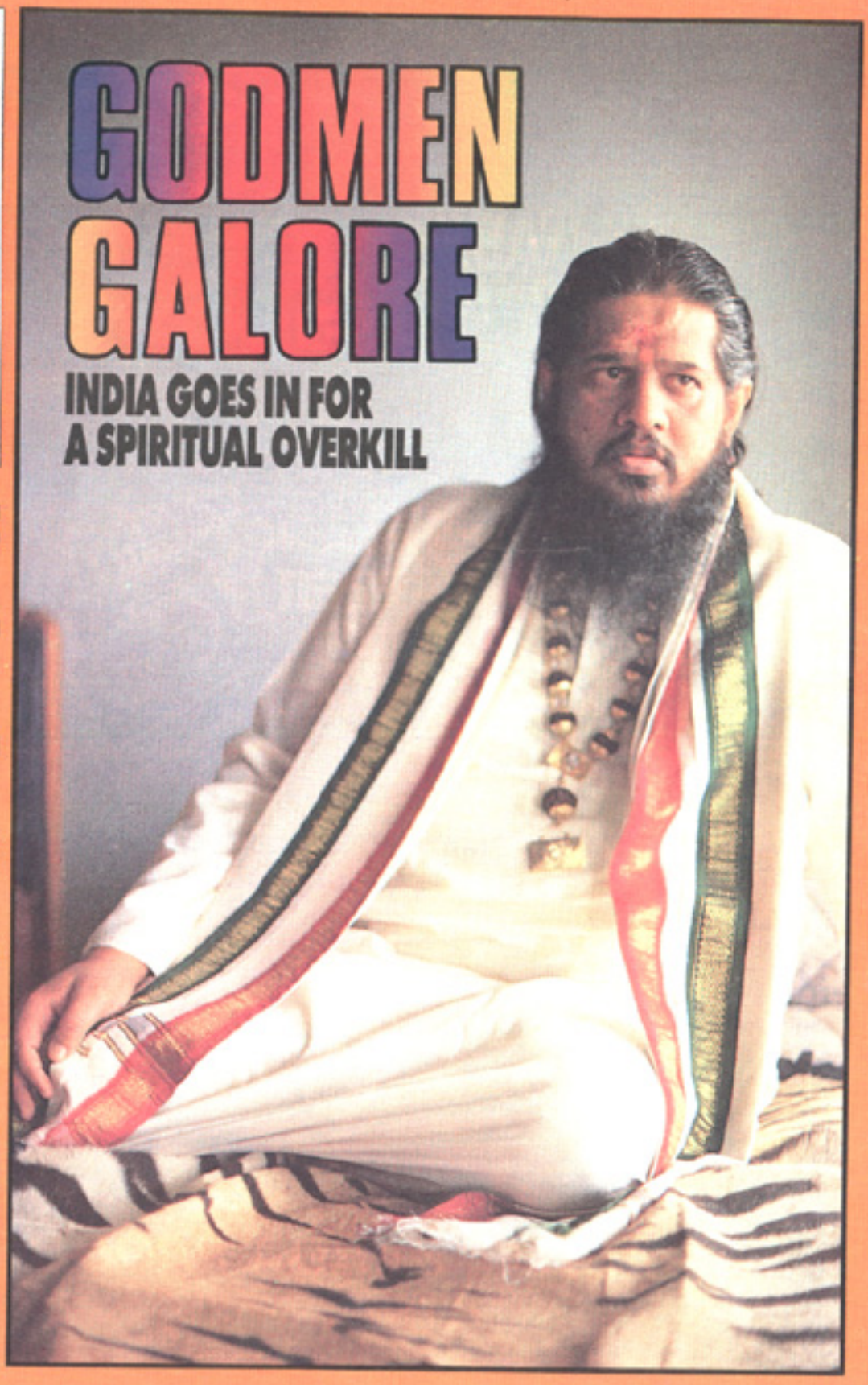
GODMEN GALORE

INDIA GOES IN FOR A SPIRITUAL OVERKILL



treasure one could never drop. 'You can run, but you can't hide. You can lie to the whole world but you cannot lie to yourself.' I knew the end was close. The walls of paradise began to crack. My God was being unveiled.

He was dying. And there was nothing I could do.

'It was inevitable,' I said to myself as I watched the remains of my broken *mala* reluctantly disappear down the drain. It felt so strange to be free of the dog collar which had kept me on a leash for two-and-a-half years. I was tired. Tired of the life I was leading. I was tired of the man I was. I would not claim for a moment that these years spent in the Rajneesh ashram contributed in any way towards the art of self-improvement. Progress is an illusion. "If books and talks could change people, this world would become a paradise." It is a random universe to which we bring meaning. Yet, how strange that so often it all seems worth it.

A chapter in my life had finished. A new chapter began. "Bhagwan is very angry with you, Mahesh. I am shooting at Filmistan studios, come over right away. I have his message to pass on," said Vinod Khanna, a few days after my break-up with Rajneesh. News about my dumping the *mala* down the commode had got to the ashram. I was ready for the repercussions. "Why, Mahesh, why? Why did you do that?" asked Vinod. His concern for me was absolute. It has always been so. "I have never seen Bhagwan in such a temper. He wants you to come to the ashram and hand over the *mala* back to him in person. Its a breach of trust on your part. He says, he worked so hard on you. If you don't do that, he says, he will destroy you Mahesh..." He looked at me as if my days were now numbered. There was a burning silence in the make-up room.

I had rebelled against God. His wrath was now directed at me.

I was angry. He had given discourses on 'unconditional love', spoken at great length about how detestable it was for man to be possessive. It was disgusting now to see him behave just like any jilted lover unable to swallow a rejection. Why, then, may I ask now, was there an uproar because of my saying "I would hack my woman to death if she was unfaithful..."? He was just a wordsmith peddling half-truths, high-sounding phrases and holy concepts. That's what people wanted. Not the blunt facts. Who's afraid of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh? "Get up," I said to myself. "Get up on your own two feet, however shaky they are, and walk." Once I did that there was no looking back.

SLOW FADE OUT. FADE IN. SIX YEARS LATER

"Tragedy picks out its players without regard for position or fame." A small news item in a Hindi daily: 'Rajneesh arrested in America' signalled that "God" was in a fix.

I was in Ranikhet scouting locations for a film. The news surprisingly saddened me. My friend Suraj Sanim, who was also once a Rajneesh sanyasi, prophesied the end.

A few days later when I returned back to Bombay the drama had enlarged. "We must protest, Mahesh. They are humiliating him. It does not matter whether we care a damn for what he stands for. We cannot look the other way when the American government is deriving sadistic pleasure by handcuffing him and parading him before the world media," screamed Pritish. Pritish Nandy. He was perhaps the only person who initiated a protest. The rest just watched this tragic comedy with kinky delight. He had asked for it.

LAP DISSOLVE

"Rajneesh is back. He is here in the Juhu-Vile Parle scheme in Bombay, living in Sumila bungalow," said Suraj. "Let us meet him," I said.

The meeting was fixed within 30 minutes of our asking. Why was I seeing him, I asked myself. Was it for old times sake, curiosity, or was it out of this savage craving to see "God" humbled. As a child I recall those mornings after the Ganpati immersions. I would run to the seashore relishing the sight of broken gods.

Even in that mournful ambience he had retained his lonely splendour. Everything else about the scene was hollow and colourless. It was cold, very cold there in that room. He stood up to receive us, folding his hands. Our eyes met. Memories ripped through the air for an instant. Time stood still for a couple of seconds. Then reality rushed with terrifying clarity down in the room. We were not the same. Nor was the world. Six years is a long, long time. Something was dangerously off-key. His well manicured hands were shaky. That familiar look in his eyes. That glee of insanity. *There was that sense of a beast in convulsion.*

"Do you really think you can help people to get enlightened? Look at your sanyasis. They all want to become like you. You are their model. Do you have anything apart from words to offer...?" He blocked my question saying, "I can, but remember I want them to realise their own potential. If they are trying to ape me it is wrong. If not, that also is fine with me. Failure does not depress me..." His words lacked certainty. They did not have a breath of feeling. I steered the conversation to J Krishnamurti. "JK died of pancreatic cancer. It is shocking for us, common folk, to see such a great man die of such a dreadful ailment. Why does this happen...?"

"All enlightened men are sick," he smiled and said, "but all sick people are not enlightened. You see, the body of such a person becomes very vulnerable after enlightenment... but he does not suffer like everyone else, because he knows he is not only the physical form..."

He was wrong. Recently, I read a detailed account of the last days of JK in a book called *The Open Door* by Mary Lutyens. The pages are full of vivid descriptions of how painful JK's end was.

"I as a film-maker realise that I am in business because people are lonely. Don't you think that you are in the business because people are miserable? Even JK, towards the end, said that unfortunately he, too, had become a part of the entertainment industry...."

"What is wrong with entertainment? People are unhappy. Why should one not relieve them of their woes for a while by entertaining them."

The interview was way past the granted time of 15 minutes. His aide was getting restless. We were there now for almost an hour. But when God speaks no one interrupts. There was a bleak, heavy feeling in the room. The conversation was laboured. Finally I asked, "Why did you attack Pritish Nandy, saying that what he writes is 'yellow journalism'? Somehow those words 'yellow journalism' did not seem fair. Do you know it was he who stood up for you while you were in jail...?" The question hit a raw nerve. It activated that which was lurking behind his godly facade. Madness erupted.

"Pritish has been purchased by the American government. The CIA has given him thousands of dollars. Reagan is out to nail me. They are influencing the entire world not to grant me refuge. America could not put up with what I was creating there in Oregon. They tried to poison me, kept me in a cell with a victim of AIDS...." He went on and on, elaborating on the same issue of how the American government and Reagan were trying to destroy him.

The sight was heart-breaking. I was reminded of Parveen Babi and her recurrent bouts with madness. He needed help, medical help. When we left, he was getting ready to leave for his evening discourse. He reminded me of a tired actor whose peak has long passed. Pulling himself together to get ready for the next shot. That's entertainment.

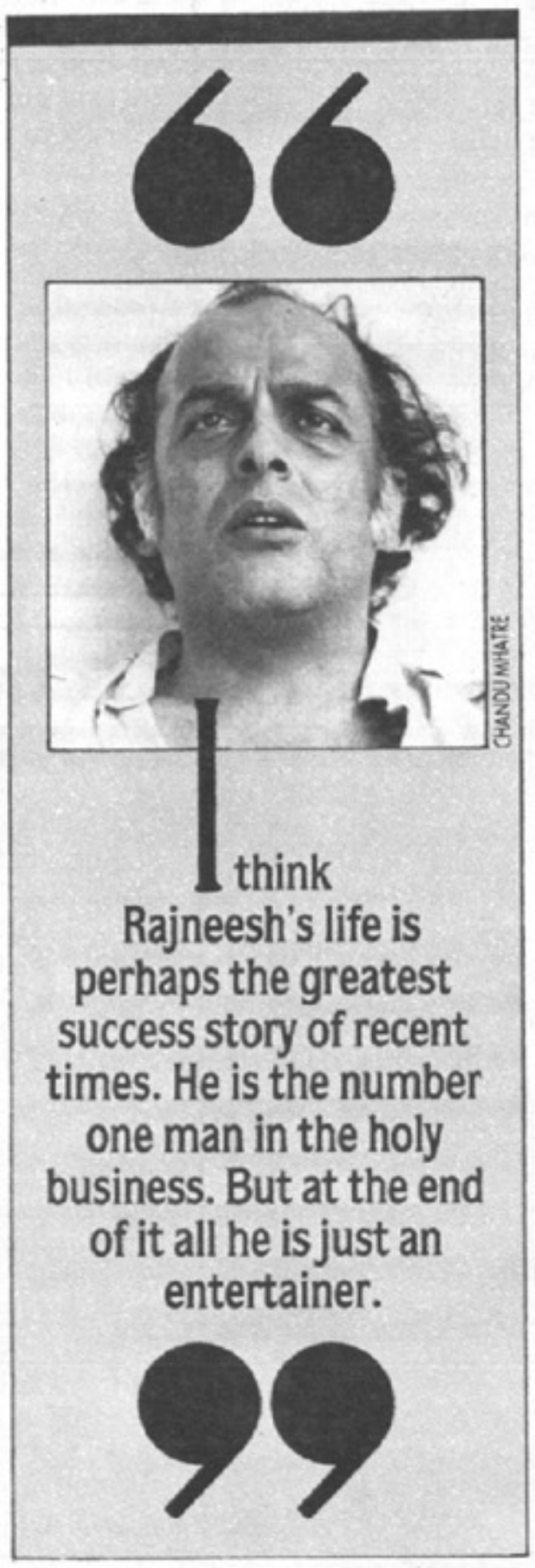
The events of my life have reduced me to what I really am. Life seems empty, meaningless. I stare at a message from UG's latest book *Mind is a Myth*. 'Why should life have any meaning? Why should there be any purpose to living? Living itself is all that is there.'

Everything around tells me life is transient. That all is in flux. "God" is a fairy tale that no longer comforts me. Yet my wish to continue somehow persists. I need to believe. 'You will replace one belief with another,' says UG. 'You are nothing but belief, and when it dies you are dead.' The game of snakes and ladders goes on. I am back where I started. There is no way out. 'There's no oasis situated yonder. You are stuck with the mirage.'

"What do you finally have to say about this man called Rajneesh, papa?" asked Pooja my teenaged daughter while I was reading this unfinished piece to her. Here is the answer. I think Rajneesh's life is perhaps the greatest success story of recent times. I salute the audacity with which he went all out to get what he wanted. I admire his guts for still keeping his act going. Success is the only measure through which culture tests our worth. He is a winner in that framework. The number one man in the holy business. But at the end of it all he is just an entertainer. A pleasure peddler.

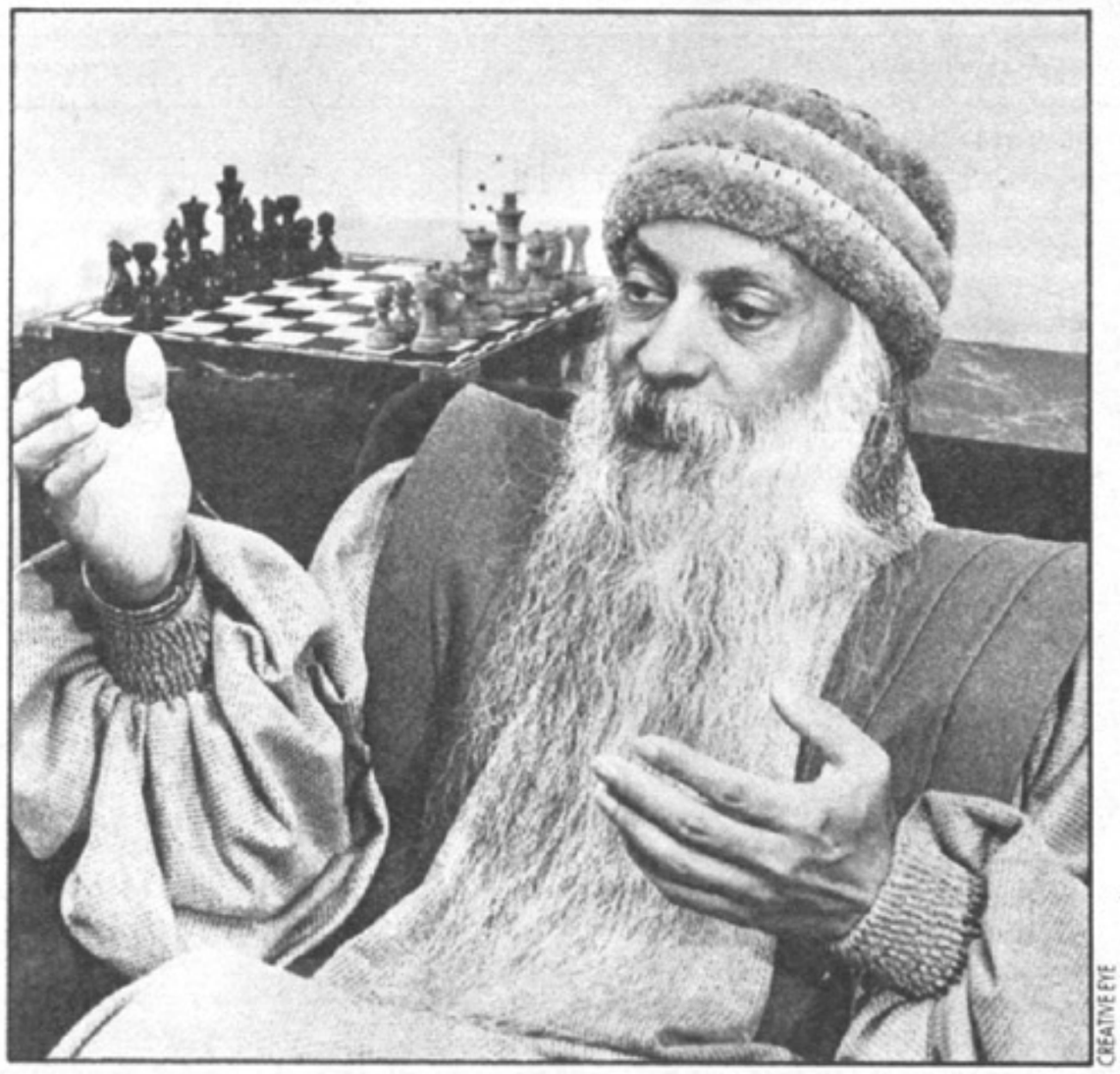
Who amongst us, to be honest, does not want to play God? Every politician, every gangster, journalist, parent, artist, social worker, you name it. The ultimate ambition of man is to play God. That is the highest goal culture has placed before us.

When I look back on my life with its successes and its failures and its endless errors. I do not have any sense of regret meeting Rajneesh. At least sometimes I can boastfully say, "Yes, I once met this man who dared to play God." W



"I think Rajneesh's life is perhaps the greatest success story of recent times. He is the number one man in the holy business. But at the end of it all he is just an entertainer."

Man has to be saved from God. There is no power outside man. The question of God is irrelevant to man today.
—U G Krishnamurti


CREATIVE EYE

THE MAN WHO DARED TO PLAY GOD

Stranded in an emotional wasteland, Mahesh Bhatt sought succour with the grand merchandiser of ecstasy, Bhagwan Rajneesh.

What were those heady days like? The movie-maker looks back on that kaleidoscopic experience, on the Bhagwan's birthday this week.

Life is pain. There is no use asking why is it so. It is so. One's search for answers, one's quest for freedom, *moksha*, enlightenment, God, are nothing but remedies to avoid pain. No wonder people have relied upon messiahs, mahatmas, avatars. Hoping that through them they shall reach that state of uninterrupted happiness.

It was this hope, this hunt for some spiritual pethedrine, some spiritual morphine which brought me in contact with Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh—'the charismatic giant of our times—the man who dared to play God'.

The streets of Bombay are littered with memories of half-lived yesterdays. Nostalgia is pain. I wonder what impels me to scan through those days in which I made a wasteland out of everything I touched. Perhaps it is gratifying to give form and shape to unhappiness. Putting it down on paper seems to lessen the pain. All art is born out of this overriding compulsion to expose the secrets of the heart to someone, somewhere, somehow and often, just to oneself.

FLASHBACK

Those were the days of living dangerously. Those were the days of reading *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, listening to John Lennon and having LSD.

It is not always possible to wander backward through the blur of the years and remember the exact moment when you met someone. But in the case of Rajneesh I can even now remember vividly the moment I was initiated into *sanyas*.

It was cold, very cold that late evening in Koregaon Park, Pune. The silence in that portico was unbearable. A handful of devotees and I waited for the Bhagwan to come out to give us what was called *darshan* in their jargon. Vijay Anand, who was then one of the few privileged devotees who had direct access to the Bhagwan, had made this meeting possible. Suddenly, he was there. Folded hands, frozen smile, wearing a milky-white robe. Intimidated by an overwhelming sense of powerlessness and insignificance, I fell at his feet.

How desperate I was to believe that here was the man who would protect me and make me believe that life is the fairy tale I wished it to be. That if I was good and followed all that he said, I would once again believe that I have a significant place in this fair universe. "Don't be frightened. Give your hand in my hand and leave the rest to me... will you become my sanyasi—you will have to wear orange and this *mala* in your neck." His stare sent shivers through my entire being. "Yes," I stammered. "Your name will now be Swami Mahesh Bharti—you are twice born now. Today is your real birthday. Wearing orange and this *mala* is a symbol of the commitment you make to me on this journey. You are now my responsibility...."

With that I became a part of the fast growing commune of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. When I walked out of the gates of the ashram, I was free of that feeling of dread and anxiety. The illusion that you now have someone to look after you, someone who would take all your decisions is very comforting when your core is threatened by life's exposure.

"Are there any boots to walk on the thorns?" someone asked UG once. "There are no thorns," he replied. Unsatisfied, the questioner pursued, "The thorns are very much there for me." With quiet patience he was answered: "Stop looking for roses, and there will be no thorns." But Rajneesh was offering boots to walk on the thorns. It took me two-and-a-half years to realise that the rose garden he promised was, in fact, a land of thorns.

Memories gush through my head. Pretending can make life richer and more colourful or at least more tolerable. The Rajneesh ashram was indeed a paradise. Those ecstatic mornings after the discourse, the euphoria after the meditation and that sacred feeling in the Bhagwan's presence filled me with unusual vigour. Existence blushed for some time. And then one day—call it providence, destiny or a mishap, I met this enigma called UG. "Meditation is warfare. There is no such thing as God. It is the mind that has created God out of fear. There is no ultimate reality, no God—nothing. Fear itself is the problem, not God."

I had by accident touched a live wire. His words blazed through my guts. They jolted me out of the spiritual coma I had sunk into. I was back on the roller coaster of life, afraid of living once again.

"I feel lost, alone. I am frightened and full of doubt once again, help me," I said that evening when we met again. He stared at me and then—gently—placed his hand on my head, and said, "Jesus too was seized by such doubt when he was being crucified. 'Oh God, why hast thou forsaken me,' he screamed, doubting that God was not with him. But as soon as he had uttered these words he saw for himself that God was very much by his side. I am very much with you. Every breath you take. Every move you make. I'll be watching you." That evening he gave me a gift. His white robe. "Wear this, Mahesh. Everything will be fine. You are doing well. His words comforted me. He told us things we wanted to hear. Unfortunately, this feeling of well-being was not lasting. One had to go back again and again to the ashram front office begging for one more *darshan*. I was like a drug addict desperately hunting for his next fix. Rajneesh became my crutch.

It was a paradox. My quest for freedom was transformed into a trap, a prison from which I blurted concepts of liberty and independence. But somewhere within me a wound festered. The garbage sack of words became a burden. A

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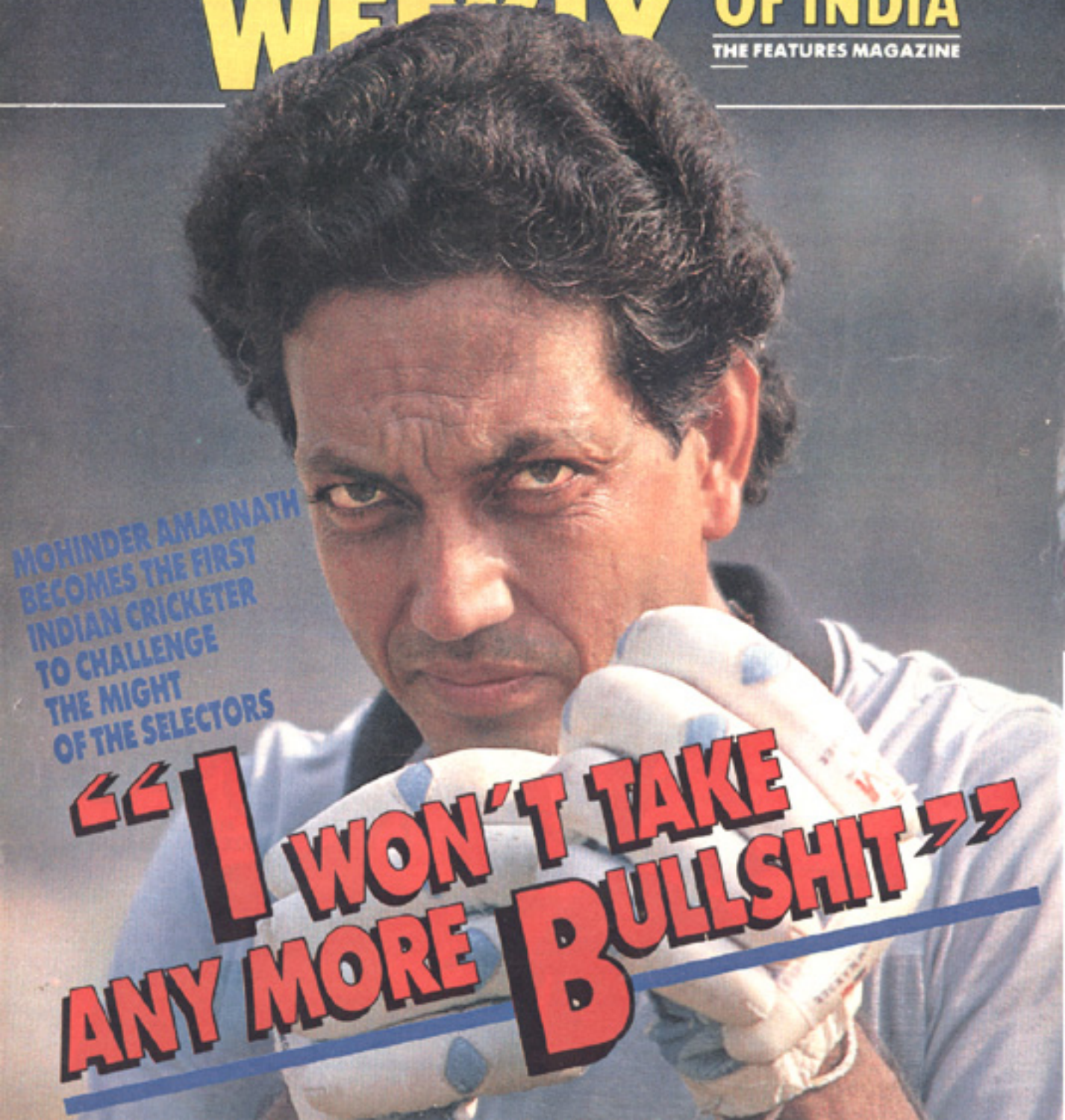


MOHINDER AMARNATH BECOMES THE FIRST INDIAN CRICKETER TO CHALLENGE THE MIGHT OF THE SELECTORS

"I WON'T TAKE ANY MORE BULLSHIT"

like a postscript on the role JK played in the life of UG.

Over the years of my association with UG, I have come across people with diverse opinions about UG's onslaught on the teachings of JK. The modern ones who are caught up in the psychological jargon feel that UG is obsessed with JK.

The religious types who view the relationship between these two through the porthole of tradition say that UG's assault on the teachings of JK is in keeping with the great tradition of India where the disciple annihilates the teachings of his guru.

The fury of UG, when on the subject of JK, is unnerving. Despite my close association with UG, I find myself still resisting all that he has to say about JK. To be honest, his writings were and still are the finest works I have read. UG or no UG, JK is one of the finest men of our times.

"If that is the way you feel, it is just fine with me. For you his teachings may be full of truth and beauty. But his teachings failed to touch my 'soul'. The novel ideas and the mind that conceived them never interested me. Although I have never been impressed by the Victorian manners and morals, what attracted me to him at that time was his gracious attitude towards everyone. He was devoid of hypocrisy and pretence. I still consider him a beautiful human being."

You call him a beautiful human being and yet you brush aside with derision his achievements, attainments, personality and his teachings. Don't you think that the two statements are incompatible?

"No siree, it is something like telling you point-blank: I like you Mahesh, but I just can't stand your films."

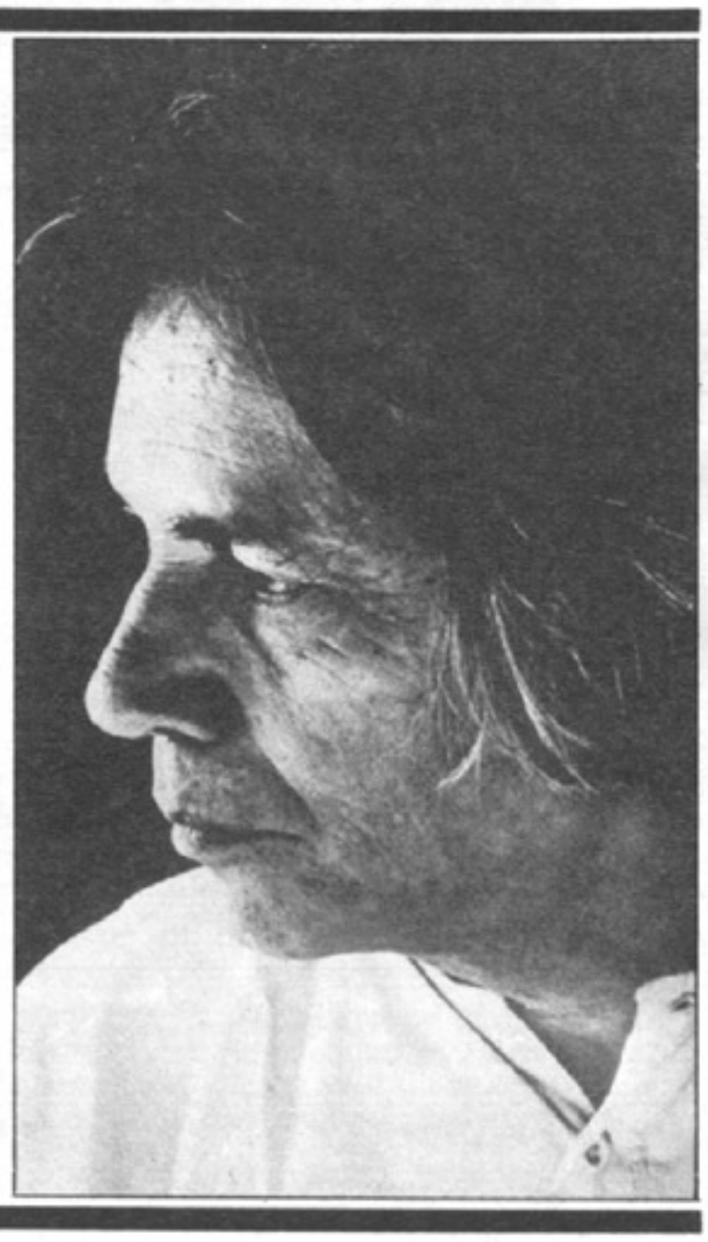
What do you make of that man's contribution to mankind? What do you make of him as a man and his message? Can you deny the popularity of JK? What accounts for it?

"Because of the seductive pull of his teaching, he may seem more attractive and convincing than others in the market. It is not for me to say what his rightful place is in the world of religious thought. If the historians of human thought want to place him alongside of Buddha, Jesus and Mohammed, it is their affair. But you can be sure that in the world of today, the chances of such people blossoming forth are slim or none. The thirty-five leaders that are ruling the world today are the ones that will shape the minds of human beings. Unfortunately the leaders of religious movements that we have in our midst today either have become pawns in the game of power politics or have remained and will remain as ineffective movements in shaping and moulding the destiny of man."

Hasn't he played any part in the evolution of your thinking?

"He no doubt played an important role in the evolution of my thinking."

Those who are evaluating the contribution of the two Krishnamurtis to mankind, maintain that U G Krishnamurti begins where J Krishnamurti ends. Does it mean that one era has faded-out and the new one is fading-in?



Why do you conceal the fact that you were in close contact with him for several years?

"I didn't live with him for several years as is believed by some. At that time, there was nothing to associate or affiliate oneself closely with him. Now of course that man has a far-flung empire with foundations, schools and real estate running into millions of dollars—paradox indeed for a man who denounced organisations of every hue and colour.

"I listened to him every time he came to Madras which he did every year from 1947 to 1953."

Why did you listen to him for seven years?

"It was noised about that he would be the messiah of the Theosophists. He accepted that role. It is an old tale most probably out of tune now. He no doubt dissolved the organisation built around him; nevertheless the gnawing question whether he was what he claimed to be remained with me. For all I know, a sort of delusional separation from the messiahhood mission may have occurred in him. But did he actually free himself from the mission set for him? His delusional concepts projected as truth and the illusion of experiencing something that is not there falsified his teaching. That filled me with an eerie feeling that something was wrong with him. I found him to be more neurotic than those who went to listen to him. You can psychoanalyse him everlastingly. What is the point?

"When once you have placed your confidence in the teacher and believe him to be in possession of it.... my whole interest in him hung on that single thread. When once I perceived the limitations and illusions of his teachings, I said to myself: this is the end of the road. He is just a hesitant guru who will unfortunately leave behind a 'no-guru-is-necessary cult'. That is all there is to it."

On December 13, 1953, in the city of Madras, a question was put to JK during one of his talks:

> Sir, what kick exactly do you get out of these talks and discussions? Obviously you would not go on for more than 20 years, if you do not enjoy them. Or, is it only force of habit?
>
> Krishnamurti: This is a natural question to put, is it not? Because, the questioner only knows or is aware that generally a speaker gets a kick out of it, some kind of personal benefit. Or is it merely old age? Or, whether one is young or old, is it the habit? That is all he is accustomed to: so he puts the question.
> What is the truth of this? Am I speaking out of habit? What do you mean by habit, force of habit? Because I have talked for 20 years, am I going to talk for 20 more years till I die? Is the understanding of anything habitual? The use of the words is habitual: but the contents of the words vary according to the perception of truth from moment to moment. If a speaker gets a kick out of it, then he is exploiting you. That is what most of us are used to. The speaker is then using you as a means of fulfilment, and surely it would destroy that which is real. As we are concerned to find the truth and what is from moment to moment, in it there can be no continuity: all habit, all certainty, all desire for fulfilment, all personal aggrandisement must have come to an end, must it not? Otherwise, it is another way of exploiting, another way of deluding people: and with that surely we are not concerned.

Nobody knew who the questioner was. It was none other than UG. This resulted in a meeting of these two unique personalities which led to daily encounters for 30 days and later again for 10 days in 1954.

Here are a few excerpts of a letter of June 24, 1967 from Switzerland which was written by UG to Professor T M P Mahadevan, head of the philosophy department, University of Madras, asking him to extend an invitation to Jiddu Krishnamurti to speak to the students:

> I do not belong to any organisation and am no devotee of any religion or any particular religious teacher. I do not have any connection with Krishnamurti Writing Incorporation or any gathering committees that arrange his talks here in Europe, or there in India, or elsewhere. It is not that I am interested in spreading his word but that I have often felt, and still feel, that he should be asked, if he has time, to address young people in the universities too.
> He has talked for 40 years. Krishnamurti is unchanged, except he looks a little older. Isn't it extraordinary that the augury of what had once been deemed only a fancy of Theosophist-occultists, although by its own definition that legend is now false, has turned out to be an outstanding prophecy. The spontaneity and freshness that radiate from every word comes like a cool mountain breeze to those who are sick to death of smelly little orthodoxies and pat philosophical and political theories.

Was this letter an expression of a genuine feeling towards JK or was it a laboured panegyric?

"It was a formally written letter at the request of the secretary and the yoga teacher of JK. Take it or leave it."

Like it or not, UG is here to stay as a unique personality of our times.

In the end, they say, there is a new beginning. Those who are estimating and evaluating the contribution of the two Krishnamurtis to mankind, maintain that U G Krishnamurti begins where Jiddu Krishnamurti ends. Does it mean that one era has faded-out and the new one is fading-in? Or, are we just going to have a new old man on the scene—if that be the case, it is just too bad... W

THE TWO SEERS

PHILOSOPHY/MAHESH BHATT

Though they shared a common patronymic, Jiddu Krishnamurti and his contemporary, UG Krishnamurti adopted a different rationale to the conundrum of existence. While the former advocated a passive, more cerebral approach, the latter prescribed an activist attitude.

Mahesh Bhatt, the wellknown film director, studies the contrasting styles of the seers and asks whether U G Krishnamurti will fill the void left by the demise of Jiddu Krishnamurti a few weeks back.

"Hi UG! This is Mahesh."

"Hello Mahesh."

"Did you receive the article *Balmy Swamy*, an interview with J Krishnamurti, I mailed to you from Dubai?"

"Yes, I did. It is interesting. At least he is finally honest enough to admit that he too has become part of the entertainment industry, like a footballer. I don't think he really has taken off his mask. You know the cancer has spread from the liver to the pancreas and the old man is dying. It is a matter of days, if not hours. Sorry, the death watch has begun."

"But the Foundation has denied it."

"Maybe they want to build a myth around his death. You know the tradition asserts that religious teachers do not die in an ordinary way as we mortals do."

"Are you ready for a surprise? We have suddenly decided to cut short our stay in California and return to India. What is today? Let me see. Today is February 15. We shall be arriving in Bombay on February 20 by Air-India, non-stop flight from London, which arrives there before midnight."

"Fabulous, I'll be at the airport."

Two days later Jiddu Krishnamurti died of pancreatic cancer.

I was stunned. Why? Why, I wonder, should these religious teachers like Sri Ramakrishna Parmahamsa, Ramana Maharshi and now J Krishnamurti die of this dreadful cancer.

I recall what UG said when his son Vasant was dying: Cancer is no respecter of individuals—saints or sinners.

My arrangement to speed up the exit of UG through the VIP lounge was ignored by him. He came through immigration and customs as he has always done like anybody else.

During the car ride to Vijay Anand's Pali Hill flat, I asked UG: "UG, be serious and tell me how you really felt when you heard of the death of the old man?"

UG remained silent. When I persisted, he talked about the weather which I considered irrelevant. His response was un-UG like. He has always regarded the subject of JK with extreme distaste and hostility. His silence intrigued me.

Memories, memories—blurred images of JK smiling—shaking my hand gently trying to drive his point home—flooded me as I lay in my bed tossing and turning, trying to sleep. Though I did not know him intimately, I was for some strange reason sad. As sleep came reluctantly, the unanswered question about JK I had put to UG still loomed large there in the darkness of the room.

Next day, six in the morning, I barged into his flat. UG came out of his room fresh as a daisy. I found no traces of jetlag in him. I shot the same unanswered question at him right away. I was determined not to let him get away with his 'better left unsaid' attitude towards the event that has shaken one and all. The apparent indifference, the seeming apathy and that studied silence on his part pushed me further into an abysmal despair.

"Say something."

"What do you want me to say? Do you want me to send my sympathy to those Krishnamurti freaks? Or do you want me to join the chorus of praises heaped upon him by those ardently devoted Krishnamurti enthusiasts. I am not beholden to Krishnamurti in any way. There is not much for me to say that has not already been said by me before. Why whip a dead horse? To strike a discordant note at a time like this, when glowing tributes are being paid to him and when he is being hailed as the foremost teacher of our times would be an apotheosis of vulgarity."

I wasn't impressed. His words sounded too lame and too evasive. And then one day, I walked into UG's place with a book entitled *The Ending of Time—J Krishnamurti's Conversations with Dr Bohm*, in my hand. That turned out to be like walking into a field of mines. Here I am trying to capture and replay the din and the reverberations and explosions I was subjected to that day.

The following are excerpts from a conversation in the book:

Dr Bohm: I think Narayan is saying that it is impossible for any material system to last forever.

Krishnamurti: I am not talking about lasting forever—though I am not sure if it can't last forever! No this is very serious, I am not pulling anybody's leg.

Dr Bohm: If all the cells were to regenerate in the body and in the brain, then the whole thing could go on indefinitely.

Krishnamurti: Look, we are now destroying the body, through drink, smoking, over-indulgence in sex and all kinds of things. We are living most unhealthily, right? If the body were in excellent health, maintained right through which means no heightened emotions, no strain, no sense of deterioration, the heart functioning normally. Then why not?

Dr Bohm: Well...

Krishnamurti: Which means what? No travelling, and all the rest of it...

Dr Bohm: No excitement.

Krishnamurti: If the body remains in one quiet place I am sure it can last a great many more years than it does now...

"That joke is just priceless.

"Isn't he getting too ridiculous, carrying things to the ultimate limits of absurdity in his insistence that the body can live for ever? To make such a statement in this day and age, one needs must be in the valley of green and vigorous senility! Those who are not certain of the soul and its immortal nature are the ones who swallow drivel of the immortality of the body. To have reverent affection for the man is one thing and to slur over such statements and feign agreement is another. How can you swallow that? You don't even seem to have the basic intelligence. If you accept it, you must be a low grade moron. Certainly it is the gerontologists, those dealing with the aged and the process of aging, who are the ones to make that possible in not too distant a future."

Flashback... Drawing upon several conversations with UG recorded over years on the subject of JK, I have pieced together in this article what is germane, relevant or pertinent to it. What follows is something

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"IT'S A CRUDE, SAVAGE AND VICIOUS ATTACK ON ME"

KHUSHWANT SINGH DEFENDS HIMSELF AGAINST THE FIERCE EDITORIAL ONSLAUGHT BY THE HINDUSTAN TIMES, THE NEWSPAPER HE ONCE EDITED

last freedom and all the freedoms that come in between—are the ones that are pushing man into a manic depressive state. Thank 'God', they are not clinical cases yet. Somewhere along the line of evolution of man, he experienced self-consciousness for the first time in contra-distinction to the way the consciousness is functioning in other species. It was there, in that division of consciousness, that God, along with the nuclear doctrine that is threatening the extinction of all that nature has created with such tremendous care, was born.

"No power on this earth, no God, no avatar, no Krishnamurti can halt this. Man is doomed. He has no freedom of action. What all we can do is to wait for the end of the world—talking of steps to stop a nuclear holocaust. This may sound like a Jeremiah or an apocalyptic warning of a prophet of doom."

"Are you not taking away from us the hope?" questioned an upset leader of a religious movement. UG said: "Am I? — I am no jaunty optimist. You can all live in hope and die in hope." The religious buff walked out livid with anger. UG did not even bat an eyelid.

I was watching a man who had a supercilious look on his face. He was waiting for a chance to have a go at UG. Here, he thought, was his much awaited opportunity. "I don't think you are saying anything different from J Krishnamurti. or any other guru." UG answered: "Gurus play a social role—so do the call girls—while Krishnamurti puts you on a merry-go-round, price or no price. Unfortunately, in society what the gurus are offering is not only socially acceptable but also considered the be-all and end-all of our existence. The others are not. You choose what suits you best.

"Krishnamurti is not even in my consciousness. When the whole Krishnamurtian lingo is thrown at me, I find it necessary to point out the absurdity of all those empty words and empty phrases. What is of importance to me is to point out that there is nothing to be transformed in them. The whole talk of transformation, radical or otherwise, is pigposh. He says there is. I say there is not. Where does that leave you. You are in the most awkward situation of accepting one or the other as an act of faith. Sorry. Why he does what he does is his own affair. For what I know, he has raised self-deception into a fine art and trapped you all."

Suddenly a parapsychologist butted in: "Do you have any comment to make on clairvoyance, clair—audience, extra sensory perception and psychic phenomenon?" UG nodded and explained, "Man is one of the species on this planet to inherit these things in common with all the other species. Man in his anxiety to maintain his non-existing and illusory identity, has been using

Mahesh Bhatt (right) with U G Krishnamurti

Yet why are you cynical about him. Do you question the honesty and integrity of the man?" he hit out. An emphatic 'No' was UG's answer. The man did not give up. "I have heard it said that you single him out for attack every time you get an opportunity, Rajneesh has given four lectures against you. You have not said a word against him thought to translate the sensory perception. Now the yogis are promising them back to us and making a business out of it. It is indeed a lasting shame that all of you are falling for it. Let me give you an example of how effectively it operates in animals. In Switzerland, where we live, up in the Alps, hunting of deers is permitted from the 16th of September every year. Would you believe it! On the 15th of September hordes and hordes of deers come down from all over into the safety of the animal sanctuary, next door to us. What explanation do you have for this phenomenon!"

At this point, a politician waylaid him as it were and asked: "If humanity is to be saved from the chaos of its own making, what role can India play in restoring peace to mankind? Can the heritage of India be of any value of mankind?" UG's answer was, "India has neither the spiritual power nor the material strength to be of any help to mankind. Sorry."

The sageness of this man called UG is not acquired by years of learning and experience. What spills out of him does not seem to have a laboured feel. What could be the source of it? For those who cannot make sense out of what he says, to them it may sound like the rantings of a raving maniac. Whatever it is when he left, the room had a feel as if hit by a raging storm. Then recently, a famous film star made a pass at my woman. This literally drove me mad. Every cell in my body vibrated with jealousy. I felt like strangling that man and my woman. I fought hard with the upsurge of my wild emotions and realised that it was a losing battle. So, I ran upto UG and asked him, "Is it possible for me to be free from jealousy and at the same time have sex, pleasure, companionship, exchange ideas and opinions with my girlfriend." UG said: "Your wanting to kill that man and your woman is something natural. That is a healthy reaction. If you felt otherwise for any reason, religious or otherwise, then something is wrong with you. You are a sick man."

"What culture has done to you, is, unfortunately, to turn you into a hypocrite. When someone makes a pass at your woman, or when you suspect unfaithfulness, you are bound to be tortured by jealousy, by hate, by anger and the agony that is going on in you. If some ugly saint in the market place says that it is possible and that there is a way out and that you can be free from jealousy and yet have sex and the rest of it, he is taking you for a ride. I am sorry. I can't swallow that pill. Sex and jealousy are the opposite sides of the same coin. If jealousy goes, sex goes too. If you can make it possible without going mad, good luck to you."

Every time I go to him, my mental processes are put to rout. I go to UG for help and what I get is despair. The hopelessness of my situation was like the story of a man who is lost in a pitch dark jungle. He is in great pain because of a thorn stuck in his foot. He gropes around and finds another thorn to remove the thorn which is causing him agony. Instead of freeing himself of the first thorn, what he finds to his dismay is that now he is stuck with two thorns instead of one. So, here I am now stuck with two thorns—jealousy and despair. It is a dead end. I see no way out. Perhaps the only way out of this feeling of utter hopelessness and desperation is to resort to an action of recklessness.

It was two in the morning when this drunken man walked to UG's house and rang his bell. He opened the door. And I said: "I want to kill you. Why the hell did I ever have to meet a man like you. No matter what topic I begin with, it ultimately ends up in despair." UG said: "Why don't you sleep, Mahesh. There is the sofa and there is the blanket. If you want to kill me you will do well to wait till tomorrow when people will be around and make a ritual of the whole thing." Minutes later, I bid him Good Night kissing his hand "UG, I love you."

FIRST PERSON/MAHESH BHATT

THE RAGING SAGE

When film maker Mahesh Bhatt grew disillusioned with the world of Bhagwan Rajneesh, he looked elsewhere for spiritual guidance. U G Krishnamurti, the jet-setting guru, was the man Bhatt and his then girl friend actress Parveen Babi chose to help them in their search for Nirvana.

Though he lacks the fame and cachet of his illustrious namesake, J Krishnamurti, whose acolyte he once was before he rejected him and chose to walk alone, U G has found himself a faithful following. Mahesh Bhatt recalls his tempestuous association with the raging guru.

On October 26, 1979, U G Krishnamurti, UG as he is known, put me in a cab and said: "When you look back, you will see for yourself that this was the happiest day of your life. Go, Mahesh, and carve out a future for yourself. You cannot help this girl. This is finished." That ended my two-and-a-half-year-old relationship of dependence and mutual exploitation with Parveen Babi. She was with UG in Bangalore recovering from the first major mental breakdown. I don't want to dwell long on this subject. I must confess that not even in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that this would change the entire course of my life.

UG left me stripped, shattered and alone. My facades collapsed. I realised that at that given point of my life, I was a total failure. My only identity in the scheme of things was that of a flop director, talked about only as Parveen Babi's boyfriend. Yes, at that time, the encounter with this blunt fact gave me an extraordinary drive to become somebody. "Don't make a virtue of failure. I will never forgive you, if you are not a success," added UG rubbing salt into my wounds. Six years later, as I sit here writing this, I realise that by amputating me from the sordid, dependent relationship and not even offering a helping hand as a crutch, UG gave me the courage to walk. Today, I look back and call that, the happiest day of my life.

"What are you, UG?" asked the eighty-four-year-old Swiss lady, over lunch, the other day. She has been with UG for over 20 years and most of us at the table stared blankly at her. That startling question is, in fact, the question of all those who have come in contact with UG.

A friend of mine who is referred to as 'one of those intellectuals' was instrumental in introducing UG to me. And he himself has been in a dilemma for years in figuring out 'who and what UG is?' His efforts are frustrated at every turn. So he decided to put this question to I-Ching, the ancient mystical classic of China. He got this surprising answer in the book. 'He is not a guru, not a priest, not a teacher, not a servant. He has no interest in enlightening you and, in fact, does not intend to do anything. He burns brightly with passion and without purpose. He is as lost without you as you are without him. His light dies if you do not reflect it. Your life is dark without his light.' And I might add, that passion certainly is not that of an evangelist.

Here for the first time, in the history of mankind, is a man who talks of enlightenment as a neuro-biological state of being. He says that it is utterly free of religious, psychological or mystical implications. This represents a whole new concept, a new and genuinely fresh approach to that thing called enlightenment. He also scoffs at serious and sacred things, at religion, and particularly at the whole idea of enlightenment. For the religious buffs, his shocking statements are largely unacceptable and may even sound like that of a man, wise in his own conceit.

And yet, what he says has a tremendous significance to those who are searching for enlightenment. UG does not give lectures or write books. Furthermore, he emphatically says, "If you are searching for the one who will enlighten you, you have come to the wrong man." Despite this, I wonder why hundreds and hundreds of people—they are neither asked to come nor to go—have passed through the portals of his residences in California, Switzerland, India and elsewhere. Why, I ask myself often, do I go and hang around this man? To the outsider, as well as to my near and dear ones, my being constantly with him during his entire stay in Bombay, neglecting even my work, looks as if I am totally dependent on him—like a dog on a leash. Yet, whatever I am today, is entirely due to him. I never hesitate to record my debt to him. As far as I know, he is the one and only one who doesn't abuse or take advantage in any way of those who come under his influence.

On his 49th birthday, UG died. And what brought him back to life was a mundane call from the landlady saying that he had to answer. Now, the question that arises is what brought about this death? It would be impossible to go into the details, because then I would have to tell the full story of UG, his life. A quotation from *The Mystique of Enlightenment—The Unrational Ideas of a Man called UG* should suffice.

'What brought me back to life, I don't know, I can't say anything about that, because the experiencer was finished: there was nobody to experience that death at all.... ' He insists that it was completely a physical and not a psychological death. From that point, his life was not under his control or was there any entity controlling it.

He maintains that he is an automaton, a sophisticated computer plus a robot that it is functioning the way it is programmed, so are the rest of us humans whether we like it or not. That may be the reason why he dwells on death much too much for our comfort.

I am vividly reminded of the talk UG and I had when my son was born three years ago. It was before the crack of dawn when my wife had her labour pains. I rushed her to the hospital and delivered her into the hands of my mother. I went to UG. As dawn broke, we chatted on the subject of birth and creativity. "Birth is painful to the mother as well as to the child, but that pain does not leave any scars. Just forget all that hokum of traumatic experience of child birth and the attendant emotional shock having a lasting effect on you for the rest of your life. Freud, that fuddy-duddy founder of psychoanalysis is outdated, and his most complex theories, considered to be theories of all times, have lost their relevance except for those who make a living out of it. The child that is going to be born, will be an expression of distinctive individuality. I know what I am talking about. We can ignore the know-it-alls on the subject of child birth. Never was a child like that before and never will there be a child like that in the future. Nature is the only thing that is creative. It doesn't use anything as a model." Do you mean to say there is nothing to the creativity of the artists, poets, musicians, sculptors, etc, I asked. UG said: "The creativity that you are talking about is not only a cheap imitation of a model that is already there in nature, but also sordid in its expression. They assume importance because they have the recognition and commendation of your spiritual artistic and intellectual values. That drive for self-expression is born out of neurosis. This applies to the spiritual teachers of mankind too . There is no such thing as a direct sense experience. All forms of art are nothing but an expression of sensuality." This jolted me out of my wits. It knocked off the whole image I have of myself as a creative film maker.

It is no wonder that it gives great comfort to those who are awed by their own intellects and abstract reasonings and purposeful thoughts etc to call this man a fraud. It was at the Mysore University campus, at the house of the head of the philosophy department, that UG made this astounding statement when the professor introduced him as a godman.

"To remove any possible doubt from your mind, let me assure you, I am not a godman. I would rather be called a fraud than a godman." The gathering consisted of some heads of departments, research students, leaders of some religious orders, poets, writers and the various etceteras. UG was in his elements. He was like a raging bull. His fury was stunning. It was strangely attractive. What happened there is still fresh in my mind.

"The quest of God has become such an obsessive factor in the lives of human beings because of the impossibility of achieving pleasure without pain", he said. "That messy thing called the mind has created many destructive things. By far the most destructive of them all is God. God has become the ultimate pleasure. The variations of that—self realisation, *moksha*, liberation, the fashionable transformation gimmicks, first and

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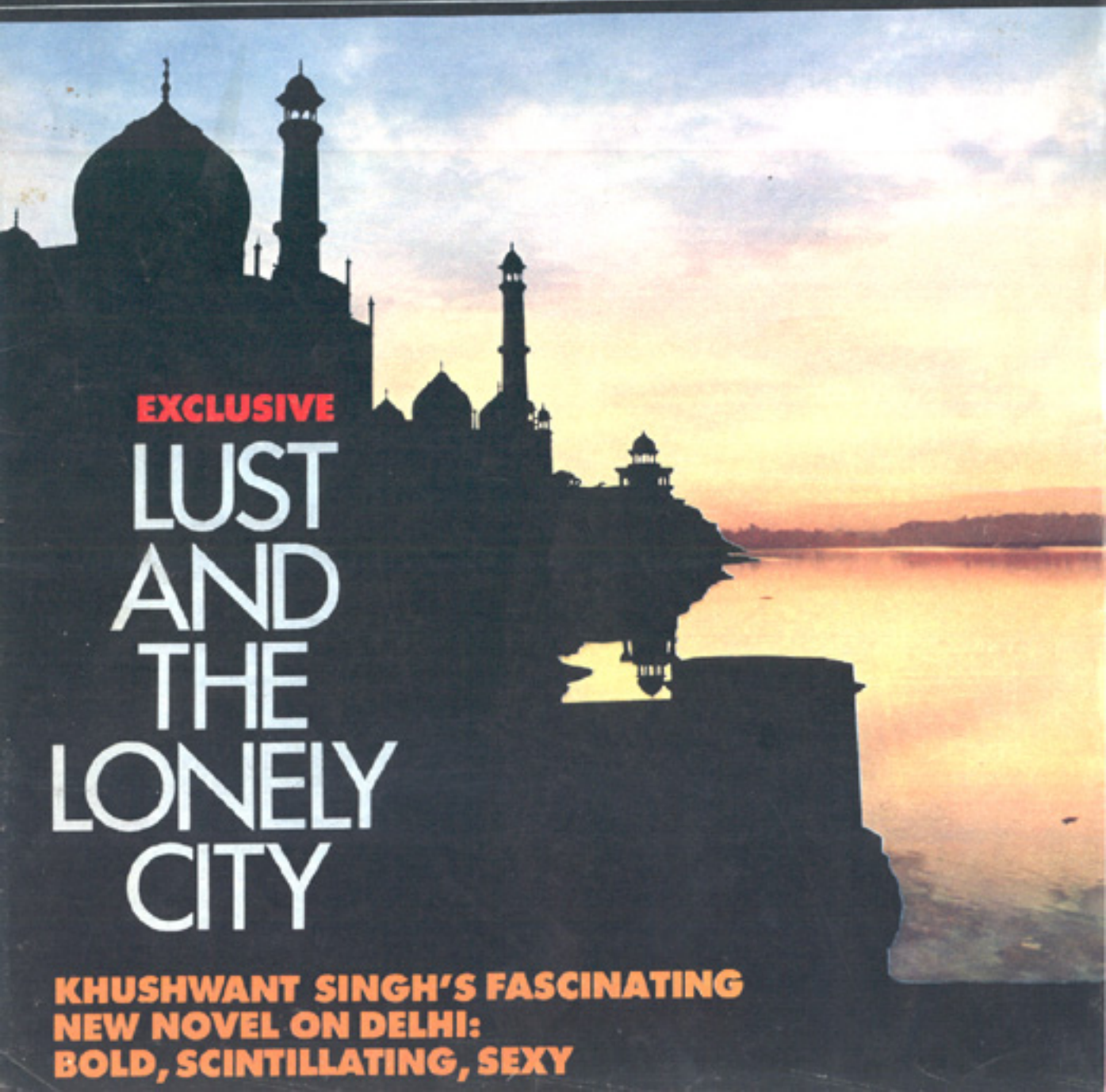


EXCLUSIVE

LUST AND THE LONELY CITY

KHUSHWANT SINGH'S FASCINATING NEW NOVEL ON DELHI: BOLD, SCINTILLATING, SEXY

ask for his help again. I just wanted to speak with him.

Next morning I left the friend's house to return to my mother. I was concerned about her. She is old. How will she be able to take what is happening to me? Better than I had thought. Everybody around me seemed OK—almost resigned to my inevitable ill fate. They couldn't help me, they all seemed so helpless themselves.

I called Gstaad. UG's familiar voice came on the line. The words that came out of my mouth were "UG, be with me in spirit."

He laughed. "When are you going to America?" he said. When I had called him up a week before from London, I had mentioned to him the possibility of my taking a trip to America.

"I will be in America in September for some shows I want to see you, UG".

"I will see you in America in September," he said.

I put the receiver down and I knew I would see him in America in September—he had said so on the phone, and by now I knew enough to know that anything that came into UG's consciousness will certainly happen, anyhow.

At home I tried to isolate myself from everything and everybody in the hope of feeling better—it didn't help. My condition was worsening. Suddenly I heard my own voice dictate to me from within. "Get out of Bombay. Get out of India." I felt I had to get out and get to UG. He was the only hope, the only redeeming factor. I also know that nobody, friends and family alike, would let me travel or let me move out of their reach in the condition I was in. There was no way I could share with them the faith, the confidence, the bond that I felt with UG. My mother had always viewed UG as an opportunist, an enemy of her daughter in the disguise of a friend, trying to take her beloved daughter away from her.

That night I told my distraught secretary and mother that I wanted to go out of the country for a rest. In the midst of violent protestations, my secretary misplaced my address book, in which were the addresses of every single person I knew outside the country. My mother pleaded with me not to leave home.

I left. I had to. It was my entire life in question, in consideration.

On July 30, 1983, I boarded the flight out of India with only my passport and the clothes I was wearing. As I sat in the plane bound for London, I looked back and was myself astonished by my own inner strength. I was suffering from fear—and where had all this courage to travel on my own come from? Was it all my own strength and courage? I am not a very courageous person. Another extraordinary thought flashed through my mind. On the phone I had asked UG to be with me in spirit. Could it be? I had no way of knowing.

I called up UG from Dubai Airport and told him I was on my way to Switzerland to see him. He had every right to refuse to even talk to me. I had hardly been a worthy friend to him. He had no obligation to help me in any manner, yet he arranged for me to stay with his friend in London until I made necessary travel arrangements to reach Switzerland. He even came to receive me at Zurich Airport. It was not an emotional or dramatic reunion. It was a very matter-of-fact reception. Once in his presence, my fears started to disappear. Within a few days I started to look and feel better. The change in my physical condition was so apparent that everybody commented on it. A friend said I looked like a corpse when I arrived at Zurich Airport. Everyone agreed that being with UG in Switzerland had done me a world of good. I myself couldn't have agreed more.

This time UG's attitude was not protective or patronising like last time. He told me he would not be able to give me any advice, that I was well enough to make my own decisions, and that he didn't want to get involved with the Indian film industry, directly or indirectly. Last time, when I was in a similar situation, his genuine concern and his efforts to save me from another such nightmare had been questioned, misunderstood, and misconstrued by everyone including myself. A leading newspaper had even reported, falsely of course, that we were already married and honeymooning in Bali. UG was apprehensive that if he got involved the same thing would happen all over again: my producers, my friends, my secretary and even my mother would blame him. Gossip magazines would print gross, baseless untruth, even I might turn against him like last time. Therefore, he told me to go back to my own life and to my own fate.

I stayed on. I could not go back. In my old life I had seen for myself the terrifying certainty of a doomed future. I knew now for certain that if I tried to hold on to my old wreaths, I would be lost. I have to carve out for myself a future different from my past.

For better or for worse, truly there is no business like show business! Either you stay in it and pay the price or you are out of it for good. You can't have it both ways. For me it has come to this: if I stay in it, I loose my head. So I am staying out. Sorry, but I just can't take it anymore.

For the first time in my life I am finished—done with it all; my fame, my success, my identity as an actress and my old life. I have come to UG because I feel he is the only man who can help me bridge over to whatever fate has in store for me. My starry past makes this task all the more difficult. For so many years that was the only life I had known. Now, trying to move on to something else makes me feel like a bird trying to fly with clipped wings. But I am going to try. What a world of misery would have been averted—if only I had listened to UG then.

I am now in America with UG and Valentine. Resting, doing everyday chores like cooking, cleaning, watering plants and shopping for food. I have never felt more secure. I am peaceful and happy.

What would have happened if UG had turned me away when I came to him from India? It would have been total destruction for me. This man—this extraordinary man—has saved me not once, but twice from destruction. What is it that I can do for him in return? Even if I give away everything I have, including my life, to such an individual it would not be enough. I have no means to repay the enormous debt I owe him. He has no need or use for my gratitude in emotional or material form. He is one person who has given me everything within his power, without expecting or actually receiving anything from me in return. What have I really given him. I have merely shown him some common courtesies, no more than anybody would do for a friend; arranging a stay for him in Kashmir, hosting him in Bombay, taking him for a drive, and such. Beyond these normal expressions of friendship I have done nothing. In fact, he housed and fed me for months in Bangalore, and, even after denouncing and turning on him, in Gstaad. Reciprocity played no part in our so called 'relationship'. He gave and I took. I have only received—he helped me when friends, relatives, acquaintances, including my own mother, had either been unwilling or unable to. He has given me strength, support, friendship and affection whenever I have needed it.

I should really consider myself lucky, and my meeting with UG a benediction. He is truly an extraordinary person. I am one person who can say this with certainty because I have witnessed and have been touched and have been affected by that extraordinary energy. I have seen and experienced for myself manifestations of that extraordinary force in him. Even now I see him die physically and come back to life two, maybe three times a day!

Valentine, who has been with UG for 21 years and has seen many people in the world, says, "UG is the nicest, kindest man I have ever known". I agree with her. He goes *through people's lives doing* and giving whatever he can quietly, so quietly that sometimes even those who receive are themselves unaware of having received from him. He says he is like a migratory bird, and travels only to escape extremes of weather and inflation. Not true! I have seen him travel great distances to be with friends or acquaintances who really need him. He travelled for nearly eight months with me when I was ill.

Why do people come to him with their problems, for advice, for help? I think it is because UG is one person who is a part of this world, but not a party to it. He demands no rights and therefore assumes no obligations. He is emotionally attached to nothing and to no one in this world. He is a free individual in the truest sense of the word. If there is anybody who can help anyone in this world, only such an individual can.

His personality is enigmatic. He can be very puzzling. He can be so many different things at different times, from child-like innocence, to extremely sharp wisdom; from gentle kindness to firm ruthlessness, whatever the situation demands. The best way, and, I feel, the only way of dealing with him, is to trust him.

The common adjectives ascribed to him—saint, sage, guru, holy man, enlightened individual—don't really describe him. His own striking claim that he is 'just an ordinary man', leaves one befuddled. What then is he? I wish I knew!

For the first time in my life I am finished—done with it all; my fame, my success, my identity as an actress and my old life. I have come to UG because I feel he is the only man who can help me bridge over to whatever fate has in store for me. My starry past makes this task all the more difficult. For so many years that was the only life I had known. Now, trying to move on to something else makes me feel like a bird trying to fly with clipped wings.

blind faith I had felt for UG? "That, too, was a part of your illness," was UG's reply. One more question I asked was, "Why had it happened to *me?*" UG and the doctors explained to me that the root cause of this particular illness was genetic. Some people were genetically more susceptible to it—I happened to be one of them.

I started to meet my producers, and pressure for me to get back to work started to mount. I began with dubbing a few hours a day. Slowly, as I grew stronger, I prepared to get back to my career and to pick up the various lost threads of my life. Everybody, especially those connected with me professionally, seemed pleased with my decision. The only person who seemed apprehensive about it was UG.

He felt it was not a good idea for me to go back to my old way of life. He felt it was the tension and the pressures of a show business career that were responsible for my breakdown. Now that I knew I was genetically susceptible to this illness, it would be foolish for me to put myself in exactly the same situation once again. He pointed out to me that there was always a possibility of a relapse with this particular illness.

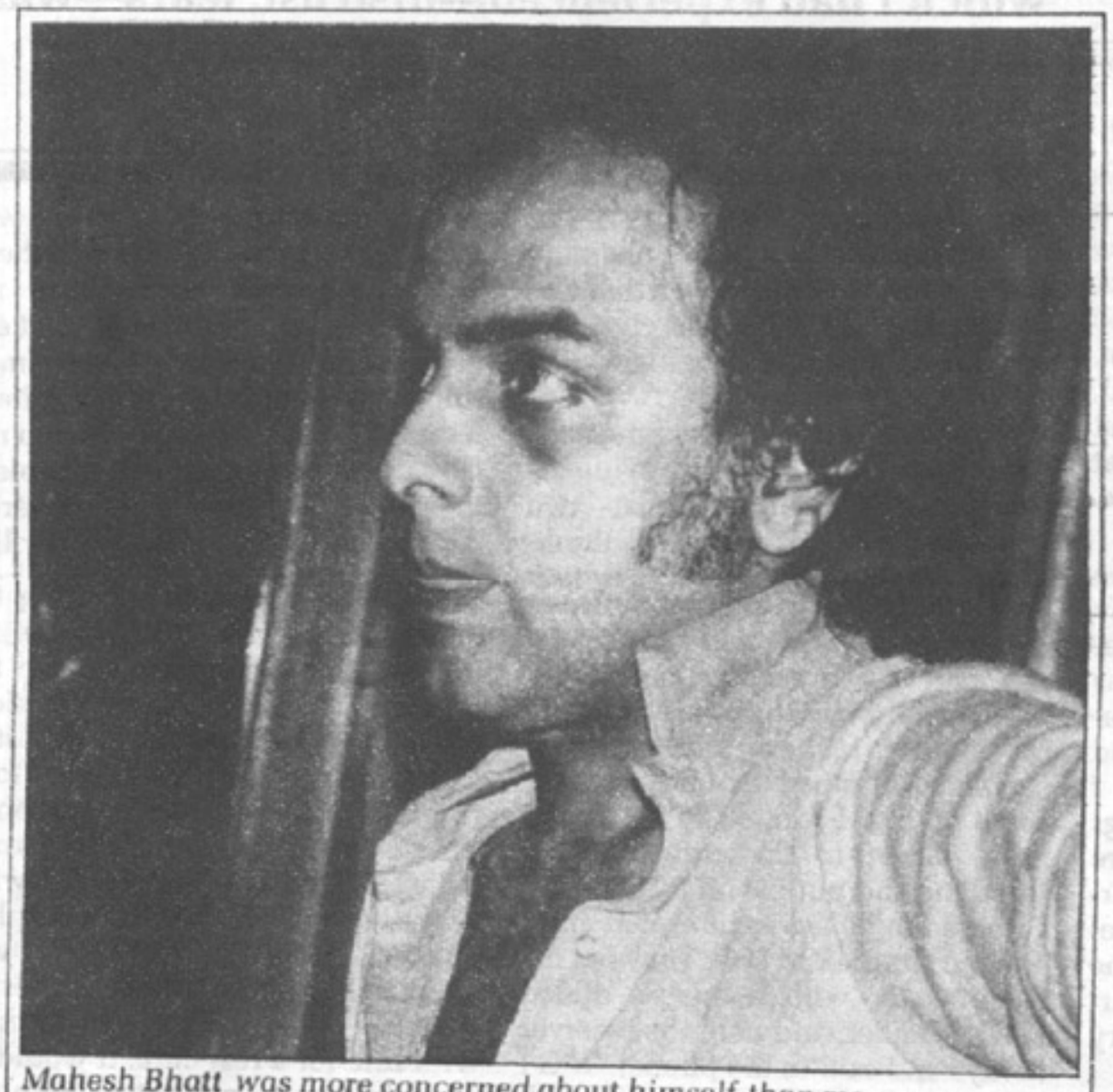
Relapse! I had just survived and come out of one nightmare of an illness. I had barely heaved a sigh of relief. I wanted to forget all about it, thought it was a negative way of looking at my future. I wanted to approach my future in a much more positive manner. At that time, UG's advice made no sense to me at all, but I made a feeble attempt to try and get away from my old way of life. I parted with Mahesh, he being a major part of my old life. As far as my career was concerned, I had commitments to fulfill. I returned to Bombay with UG and began work on my half completed films.

With each passing day UG seemed to grow more concerned about the possibility of a relapse. He started warning. Every time I saw him he talked about nothing else. But the possibility of a relapse could not be ignored. It started disturbing me, his warning started to haunt me and even though disturbing I felt fine—physically as well as mentally—strong enough to face the world and my career—it was my faith in UG, my belief that any thought that enters his consciousness can never be wrong, is what frightened me. I certainly did not want to go mad again. UG's warnings grew so intense that they almost became threats. The possibility of the relapse became, a certainty. According to UG I really became afraid. I didn't know what to do. How do I avoid going mad again? UG suggested, I give up my old way of life entirely.

Giving up my old way of life meant giving up my career, my relationships, everything that I had built so far; my identity. It meant walking out on my entire past. The question that bothered me the most, was what to do after walking out on my past. I could see nothing certain, like a different career, or some other job—or anything for that matter.

Another issue that was really tearing me apart was my responsibility towards my producers and their films. I really did not wish them any harm, financially or otherwise. But if at the same time continuing with my career meant going mad for certain, then what was the right thing for me to do? Should I continue with my career to save my producers or discontinue it to save my life?

I discontinued it, with the intention of completing my films, slowly, with long periods of rest in between.



Mahesh Bhatt was more concerned about himself than me

I left India to travel with UG and Valentine.

We arrived in Bali—this was the first time I was travelling as a nobody. It was also the first time I was completely alone, stripped of my entire past. I felt awkward and uncomfortable, even in my relationship with UG I didn't know what to do with myself. I began to miss the glamour, the glitter, the hectic pace of the old life.

Also, for the first time my faith in UG was waning. I really couldn't see myself having a relapse in the future. So why was UG frightening me all the time with such a possibility. Was he using that threat to control and to manipulate me? Why did he want to help *me* in particular? I thought maybe he was a little in love with me, or I thought Valentine was growing old, and I with my financial assets and my circumstances was the ideal person to replace Valentine. Throughout our travels (with all these doubts in my head) I spent most of the time locked in the room, not participating in anything.

We came back to India to do some more work on my films. I could not work properly. I was all the time afraid I might go mad again. By now the producers were starting to become aggressive. Some even filed lawsuits against me. I had no way of explaining to them what I was going through. In any case, they were not interested in explanations. They were interested in getting their films completed. UG made one more attempt to help. He offered to take me with him to Switzerland and help me establish a new life. He reminded me again that my old life-style would destroy me. I left for Switzerland out of fear

In Switzerland I slept for 14 hours a day because I had nothing to do. I kept on waiting for my new life to start—nothing happened. I grew more and more desperate and lonely. My health felt perfect. Mentally and physically I had never felt better, and so I decided that I was well. I asked UG for my return ticket to India.

He made the last effort to stop me from returning to my old life—he said I would certainly have a relapse and that it would be fatal for me. I did not listen.

On the July 27, 1980 I returned to India, to my home, to my family, to my friends and to my career. I was so happy to be back in my world, where, I felt, I really belonged. I decided to wipe UG and his warnings out of my system and start life anew on a positive footing. Publicly I never denounced UG, but to a few close friends I spoke about how UG had tried to control and manipulate my life.

Getting back to the career was not easy. All the producers were apprehensive. I personally met all of them and made amends. Slowly, a few producers came my way. I started work. The phrase, 'You cannot keep a good worker down' proved right in my case. The producers realised I was sincere and they all began to come round.

Initially, I wore kid gloves and tried to protect myself from tensions. But soon I realised that in a competitive career like mine the only way to avoid pressures and tension was to avoid the career itself. I evaluated my mental and physical condition and felt no cause for alarm. I regularly kept in touch with doctors to keep fit and slowly I discarded the kid gloves. I gave all I had, mentally, physically, emotionally, to my career—I had jumped into the arena; I was fighting and even if I say so, it was indeed a good show.

In July, last year, I went to London for some stage shows. For the first time since I had left Switzerland, I strongly felt like meeting UG I rang him up from London and told him I might come to see him. Later, I got busy with work, and abandoned the plan to see him.

A few days later I returned to India from London with a feeling in the pit of my stomach that all was not well. I kept up a bold, cheery front, which lasted precisely one night, most of which I spent sleeping. Next day the familiar distrust returned and started to encompass all the areas of my life. I couldn't take it. At night I broke down in front of my family and friends. In a desperate attempt to feel better, to feel serene, I tried a change of place—went to a friend's place, only to feel worse. A doctor was called in, medicine prescribed, which was no help at all. As I lay there on the bed, the truth dawned on me—this was the relapse. I was slowly but surely being consumed by it, and there was nothing I or anybody around me, could do about it. This was the situation UG had so desperately and frantically tried to warn me about. One more thing became clear to me: last time it was not the medicines that had helped me, and they would not help me this time. It was not within the power of medical science to restore a human being. It was UG's energy that had restored my health. All that time he had been genuinely concerned about me, about my life, about my future.

Now that I had realised the truth about a lot of things, there was just one thing I wanted to do. I wanted to talk to UG, not to thank him, or to

people was in that situation. I told him I was afraid; he did not ask of whom, or of what. He suggested that I should get out of Bombay, leaving behind everybody and everything that I distrusted. I told him I didn't have courage to travel alone. He said, "Courage will come". Unfortunately, I did not follow his advice. I could not. I was so full of fear that I could not imagine from where "the courage will come"! I discussed with him whether I should accept medical help. Doctors had been brought in, but so far, I had refused to take any medicines. I distrusted both doctors and the medicines. He said it should be entirely my decision.

I returned home and for the next two days continued to be crazed with fear. When I could bear it no more, I decided to take the medicines. I called U G to my place and told him about my decision to start taking medicines. He said it was a 'good decision'; I swallowed a handful of tablets without having any trust or faith in them.

I felt so weak I could hardly get up from my bed—medicines slowed me down, but they did not bring back the trust I had lost. U G would come to visit me whenever I called him. He would ask me not to be afraid, and time and again assured me that nothing would happen to me, that he would personally, protect me. But I was beyond assurances.

People around me were going through a different kind of hell. My mother could not understand what was happening to me. Mahesh was incapable of coping with the situation. He seemed more concerned about himself that about me, and I could sense it. This made things even worse for me—the nightmare continued. The only time I felt fearless and secure was in U G's presence. I believe that U G was one person who will never harm or hurt me, and that he had extraordinary powers which could protect me.

One day I myself experienced something, quite inexplicable and extraordinary. I had just finished a hot cup of tea at U G's place and I began to feel cold and my legs felt weak. It was not the ordinary feeling of cold or weakness. I identified those sensations in my body as loss of life. Yes, I was losing life from my body, starting from my legs. I was dying! As absurd as it sounds, it did happen to me. U G asked me to go home. He put a shawl around my shoulders, shook my hand and said, "Goodbye". Mahesh took me to the car. I couldn't walk. I was reeling as though drunk. I had no control over my legs; Mahesh was literally dragging me to the car. I was in panic—I was dying! I collapsed in the car. I could not believe I was dying! Halfway to my home I felt as though my stomach had turned into a suction pump and was drawing all the air out of me.

We reached home. Mahesh physically carried me to my flat. They put me on my bed—I lay there flat on my back, my respiratory pattern changed. Instead of inhaling and exhaling, my body only exhaled. So far I had felt panic, disbelief and I had been fighting what was happening to me. Whatever was happening to me was so powerful that I could not fight it for long. It was taking me over physically and with great speed. I had no alternative but to surrender to it. I surrendered to this great physical force that was draining out the life from me. I mentally came to terms with the fact that this was the end of me. I was dying—I had no choice in the matter—all I could do was die!

Now my entire body from the neck down felt lifeless. The only evidence of life I felt was in my throat—two veins in my throat were still throbbing. I also felt a throbbing sensation in the middle of my throat between the collar bones. I could not move any part of my body except my head. I could still think, see and talk. My mother, Mahesh, my secretary, servants, all stood around my bed, some crying. I wanted to be on the floor, closer to the ground. They lifted me and put me on the ground. I wanted to be fed some water, and I wanted to speak to U G. They fed me some water with a spoon, dialed U G's number, and held the receiver to my ear. I said in the phone, "U G I am going." U G laughed and said, "Where?" I told him I wanted to see him. He said, "Can you hold on until seven o'clock? I have some people here." I said, "I think I can. I'll see you at seven."

I lay there waiting—I must have waited about half an hour, the doorbell rang, I knew it was U G. I asked someone to get to the door and looked at the watch. It was seven sharp. I heard U G enter the apartment. He walked through the passage, removed his chappals and emerged into the room I was lying in. At that very moment I felt a throbbing between my eyebrows, just above the nose, in my pituitary gland. He smiled, gave me his hand, and said, "Get up". I felt life return to my body. I took his hand and got up.

My life was becoming a vicious circle of pills and fears. I continued to be trapped in it. Finally, one day, I pleaded with U G to get me out of it. I remember his words distinctly; he said, "Parveen, the only way you'll get out of this is if you trust somebody and you have to trust that person so much that even if that person comes with a knife in his hand to kill you—you have to be ready to be killed by him." Was there anybody I could trust so? I searched within myself. The answer was U G, but it was unacceptable to U G. He said he was not the right person, he had his own course of life and that he could not be with me. I needed someone who could be with me. He suggested I trust Mahesh. This suggestion was totally unacceptable to me. I fell to his feet and begged him to help me, to save me. I think it was my state of utter helplessness that moved him to help me. He assumed and accepted the role of mentor from that day onwards. Although I trusted him with my life, he never made any decisions concerning me without consulting the doctors who were treating me. He insisted that I continue to take the prescribed doses of medication, though I was always wanting to stop taking them. The only thing he stood firmly against was the suggestion of 'shock treatment', which he firmly believed I did not need. He felt what I really needed was a complete change of environment. He was going to Bangalore, and he suggested it would be good for me to go there with him for a rest cure. It would be good for me to get out of Bombay. The doctors eventually agreed. U G left earlier. I was to join him there later with Mahesh.

One day I went for a walk with UG and asked him the key question, "What happened to me, UG?" The answer was short and direct: "You went mad, Parveen." For the first time I accepted that I had gone mad and that all that which I had experienced—distrust, fears—was part of my illness. The very acceptance of my madness made me 'not mad'.

I was petrified of the journey. The only reason I was prepared to make this journey was to be with U G in Bangalore. I left the house full of apprehension. But then something extraordinary happened, I became totally devoid of feelings, and since fear and distrust were the only two feelings I had felt for weeks. I became a automation, a physical being propelled in forward momentum by a force within me. My head held itself high and my body became straight and erect—the physical stance of a totally fearless person. I felt some force moving within my stomach, slowly catching hold of it. These past few weeks I had felt and experienced everything in my stomach. Fear used to start as a physical sensation in the pit of my stomach and used to physically churn the inside of my stomach. I felt as though this force was holding me together. I never again felt 'scared to death'.

U G was at the airport to receive me. We stayed in the modest homes of very warm and loyal friends of U G. He was right. Change of environment was the solution to my problem. I felt secure in this environment. The fact that U G was physically present all the time was my main source of comfort. My behaviour changed visibly. I no longer locked doors and windows. I went out for short walks with U G, met people freely and trustingly, started eating proper meals and was able to sleep soundly and peacefully. The difference between my condition in Bombay and my condition in Bangalore was astounding. What was more astounding was the fact that change had come about literally overnight. U G consulted doctors for me in Bangalore. I trusted these new doctors. I continued taking medicines on doctors and U G's insistence. I travelled all over south India with U G and Valentine. Mahesh was also travelling with us, chaperoning me. But I grew further and further away from him.

I rested a lot. Though the fears had disappeared completely, I still had a lot of recovering to do physically. I had grown extremely weak. My voice had deteriorated. Most of all, my nerves and my brain cells had to heal. UG would from time to time transmit some energy through my palm and assure me that I would recover completely. At that time I strongly felt that it was UG's energy and not the medicines that were helping me.

I spent nearly three months away from Bombay in Bangalore with UG. It was really a haven I most needed at that particular time in my life. Over there I was protected from any kind of pressures, social or professional. My recovery was almost complete now. One day I went for a walk with UG and asked him the key question, "What happened to me, UG?" The answer was short and direct: "You went mad, Parveen." For the first time I accepted that I had gone mad and that all that which I had experienced—distrust, fears—was part of my illness. The very acceptance of my madness made me 'not mad'.

With madness gone, the logic and reason returned, and with reason a few questions; was it medicines or was it UG's energies that had cured me? I confronted UG with the question. His answer was, "I don't know—maybe both." He insisted that I continue to take a reduced dose of medicine. Another question that bothered me was if everything I had experienced was part of my illness, what about the trust, the

dropped in to see him with questions and problems, and U G went on singing his song. After having observed him for more than two years, I could sum up his life style with a paradox; he lived a life neither like that of a saint—going through life abstaining from everything, nor that of a sinner—indulging in everything.

Every time I met U G, I liked him a little more. There was something about him that made him very trustworthy. Somewhere deep within myself I felt here was a man I could trust who would not take advantage of me in any manner. I also felt that if U G betrayed my trust then there was nobody worthy of trust in this world. It was a very extreme emotion to feel, but I felt it strongly. In my mind I had put U G on a pedestal, reserved for the perfect human being who could do no wrong—U G confirmed my belief. "It is not the question of whether I will or will not do something wrong. Such an individual (one who is in the natural state) is singularly incapable of doing wrong," he explained. It was not because of any moral, ethical or social reasons—it was just so.

Since I had known U G I had never seen him use, manipulate, or exploit either people or situations for his personal gain. It was this trait that made him so special, so trustworthy, and so different from the rest of the world, myself included.

One afternoon, I was sitting in the garden talking to him about Mahesh when he commented that my relationship with Mahesh will certainly end. No! I did not need a third broken relationship in my life. I had already been through two and that was quite enough. How I wished I could brush aside U G's comments and forget about them, but I couldn't. It disturbed me deeply. I could neither believe it nor could I disbelieve it. Though U G maintained that there was nothing clairvoyant about his comment—it was not a prediction, only an 'educated guess'—at the same time he told me that "no thought that enters my head can ever be wrong." He left it at that, without any further discussion.

I returned to Bombay and to work. My career had never looked better. I was looking, feeling and working better than I ever had. I was already in the running for a number one role. There wasn't a film being made in Bombay without Parveen Babi in it. Everybody was amazed at my successful comeback. A lot of people were turning green with envy and everybody was giving credit to my 'luck'. Let me assure you it was no luck; it was pure sweat, tears and heartbreaking hard work. To the onlookers my position seemed ideal. Any girl would have given anything to be in my shoes, but I was beginning to feel the pinch. The struggle for survival in showbiz, its pressures and its demands, were getting at me.

No business like show business: but I am through with it all

I was too much, and too far, into it to give it up now. I was almost half way and the only thing I could do was to push ahead. I continued to push.

One day I was sitting in my make-up room with full film make-up, when I noticed that my skin had lost its lustre, my foundation had turned dark on my face. I felt deep fear in the pit of my stomach. That was the beginning of my nightmare.

For the next two days I tried desperately to continue working. I kept on reporting for work in that condition, suppressing and controlling my fear, until finally one afternoon in the middle of a shot the fear took over. I became frantic. I ran out of the stage, sat in my car, and reached home. Every muscle in my body was shivering. My eyes were bulging out with fear. I was feeling sick, panic stricken and I lay huddled in my bed. From then on things only got worse.

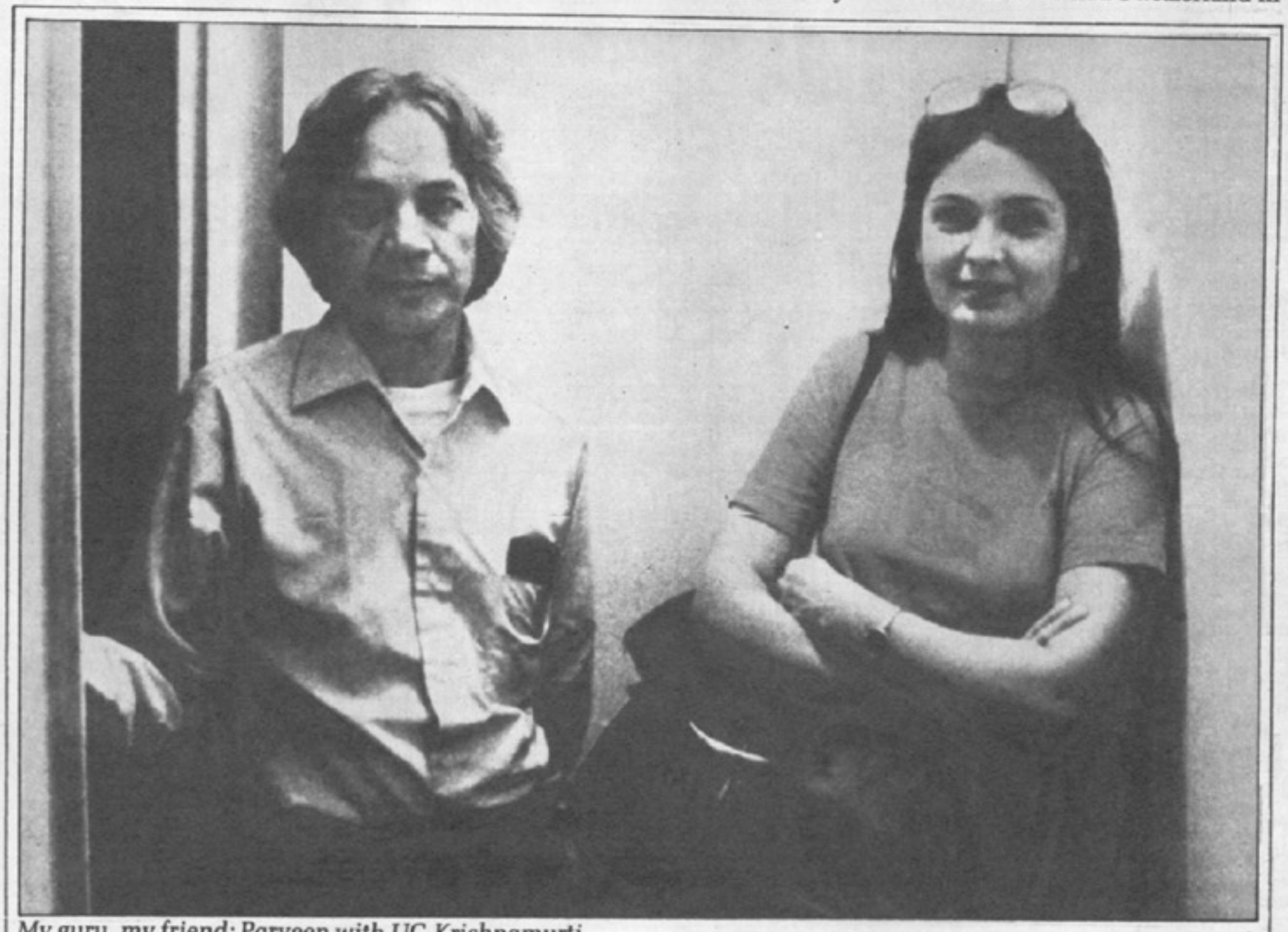
Slowly, one by one, I lost trust in everybody and everything around me. Have you ever wondered what it is like to function in life, distrusting everything and everybody? We trust most of the things and people around us without questioning. We trust the food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe. We trust basic modern amenities like phones, air conditioners, fans, not to mention doctors, medicines, family, friends, most of the world, and most of humanity. It is impossible to function in life without trusting. And that is precisely what happened to me. I lost trust in everything and everybody, including my mother and my boyfriend. There was just one ray of hope in this darkness, just one saving grace. For some reason, in that state, I felt there was just one person I could trust in this whole world. The person was U G Krishnamurti. I called him up in Switzerland and told him I was unwell. He told me he would be in India within a week and that I should hold on. I held on writhing in pain.

U G arrived in Bombay. He stayed at a director friend, Vijay Anand's, place. For the first time since I ran out of the studio, I got out of the house to go meet U G. It was his presence in Bombay that made me feel protected enough to be able to go out of the house.

When I saw U G, he just shook his head and said, "Parveen—you! I can't believe it!" I think he meant he couldn't believe that I of all the

again. At the same time I could not brush him aside completely, with authority, as did U G.

As far as his lifestyle was concerned, the first thing I realised was that, unlike all of us, he was only one person. We all lead two lives simultaneously, private and public. We are almost two different people in private and in public. This duality was missing in his life. Except for closing the toilet door, for the sake of decency, he seemed to haye nothing to hide from anybody, anytime. Unlike other spiritual leaders and holy men, he had no closely guarded inner sanctum. In the Juhu apartment he gave the only bedroom to Valentine and he himself slept out on the balcony. His clothes lacked the glamour of flowing white robes usually associated with spiritual



My guru, my friend: Parveen with UG Krishnamurti

personalities. Rather than trying to look different from the rest of the world, U G's constant effort and obsession seemed to be to function like an ordinary man in this world. He often said, "If there is anything to this 'natural state', it has to function in this world, in day to day life, not away from it in some cave."

While he stayed in the Juhu apartment I observed his routine. He rose early in the morning, went for a walk, had his breakfast, and usually received people who dropped in. All kinds of people came, actors, writers, businessmen, film directors, producers, hippies, religious buffs, westerners, followers of various other gurus. A maximum number were J K followers. U G attracted them like a magnet—he called them J K freaks. There was also a gentlemen who called himself 'Ambassador of God'. He wore shirts embroidered with his title and messages of love and peace. It was truly a democratic congregation. Unlike other gurus I knew of who granted specific private audiences to the rich and famous, I observed that U G truly didn't make any distinction, especially between rich and poor, or celebrities and nobodies. He was available to all at any time of the day or night. His special advice to Valentine was never to turn anybody away from his doorstep, irrespective of time or his own personal circumstance. He always dropped his personal chores and attended to whoever came to see him. He sat there day after day. Ten, maybe 12 hours, talking with people. He spoke relentlessly and with tremendous certanty and authority.

About sex, he said, referring to himself, "Such an individual is incapable of the physical act of sex or reproduction." What about powers? Did he possess any? Well, a friend tried to record his conversation and the tape ran blank. Lots of people got cheap thrills thinking it was a miracle. U G personally attributed it to mechanical failure, and I agreed with him.

U G did not possess any money or property anywhere in the world which he could call his own. Valentine had inherited a moderate sum of money from her father and at one point in her life had entrusted the money, and her life, to the hands of U G. They lived on that money. U G never concealed the fact that Valentine was financially providing for him. He seemed to accept the situation most rationally without any feelings of shame or guilt. On the other hand, one never sensed the superior attitude of the provider in Valentine. In fact, it was she who was more dependent on U G. She was fiercely loyal to him. She was an exceptional woman in her own right. A thoroughly secular woman, she was not in the least interested in spiritual matters. Still, she gave him shelter. In her youth she had been a film producer, a revolutionary, and had crossed the Sahara desert on a motorcycle! She was one of the first women to wear pants and have a contract marriage in the bourgeois societies of Paris and Switzerland in the 30s.

In 1963, when in her 60s, she had met a destitute drifter, U G, in the Indian embassy where she worked. She gave him shelter, and ever since then she has stayed with U G through his 'calamity' and all. Their's is a truly unique relationship. It is not a husband-wife, or a mother-son, or a brother-sister relationship. U G comes closest in naming it—"We are fellow travellers," he says. They both travelled all over the world as friends; he said they travelled to stretch the buck and to escape severe heat or cold.

When it got too hot in Bombay, U G decided to visit Mahableshwar.

I took a few days off and accompanied him with Mahesh and three other European friends of his. We rented a small house there, took turns running the kitchen, went for long walks and talked about everything from divinity to show-biz gossip. It turned out to be one of the loveliest holidays I have ever spent. For those eight days I felt totally carefree and happy. It was very peaceful to be with U G. He always seemed so full of care for everybody. He smiled a lot—it was an open smile and at times it turned mischievous, like a child's and then he he would say, "I have powers". At other times he would look at his foot, point to his toe, and say, "What is it that this foot cannot do!" He always made these statements with such casualness and playfulness that it was left entirely up to you to credit or discredit those statements. Most of the time we just listened, half amused, half in awe, but always without any proof of what that foot can or cannot do!

He constantly suffered from physical pain and discomfort specifically around full-moon time. Big bead-like glands would swell around his neck in a necklace-like formation. Sometimes two horn-like glands swelled up in his head. He would show them to us; by now we were getting quite used to these extraordinary things that were happening to this extraordinary man.

During the course of the day U G would drop a word here, a sentence there, of such truth, value and honesty that it would stick in your mind permanently without any conscious effort. U G seemed to effect us most at the subliminal level.

Finally it was time for U G and Valentine to move on. He had friends all over the world, and wherever he went he was always surrounded by old friends and new acquaintances.

Back in Bombay I still could not perceive any break in my career. It was moving on an upward graph. The future seemed bright, the present, comfortable. Also, my relationship with Mahesh was settling into a comfortable groove. The following year Mahesh and I went to Gstaad, Switzerland, for a holiday with U G. It was strange to see U G in western clothes. He said it was practical and comfortable to wear them in the west, considering the weather conditions and the life-style. He also disliked standing out from among the crowd by the wearing of Indian clothes. They (U G and Valentine) lived in a small, rented chalet. Gstaad is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen, so beautiful in fact that years ago it made U G get off the train and make it his semi-permanent home. U G was very active and efficient in the west. He cooked, shopped in supermarkets for food and clothes, dealt efficiently with banking and finance—like any other average westerner.

His routine life-style continued even there. Friends and strangers

taken me to the famous philosopher, J Krishnamurti and had now brought me to the doorstep of UG Krishnamurti. This was part of my spiritual search.

Kabir and I first heard about UG Krishnamurti from a director friend, Mahesh Bhatt, who referred to him as the 'Second Krishnamurti,' and described him as 'a mind blowing guy.' It was he who took us both to meet UG Krishnamurti that particular afternoon.

The 'mind blowing guy' turned out to be a small, simple, mild mannered man in loose-fitting kurta and pyjamas. He was accompanied by an old European lady with exceptionally bright eyes. She was introduced to us as Valentine De Kervan from Switzerland. Our friend Mahesh told us she 'looked after' UG Krishamurti. There was nothing seemingly extraordinary about this man. He looked and behaved like any other ordinary man on the street. Yet, when Valentine handed us a copy of his biography, the events of this man's life defied all the known, logical, psychological, physical and scientific conventions. It talked about the physical transformation he had gone through in his forty-ninth year, when 'each cell in the body exploded', when he actually died 'a clinical, physical death', and was brought back to life by a phone call from a friend. He called these events 'the calamity.' I interpreted it as the attainment of enlightenment. My interpretation was based on the reading I had done of the similar events described in various books of J Krishnamurti.

I had returned to India and to the film industry. For the first time in my life I had realised that I was on my own, alone, to fend, defend and provide for myself. I had also realised that money, as a means to survival, is one of the most important things in the world, and I was going to earn it.

We asked U G about what happened to him after the calamity, about his present state. Was he functioning differently now? He said that 'the calamity' had wiped out everything—his entire past. Through a complete physical and biological transformation he was freed from time. The change took place not because of what he had or had not done, but in spite of what he had and had not done. After the physical transformation, he fell into what he calls 'the natural state'—a computer-like, animal-like state of being—a constant state of wonder. He had to relearn everything like a two year old child, which he did with the help of Valentine. In the 'natural state' he said the thoughts are there, only there is nothing linking them together and giving them continuity and perpetuity. The more I heard, the more I believed that I was meeting the second enlightened man in my life, the first being J K of course!

Our conversation invariably drifted to J K—we were all J K regulars and admirers and we had heard that U G at one time had associated with the theosophical society and J K, and that later in life he had broken the association and walked out on both.

Now, by the very mention of J K's name, U G flew into a near rage. He blasted J K's teachings. "He sits there and throws empty words and phrases at you," and even went a step further to call him a 'phoney'! U G's extreme views on J K made me uncomfortable and offended the J K loyalist in me. But in spite of it all I liked this man. There was so much else that was nice and warm and pleasant about him that I could not walk out and forget him. In any case I thought both U G and J K were talking about the same things—a complete transformation of one's being—in their own different ways. I was not ready to believe that J K was a 'phoney'. On the other hand, there was a possibility that U G himself was one: a crook, a hoax—how was I to know? I had no apparatus to give either of them an 'enlightenment test'; I had absolutely no way of finding out.

We discussed 'love' in man-woman relationship. I needed desperately to believe in it. I was up to my nose in love with Kabir. I don't remember U G's exact reply to the question of love, but I do remember it was neither comforting nor reassuring. It was quite the contrary—it was the truth I did not want to face.

After spending about two hours with him, Kabir and I took our leave. U G stood on the balcony waving good-bye. As we were getting into the car, U G observed to Mahesh standing beside him that my relationship with Kabir will not survive.

My relationship with Kabir did not survive. Though I gave all I had to keep my relationship with him from breaking. It broke. And so did I—maybe a little, from inside.

At my next meeting with U G I found myself indirectly playing hostess to him and Valentine in Bombay. The friend with whom they used to stay had sold his house and now they had no home in Bombay. I arranged, for them, a small apartment in Juhu, and tried in my own way to make their stay comfortable.

A lot had happened in my life since my first meeting with U G I had left my film career for my love, Kabir, and had gone to live with him in Europe. Kabir in the meanwhile, had fallen in love with his career and things had started to go wrong between us.

I had returned to India and to the film industry. For the first time in my life I had realised that I was on my own, alone, to fend, defend and provide for myself. I had also realised that money, as a means to survival, is one of the most important things in the world, and I was going to earn it. I had started working hard, had become a disciplined professional, had even become ambitious (an emotion I had always denounced and kept away from). The break-up with Kabir had been in many ways a turning point in my life.

In old friend, Mahesh Bhatt, I had found a comforting new love and companionship.

I was at this point in my life with U G. Sitting in the apartment at Juhu, he playfully looked at the palm of my hand and said, "there is going to be another break in your career." God! That's all I needed now! I needed another break in my career like I needed a hole in my head! I was still struggling to recover what I had lost when I had walked out on my career to follow Kabir. I asked him if it was a mystical, clairvoyant prediction. He said it was 'only an educated guess'. Though I could not conceive any such possibility, his educated guess disturbed me. My career was the center of my existence, it was all I had and I didn't want to lose it. I said to myself—it was impossible! I was working hard, working well. I had 20 films on hand, enough work to occupy me for the next five years. Producers were happy with me, audiences liked me—so why should there be a break? I didn't need it—I didn't want it, and I was determined not to have it. I examined every logical, rational possibility—the future of my career looked sound. The only two things I didn't think of were death or crippling ill-health, but then the possibilities of such things don't come into the head of a 25-year-old, perfectly healthy, fairly successful, glamorous movie star. These two things happen only to the others!

This time Mahesh and I spent a lot of time with U G in the Juhu apartment. I was genuinely curious to know more about this man, whom I thought to be enlightened. Was he really? What was his life—public and private? Did he have a sex life? Did he have any powers? What was his relationship with Mme Valentine?

Whenever I had time I found myself in U G's company. I didn't ask many questions, but I listened a lot. Most of what he said was beyond comprehension for me. But what little I did understand and agree with was this:

He hated the term 'enlightenment'. He said there was no such thing as enlightenment as it has been described in the holy Scriptures and by numerous spiritual mystics and kooks. The idea of enlightenment being a state of bliss and beautitude was false. The state he was in was a state of perpetual physical discomfort and pain—not bliss. He seemed bent upon taking the poetic and the lyrical out of enlightenment, which is what attracted so many people to the concept. He equally hated the terms pure, unconditional love and compassion—he said nobody who talked about it knew anything about it either.

His main message or purpose seemed to be to dissuade people from their search for the utopian concept of the state of enlightenment He said nobody was going to find it, because that state of being does not exist. The natural state in which he himself had stumbled could not be attained or achieved through any conscious effort, religious practice or spiritual discipline. Its nature was 'a-casual', and it could happen to anybody—it would happen regardless of anything. His favourite phrase was, 'You can kill the new born baby or your next door neighbour and you would still have as much, even more, of a chance of stumbling into your natural state than, say, a yogi, who has spent all his time praying and practising the spiritual path.'

With the understanding of this, my personal spiritual search ended. I started visiting U G more on a friendly social level, and not with the hope of getting somewhere spiritually. The pretentiousness of compassion dropped away and I became a little more myself.

I often heard him tell people that there is only this world. This is the reality and the only reality. So stop chasing enlightenment and get on with your work, family and daily lives.

I was also beginning to see the basic difference between what U G was saying and what J K was saying. J K indirectly, subtly gave hope of attaining something different, something better, than the existing reality. He talked about 'radical change' through 'awareness'—U G gave no hope whatsoever, and promised nothing better to anybody. After grasping a bit of what U G was saying, I could not go back to listen to J K

For the past six years the famous Indian actress, Parveen Babi, has been struggling with problems, decisions and personal crises, heretofore reported solely by way of speculation and gossip. What follows is her own first-hand account of her life during those trying years, which she calls a fragment of my life.

In writing this heart-felt self-expose, Parveen Babi also puts to rest many of the absurd and ill-informed rumours regarding her close friend, confidant, mentor, and travelling companion, UG Krishnamurti. One clearly senses the forceful, though mysteriously benign influence this enigmatic, infuriating and unconventional man has had upon her and her welcomed recovery.

By now everything that is conceivable must have been written and said about Parveen Babi. Gossip, speculations and maybe even accusations galore. Under these circumstances there is just one person who can clarify everything once and for all. Parveen Babi herself and that is precisely what she is doing.

Yes, I am she, and I am going to once and for all clarify the entire situation as best as I can.

On July 30, 1983, I boarded a flight out of the country, leaving behind my home, my family, my friends, my career, my country, my everything! Why?

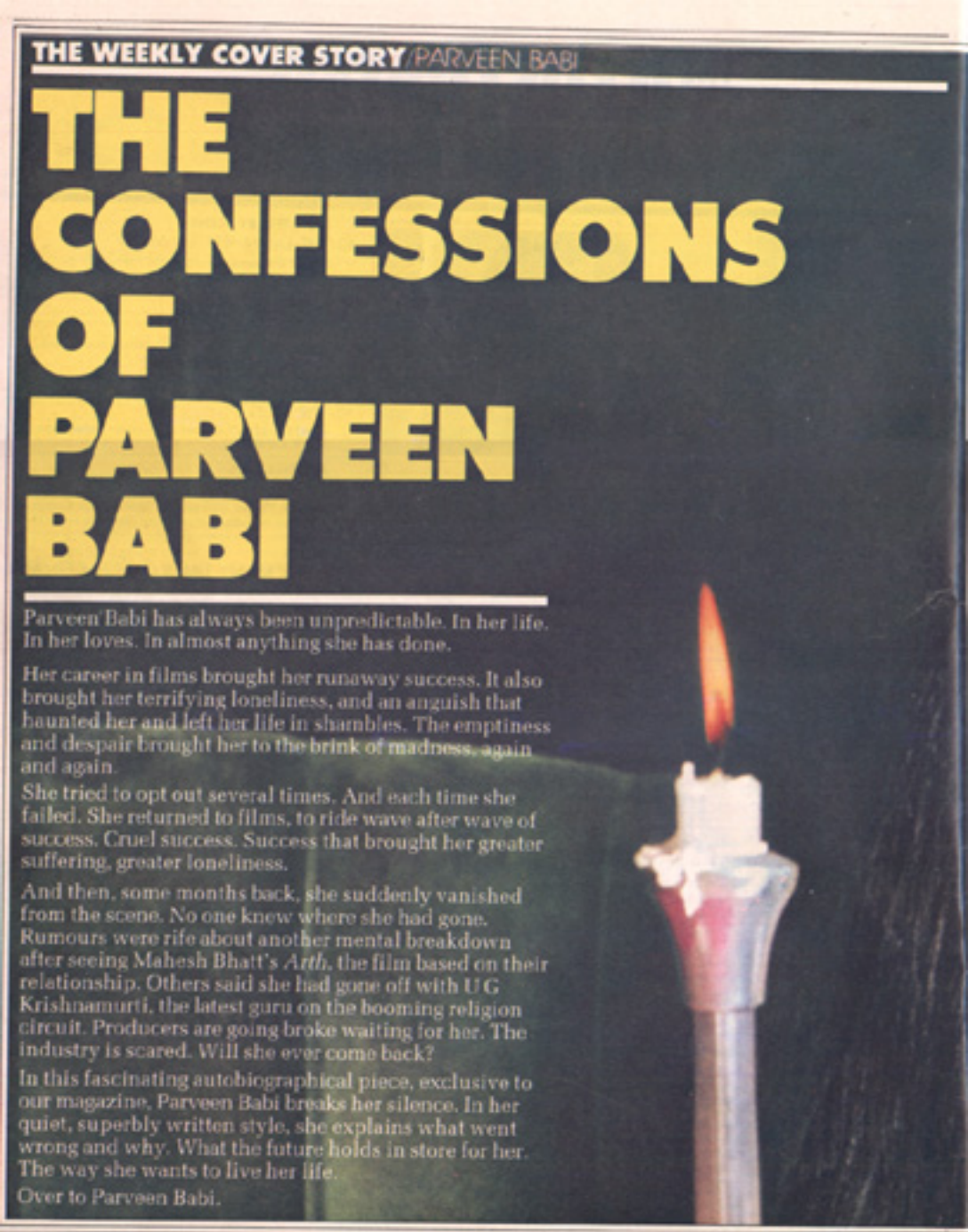
I arrived in Switzerland via London to be with a person called UG Krishnamurti. Again, why? Who is this person? What is my relationship with him?

These are a few questions everybody must ask and I am going to answer them. But before I begin, let me make one thing very clear—I am not playing 'hooky' from work for my personal pleasure. My intention never was and never will be to in any manner to harm or hurt the film industry in general, or any of my producers in particular.

To understand my actions you will have to first understand the events of my life over the past few years. More important, you will have to understand this man called UG Krishnamurti, as I understand him. He has in the last few years played such an important part in my life that it would be impossible to talk about my life without talking about him.

In the year 1978, in Bombay, I walked into somebody's middle-class, suburban living room to meet UG Krishnamurti. I was at the time already an upcoming star of the Hindi film industry. I had already appeared on the prestigious Time magazine cover and was deeply in love with the dashing actor, Kabir Bedi. In spite of having practically everything going for me in life, I constantly suffered from a feeling of dissatisfaction. Disillusionment with existing reality...is what had

THE CONFESSIONS OF PARVEEN BABI



Parveen Babi has always been unpredictable. In her life. In her loves. In almost anything she has done.

Her career in films brought her runaway success. It also brought her terrifying loneliness, and an anguish that haunted her and left her life in shambles. The emptiness and despair brought her to the brink of madness, again and again.

She tried to opt out several times. And each time she failed. She returned to films, to ride wave after wave of success. Cruel success. Success that brought her greater suffering, greater loneliness.

And then, some months back, she suddenly vanished from the scene. No one knew where she had gone. Rumours were rife about another mental breakdown after seeing Mahesh Bhatt's *Arth*, the film based on their relationship. Others said she had gone off with U G Krishnamurti, the latest guru on the booming religion circuit. Producers are going broke waiting for her. The industry is scared. Will she ever come back?

In this fascinating autobiographical piece, exclusive to our magazine, Parveen Babi breaks her silence. In her quiet, superbly written style, she explains what went wrong and why. What the future holds in store for her. The way she wants to live her life.

Over to Parveen Babi.